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RAPHAEL.

THE ARTS
and
ARTISTS,
OR
ANECDOTES & RELICS,
of the
Schools of
PAINTING, SCULPTURE & ARCHITECTURE,
BY
JAMES ELMES, M.R.I.A.
VOL. I.

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Residence of Raffaelle

LONDON:
JOHN KNIGHT & HENRY LACEY,
PATERNOSTER ROW.
MDCCCXXV.

OF THE LONDON

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TO

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BEDFORD,

&c. &c. &c.

MY LORD DUKE,

YOUR Grace's kindness in permitting me to dedicate to you the following collection of Anecdotes, Relics, and Reminiscences of Arts and Professors, which you have long delighted to honour, adds another favour to those which I have already received at your Grace's hands.

Although in themselves they are but trifles, yet they are not about triflers; and I venture to hope, that so enlightened a connoisseur and so liberal a patron of the fine arts, as the founder of the Statue Gallery at Woburn

Abbey, and one of the earliest and most liberal governors of the British Institution, may find some of its pages not uninteresting. Those concerning your Grace's illustrious friend, Canova, the last ray of the setting sun of art in Italy, cannot, from their subject, but be worthy of notice.

That your Grace may live many years to witness the meridian splendour, and to encourage and protect the interects of the arts and artists of our country, which you have already so benefited, is the sincere wish of

Your Grace's much obliged and

Very obedient servant,

JAMES ELMES.

London, June 1, 1825.

PREFACE.

THE following compilation was undertaken at the instance of a friend who conceived the compiler's general reading qualified him for the task. He has endeavoured to mix the useful with the agreeable, and to inform and entertain by turns. In fact, to make it a work of light reading for the study of the artist, and the library table of the amateur.

The greater portion of the articles are extracts from an immense number of books, some are *on dits*—and a few original.

Among the principal works which have furnished materials for these little volumes, are,

Archdeacon Cox's Lives of Correggio and Parmegiano; Lady Morgan's Life of Salvator Rosa; Buchanan's Memoirs of Painting; the Rev. Mr. Dallaway's Account of Pictures exhibited at the British Institution; Malone's Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds; the Compiler's own Life of Sir Christopher Wren; and others which, like the present, are selections.

J. E.

London, June 1, 1825.

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THE

ARTS AND ARTISTS.

MICHAEL ANGELO, RAFFAELLE AND RUBENS, COMPARED.

It may justly be said of Rubens, that, in many respects, he has had no equal, particularly in colouring; not only as to the truth of the local colours, but in the general effects produced by colours; in the *chiaroscuro*, or general light and shadow; in the keeping or gradation, in the arrangement or distribution of the parts, so as to produce a great and beautiful *whole*, or *tout ensemble*, as the French express it. And, as to drawing, in which he has been thought by some to be deficient, who have dwelt too much on a few negligences, arising, merely from the rapidity of his pencil,—in

drawing, or designing, he seems as much superior as in any of the other essentials, especially after some allowances are made for the style of his first manner; which allowance, or indulgence, is never refused to any other master, not even to Raffaelle, who stands in as much need of it to the full, as Rubens. His best works discover great knowledge of anatomy, correctness of outline, a certain truth of character, an ease of action or motion; a force and spirit beyond what is to be seen in any other pictures whatsoever; and such an apparent facility in the execution, as at once to convince the spectator of the readiness of his apprehension, and the certainty of his principles.

When his anatomical knowledge is mentioned, he will probably be compared with Michael Angelo, who is generally allowed to be the most perfect of all in this part. Michael Angelo, it is true, has marked the muscles in their places, perhaps with the greatest justness, but Rubens only seems to have known their use, and the different appearances they exhibit in action and at rest; insomuch that we see their energy collected (as it were) to a point, in certain movements; and hence it follows, that his figures appear more animated than those of other painters. Many of their laboured figures seem motionless, though intended to represent immediate action.

To confirm and corroborate these observations

on the genius, penetration, and spirit of Rubens, it may be added that he *alone* has succeeded in subjects that require the most quick and lively conceptions, and where nothing more could be obtained of the originals than what could be caught by the glance of an eye; such as animals of every kind, and particularly the most savage, wild, and indocile. He *alone* has represented lions, tigers, &c. in all their various passions and actions, and as correctly as if they had waited the execution of his pencil, so perfectly has he been able to seize and to retain the idea; whereas, with many other painters of no small note, the representations of animals, compared with his, appear little better than such as are to be seen in the compartments of heraldry.

It has been objected, that his figures are too short and too fleshy; that is, too much of the Flemish cast. This is justly observed with respect to many of his pictures, especially of his first manner, as above observed; but then it must also be acknowledged, that, in many others, his later pictures, he has avoided this fault, and produced as elegant and delicate figures as any painter whatever. His skill and judgment ought to be rated by his best productions, and if so, perhaps upon the whole, when all his talents are taken into the account, he may, at least be said to be one of the greatest painters whose works are extant.

PERSONAL CHARACTER OF SALVATOR ROSA.

SALVATOR ROSA, (according to Passeri,) though not above the middle stature, exhibited in his movements much grace and activity. His complexion, though dark, was of that true African colouring, which was far from displeasing; his eyes were of a deep blue and full of fire; his hair, black and luxuriant, fell in undulating ringlets over his shoulders. He dressed elegantly, but not in the court fashion; for he wore no gold-lace or superfluous finery. Bold and prompt in discourse, he intimidated all who conversed with him; and none ventured openly to oppose him, because he was a tenacious and stern upholder of the opinions he advanced. In the discussion of precepts, erudition, and science, he kept clear in the first instance from the minutiæ of particulars, but adhering to generals, he watched and seized his moment to rush into his subject, and make his point good. It was then he showed himself well furnished for the discussion, and this little artifice he practised with infinite skill. He had won over many friends and many partisans to his own way of thinking; and had also raised against him many enemies, who attacked his opinions.

CORREGGIO'S MADONNA DELLA SCODELLA.

CORREGGIO during his stay at Parma, was engaged upon his celebrated Flight into Egypt, or

the Madonna della Scodella, so called from a basin, which the Virgin holds in her hand. It was originally an altar-piece for a chapel in the church of St. Sepolcro, belonging to Lateran Canons. According to the opinion of Mengs, the beauty of this picture was injured by a Spanish painter, who obtained permission to copy it; but Pungileoni asserts, that it still exhibits traces of the masterly hand, which produced the St. Jerome and the Notte.

The subject is a momentary repose of the holy family, during their flight into Egypt. The Virgin is seated under a palm tree, supporting the infant Jesus on one arm, and, with a basin in her right hand, taking water from a spring. Joseph appears arranging the branches of palm, as if to screen her from the heat, and at the same time gathering dates. Towards the edge of the picture, is an angel taking charge of the ass, which had borne the mother and child; and about flits a beautiful group of angels, surrounded with glory. The author of Sketches of the Lives of Correggio and Parmeggiano, saw it in its original situation in 1785.

ROSA DA TIVOLI'S FIRST VISIT TO ROME.

On the first entrance of Rosa da Tivoli into Rome, happening to pass by the arch of Titus, he saw a few young artists attentively engaged in sketching the bassi relievi; and, observing that grand monument of antiquity to bear a picturesque

appearance, he requested a crayon and paper from one of his students, and in half an hour produced a drawing, finished with incredible correctness and elegance, to the astonishment of them all.

WEST, BARRY, PENNY, ROMNEY AND MORTIMER'S COMPETITION PICTURES OF THE DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.

BARRY being in London, in 1771, exhibited for the first time in the annual exhibition at the Royal Academy his picture of *Adam and Eve*, which he began at Rome shortly after his arrival in that city; the figures were rather smaller than life. The next year produced his whole length picture of *Venus rising from the Sea*, which excited at the time much discussion and some approbation, and afterwards his *Hermes inventing the Lyre*. His next work, was an attempt at the grand style, on the suggestion of Burke to exhibit his whole powers in a composition founded on the principles of the sublime and beautiful; which he effected in a picture of *Jupiter and Juno*, now scarcely remembered. About this time the death of Wolfe was a popular subject, and it was accordingly painted by the leading men of the day. Among others, Messrs. West, Penny, Romney and Mortimer were competitors for public fame, and in 1776 Barry also entered the course for the prize: and exhibited a deservedly-forgotten picture on this melancholy and

glorious national event. The degrees of success obtained by these artists, are well known; that by the former, who afterwards became President of the Royal Academy, has been preserved to posterity by the splendid burin of Woollett, and some duplicate pictures by himself; Penny's hangs neglected in the Picture Gallery at Oxford, and the others can now scarcely be said to be worthy of enquiry, except as comparisons between that period and the blaze of art which is now beginning to shine over England and to enlighten the whole of Europe. Barry's *Death of Wolfe* was not favourably received; for, by some perversion of mind, ill advice, a determination to differ from his contemporaries, or perhaps a dislike to the clumsy costume of the period, he represented his figures unclothed, to demonstrate, it has been said, his knowledge of the human form, as if this knowledge is not as well shewn through drapery, as by exposing every muscle of the body. It was perhaps rather more likely to have been his pride of his newly acquired knowledge of the Roman antique and external anatomy. But whatever were his reasons, his failure was complete, and he never afterwards exhibited at the Royal Academy.

BERNINI'S VISIT TO FRANCE.

Louis XIV. invited Bernini to France from which the ill-requited Poussin was so happy to

escape. Bernini had, during his residence in Paris, five *louis* a-day, five thousand crowns as a *cadeau*, a pension of two thousand for himself and five hundred for his son; yet the designs he made for the Louvre were never executed.

MORLAND'S SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

THE grovelling associates of George Morland would swear that all art centered in their idol. This erroneous opinion, however, was not confined to the mercenary connoisseurs who surrounded his easel.

About the year 1790, at the memorable epoch for the English historical painters, when the Shakspeare Gallery was in its zenith of attraction, Mr. W*****n, a great commercialist, was so possessed with this notion, that he engaged Morland to paint a *Shakspeare Gallery*, which was to be exhibited in Ireland. George received a considerable sum, by way of *earnest*, made his convives drunk with the cash, and laughed at the egregious gullibility of his patron. His sketch from *As You Like It*, the only one he designed for his employer, was, as may be supposed, far below criticism.

It should be told, however, to the credit of this very excellent painter in his own walk, that he was not vain of his talent. He knew exactly how he stood in art. "I can paint a better landscape than any living artist," said he, "excepting De Louther-

bourg, but I must knock under to him, and be d—d to him."

RICHARD PURCELL.

THIS mezzotinto engraver was one of the old school of wags. He was an angler and fresh water fisherman, well skilled in the *drawing* of the finny tribe; not only with the net, but with the three chalks, black, white, and red. Dick would scrape away hard and fasting with the graving tool the six days, keep it up all night on Saturday, and early on Sunday morning, might be seen surrounded by a crowd of astonished gazers, sketching pike, carp, mullet, and tench, on shop shutters, with the spirit and truth of a boosing Brouwer, or a muddling Morland.

Purcell engraved from Sir Joshua Reynolds, as did Houston, James Watson, J. Dixon, Finlayson, J. Pott, John Dean, Charles Corbett, Wilson, Hudson, Spilsbury, Faber, Humphry, Greenwood, Spooner, Blackmore, Elizabeth Judkins, and Edward Fisher. Most of these, with the exception of the lady, were characters, in every sense of the word.

Meanwhile the best engraved portrait of Paul Sandby, is a mezzotinto by this said Fisher, from a picture painted from the heart, by his (Paul's) friend, Francis Cotes, the celebrated Crayon painter.

Sandby, then in his prime, is seated at an open

window, with a sheet of paper upon the back of a book, sketching the adjacent landscape. He is a manly, good looking, gentlemanly figure, with a countenance beaming spirit and intelligence, with a lace frill and ruffles, and his hair touched off *a la mode* 1763.

No portrait painter, not even Reynolds himself, had, for a time, so *great a run* as Cotes. He was followed from London to Bath, and back again, with the ebb and flow of fashion. He never could have done what he did but for poor *Peter Toms*, the last of the ingenious and useful fraternity of drapery painters, who worked alternately for him, and other fashionable limners.

Toms was the most fastidious settler of drapery upon record: he would waste as it might seem, one, two, even three hours in arranging the folds of a robe; but, when he had satisfied his eye, he would take his palette, or crayons, and dash away with such spirit and correctness, with such delectable freedom, as would make the sons of St. Luke elevate the frowning brow of study, and smile benignant on the handy labours of their ingenious hireling.

THE ORLEANS COLLECTION AND LEONARDO DA VINCI.

It may appear singular that so few works of Leonardo da Vinci should be found in the Orleans

collection, especially as Leonardo was the favourite painter of Francis I. and as his works were always so highly prized in the older collections of France; but this is probably accounted for by the fanaticism which one of the proprietors of this collection was guilty of, and which also proved so fatal to so many of the capital works of Correggio, of which it was at one period possessed.

ROSA DA TIVOLI AND HIS SERVANT.

It was customary with Rosa da Tivoli to ride from Rome to Tivoli, attended by his servant, whenever his purse was exhausted; and alighting at the first tavern he saw, he sat down to paint, and in a short time finished a picture, which he sent directly by his servant to be disposed of. But by this expedient, too frequently practised, he increased the number of his pictures to such a degree, that the prices they afforded were not in any way proportioned to their value. His servant, therefore, who appears to have had much more discretion than his master on that occasion, paid him the highest prices that were offered by others, and reserved the pictures till they became more scarce, and more eagerly sought for, by which conduct he acquired a considerable fortune.

CORREGGIO AND THE MONKS.

The pleasure which the monks derived from the works of Correggio, even in their incipient state,

and their satisfaction with his conduct in general, is manifested by a remarkable document. This is a letter or patent of confraternity, passed in the general assembly of the order, held at Pratalea, in the latter end of 1521; a privilege which was eagerly sought at this and earlier periods, and seldom conferred on persons not eminent for rank or talents. It conveyed a participation in the spiritual benefits derived from the prayers, masses, alms, and other pious works of the community, and was coupled with an engagement to perform the same offices for the repose of his soul, and the souls of his family, as were performed for their own members.

REYNOLDS, KNELLER AND VANDYKE.

THERE was a period, says Sir Joshua Reynolds, when to name Vandyke in competition with Kneller was to incur contempt. The character of the eighteenth century in England resembled that of the seventeenth in Italy. It was the age of English mediocrity, the re-action of that powerful burst of national genius that was developed by the civil wars and the revolution.

ZOFFANY'S PICTURE OF COLONEL MORDAUNT'S COCK FIGHT.

EARLOM'S print of Colonel Mordaunt's Cock Match at Lucknow, from the famed picture by Zoffany, was originally painted in the East Indies,

by commission for Governor Hastings, and shipped for England. The ship was wrecked and the picture lost. Zoffany fortunately took his passage in another vessel. He arrived safe, and heard, with the philosophy of a stoic, that his labour was gone to the gallery of that ancient collector but sorry connoisseur, old Neptune.

Zoffany, luckily, had his original sketches and studies on board his own ship. He set to work again, and made out a second picture, with all the grouping, portraits of Hindoos and Gentoos, Rajahs and Nabobs, of all casts and colours, that choice spirit Jack Mordaunt, and his game cocks into the bargain, and behold another composition, a facsimile of the first. The painter kept his own council, as the story goes, and Governor Hastings was never let into the secret.

M'ARDELL THE ENGRAVER.

THIS artist was a great favourite with Sir Joshua Reynolds. He engraved some of the earliest and some of the best heads from his wondrous hand. He also worked for Hudson, the master of Reynolds, who, notwithstanding all that has been said by various professors, to his disparagement, was a good sterling portrait painter for his day. He drew a head well, and a hand much superior to his compeers, and to most of his successors. It is true, he was a matter-of-fact man, aiming not

at the *beau ideal*, but only affecting to represent what he saw: which he occasionally accomplished with credit to his pencil.

M'Ardell was a publisher as well as engraver, and lived in Henrietta-street, Covent Garden. He was a jolly companion at the artists' clubs, and well known in the Green Room. Quin and he were sworn brothers. *Mac* sometimes took up the pallette. He painted Quin in his favourite character of Falstaff, a whole length, with sword and buckler, from which there is a print engraved by himself.

He also engraved a head of Garrick, which was painted at Paris, by Liotard, that eccentric, so well known among the cognoscenti for his *humorous* designs, and by the world at large, for his own strange *humour* in walking London streets with a yard of beard, and attired as a "*turban'd Turk.*"

SALVATOR ROSA'S OPINION OF MICHAEL ANGELO'S LAST JUDGMENT.

NOTWITHSTANDING Salvator Rosa's great admiration of the genius of Michael Angelo, he disapproved of the *Conception* of the Last Judgment, as not being sufficiently sublime; though the manner in which it was executed rendered it in his eyes a school of study. He has on this subject given his opinion freely in one of his Satires, for he seems never to have been daunted by a name, however

great; nor dazzled by an authority, however antiquated.

Michael Angelo mio, non parlo in gioco;
Questo che dipingete è un gran Giudizio.
Ma del Guidizio voi n' aveto poco.

My Michael Angelo, I do not jest,
Thy pencil a great judgment has express'd;
But in that judgment, thou, alas! hast shown
But very little judgment of thine own!!

Salvator Rosa, la Pittura.

LEONARDO DA VINCI'S GREAT WORKS.

THE great works of Leonardo da Vinci are now falling rapidly into decay; his cabinet pictures are rarely to be met with; time and casualties have reduced their number, and therefore render more valuable the few which remain to the world of art. A most valuable picture by this master was in the possession of the late Earl of Suffolk, and is now in that of Charles Duncombe, Esq.; and another, equally valuable, and which was formerly in the Escurial, is now in the possession of Alexander Baring, Esq.

PICTORIAL DEXTERITY OF ROSA DA TIVOLI.

As an instance of the incredible power of Roos or Rosa di Tivoli, in execution and invention, it is recorded, that the Imperial Ambassador, Count Martizen, wagered a large sum of money with a Swedish General, that Roos would paint a picture

of a three quarter size, while they were playing one game at cards; and in less than half an hour the picture was finished, though it consisted of a landscape with two or three sheep and goats, and one figure. That wonderful proof of his readiness and genius was amply rewarded by the Ambassador, for he bestowed on the artist one half of the sum that had been won by his dexterity.

CORREGGIO'S VIRGIN AND CHILD.

FROM the old records of a law-suit, it appears that there was a picture of the Virgin and Child, with figures of other Saints, by Correggio, in the chapel belonging to the family of Invisiati, in the church of St. Nicholas, at Carpi; and Tiraboschi conjectures, from the dress of the figures, that the piece *now* preserved at Dresden, is this identical performance, because they are habited like the friars belonging to the convent. According to the opinion of Mengs, it is in the first style of Correggio, executed with great spirit and softness, though with a little harshness in the contours. "The colouring," he observes, "is true and rich, and in a style between that of Perugino and Leonardo da Vinci. The head of the Virgin," he adds, "greatly resembles those of da Vinci, particularly in the cheeks and in the smiling countenance; the folds of the drapery appear as if done by Mantegna, that is, in the mode of encircling the limbs, but they are less dry and more grand."

SALVATOR ROSA AND A ROMAN PRINCE.

A ROMAN prince, more notorious for his pretensions to *virtú* than for his liberality to artists, sauntering one day in Salvator's gallery in the Via Babbuina, paused before one of his landscapes, and after a long contemplation of its merits exclaimed, "*Salvator mio!* I am strongly tempted to purchase this picture,—tell me at once the lowest price?"

"Two hundred scudi," replied Salvator, carelessly.

"Two hundred scudi! *ohime!* that *is* a price! —but we'll talk of it another time."

The Illustrissimo took his leave; but bent upon having the picture, he shortly returned, and again enquired the lowest price.

"Three hundred scudi!" was the sullen reply.

"*Corpo di Bacco!*" cried the astonished prince, "*mi burla, vostra signoria;* You are joking! I see I must e'en wait upon your better humour; and so *addio*, Signor Rosa."

The next day brought back the prince to the painter's gallery; who on entering, saluted Salvator with a jocose air, and added, "Well Signor Amico, how goes the market to-day? have prices risen or fallen?"

"Four hundred scudi is the price to-day!" replied Salvator, with affected calmness; when suddenly given way to his natural impetuosity, and

no longer stifling his indignation, he burst forth,—"The fact is, your Excellency would not now obtain this picture from me at any price; and yet so little value do *I* put upon its merits, that I deem it worthy of no better fate than *this*;" and snatching the panel on which it was painted from the wall, he flung it to the ground, and with his foot broke into an hundred pieces. *His Excellency* made an unceremonious retreat, and returned no more to drive a hard bargain.

FRANK HAYMAN AND BEAU NASH.

HAYMAN and Nash having one evening been rioting in a tavern, were returning intoxicated, when Nash fell into a kennel; his companion in endeavouring to raise him, fell down also, on which Nash muttered, "What's the use of troubling yourself? the watch will come by soon, and they will take us both up."

A SCENE BETWEEN A PATRON, AND A PORTRAIT PAINTER; FROM THE CONFESSIONS OF AN ARTIST.

Painter.—Now, my *dears*, stand up as mamma tells you, don't stand *both alike*. My little boy, turn your body towards your sister; put your right foot and shoulder forward—there—now turn your head sideways, and look *at me*. Aye, just so—Now keep still awhile. That done: now for the

dog, *(To mamma.)*—Just coax him; hold him up in that attitude.

Madam.—Oh! he will spoil the child's dress.

Painter.—Never mind, then, we will do without that. Just be so good, as he knows you, to hold him by the paws, ma'lam, and I can soon hit him off.

Madam.—But don't you think, sir, it would be better if my daughter was to be *looking at the dog* jumping against her?

Painter.—Why that would have been *just as well*, but you see I have got the *likeness* now, and it would be a pity to alter it; besides, you know, madam, we should not then see so much of her BEAUTIFUL CHERUB COUNTENANCE.

Madam.—Aye, true, Mr. * * * *, I see you are the best judge, for I now see that was the reason you made her brother look *this way too.*

Painter.—Exactly so, madam! I hope you like it?

Madam.—Oh much! I hope you will make the back ground a view in *our garden*; and don't you forget to copy our little *rosebush.* Oh! 'tis such a favourite.

Painter.—Certainly, ma'am.

Thus going on through the whole sitting, my *employer* directing me what to do. (Now they are gone.) Now to give them plenty of leaves in their garden. First, there is their favourite rose, and to save time, I'll put it in *shadow*—Now, for foliage,

I'll make small leaves, like box, and make them trees, with trunks *half as thick* as my arm, and very brown, to keep down the staring blue dress. Now for the sky. Oh! here's the remains of the flesh tints and the *white*; as to the lake, you know it will not *keep* till to-morrow, so I will use it all up with *blending*—make a chaotical combustion—a touch of the *sublime!!* Now, I hope, they will own I deserve my money.

THE FATHER OF MODERN PAINTERS.

CIMABUE of Florence, who flourished in the latter half of the thirteenth century, is generally honoured with the appellation of Father of modern Painters.

From his earliest youth he used to be continually drawing in his books and on the walls: and this disposition of painting increased in him on the arrival of some Greek painters from Constantinople, who had been sent for by the Government of Florence. Cimabue spent his whole time in seeing them work, when his father observing the strong bent of his genius, permitted him to exercise that noble art, which he afterwards practised with so much honour and reputation. He was the first who emerged from that barbarism of style, which had for a series of ages marked all the efforts of European painters. A picture of the Virgin, which he painted as large as life for the church dedicated to her at Florence, excited such enthusiastic

delight in his fellow citizens, that they treated the painter with almost divine honours. The picture was carried in procession, accompanied by triumphal music, from the house of the painter to the church; the day was celebrated as a public festival; and the street through which the picture passed, was ordered to be called, as it is to this day, "Il Borgo Allegri."

The most striking evidence, however, which remains of the genius of Cimabue, is to be found in his decayed frescos still to be seen in the church of St. Francesco, of Assisi. Although the greater part of these pictures have suffered severely from the hand of time, yet some of them are tolerably, and some of them perfectly preserved; and are notwithstanding the rudeness of their execution, in so grand and simple a style, as to strike with astonishment the traveller who has been taught to expect, in the first efforts of the art, nothing beyond humble and servile imitation. Vasari, two hundred years afterwards, could not help expressing his surprise, that Cimabue had seen his way so far through the obscurity of the age in which he lived; and yet, after all, such was the gothic absurdity in Cimabue's picture of Christ crucified in the cloister of St. Francis, at Pisa, that written labels were employed to convey the sentiments of our Saviour to his mother and St. John!

THE DUKE OF ORLEANS, AND HORACE VERNET.

THE Duke of Orleans, who has distinguished himself by his protection of the Fine Arts, desired Horace Vernet to paint him ten pictures, at a thousand francs each. The choice of the subject was left to the artist, who, eager to prove his gratitude as well as his talents, represented his Royal Highness in the ranks of his regiment, at the battle of Jemappe, in the early days of the Revolution, when the young Prince gave proofs of eminent bravery, and was the second who stormed, sword in hand, a formidable battery of the enemy. The painter pourtrayed in the same picture, the standard-bearer, with the long folds of the tri-coloured flag. It is affirmed that his Royal Highness conceived this emblem a little too prominent in the foreground of the painting, and observed with a smile to M. Vernet, "*Le tableau est à ravir*, mais le sujet est un peu chatouilleux." "Ah, monseigneur," replied Vernet, "Je ne sais pas *mentir* à la posterité!"

RUBENS' PROCESS OF COLOURING.

[*From his Lessons on Painting.*]

"BEGIN," says this great master, "by painting in your shadows lightly, taking particular care that no white is suffered to glide into them, it being the poison of a picture, except in the lights; if once your shadows are corrupted by the introduction of this baneful colour, your tones will no longer be

warm and transparent, but heavy and leady. "It is not the same," continues he, "in the lights, they may be loaded with colour as much as you may think proper, provided the tones are kept pure; you are sure to succeed in placing each tint in its place, and afterwards by a light blending with the brush or pencil, melting them into each other without tormenting them, and, on this preparation, may be given those decided touches, which are always the distinguishing marks of the great master.

THE STATUE OF POMPEY, AT WHOSE BASE CÆSAR FELL.

THE large statue of Pompey, was probably the same at the feet of which Cæsar fell; for it was found on the very spot where the senate was held, on the fatal Ides of March. They discovered it in clearing away the ground to make some cellars, for a house that now stands there. The greatest part of the statue lay under that house, but the head of it reached under the ground belonging to their next neighbour. This occasioned a dispute between the two proprietors, which was at last decided by Cardinal Spada. He ordered the head to be broken off, and given to the latter, and the body to the former: this mark may now be seen where they were joined again: this decision was not made out of a whim but very prudentially. From the first,

that cardinal had a great desire to get the statue into his own possession, and by this means, he got it much cheaper than he could have done; for after this division of it, the whole cost him but five hundred crowns.

THE PEDIMENT OF THE MANSION-HOUSE LONDON.

LORD BURLINGTON being consulted by the citizens for a proper person to carve the basso-relievo, in the pediment of the Mansion-house, his lordship replied, any body could do well enough for such a building.

CHARLES THE FIRST'S PATRONAGE OF THE FINE ARTS.

THE dispersion of the clouds of darkness, which had so long hung over the horizon of art, was reserved for Charles; and this accomplished and tasteful monarch took effectual means to enlighten the country he was called upon to govern. He purchased, at a liberal price, the Duke of Mantua's Cabinet, then reckoned the most valuable in Europe; he sent an artist to Spain to copy those works of Titian which could not be purchased; invited several celebrated painters to England, and spared no pains nor expense to enrich his Collection. To his princely patronage this country is indebted for the Cartoons of Raffaelle, which he

purchased at the recommendation of Rubens; and to the same tasteful discrimination we owe the many works we possess by Rubens himself, and his illustrious disciple Vandyck. The King's example could not fail of influencing the pursuits of the nobility and gentlemen of distinction. The names of Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, and Sir Kenelm Digby, are recorded for their taste, liberality, and patriotism. By them was introduced a relish for the beauties of antiquity, which more than any other means, served to correct the monstrous ideas and tasteless vulgarisms of their countrymen. To the names of Rubens and Vandyck, who by the liberality of Charles had been induced to visit England, may be added those of Poelemburg, Steenwyck, Diepenbeck, Honthorst, Gentileschi, and Hanneman. The celebrated Petitot also found in the King a munificent protector, and in England he received not only the honour of knighthood, but instructions in the chemical combination of colours, which has rendered his works so superior to all others. It is somewhere asserted, that the King's love for painting induced him to use the pencil, and that he was no mean artist: it is certain, however, he was an excellent judge of the merits of the art.

MARCELLUS'S LOVE FOR ART.

MARCELLUS had, a year or two before the

second Punic war, acted very differently from Fabius Maximus at the taking of Syracuse, which abounded in the works of the best masters; for he sent all the pictures and statues to Rome, in order (as he used to declare) to introduce a taste for the fine arts among his countrymen.

This difference of behaviour in their two greatest leaders occasioned two parties in Rome. The old people cried up Fabius, "Let the Greeks (they said) keep their effeminate arts to themselves, and let the Romans learn only to conquer and to govern." The younger people, who were delighted with the statues set up in the public places of the city, extolled Marcellus, saying: "We shall now be no longer reckoned barbarians, our generals have conquered our enemies, but Marcellus has conquered our ignorance; let the Romans be polite as well as victorious."

A ROYAL ACADEMICIAN AND PROFESSOR FUSELI.

On one of the varnishing days at the Royal Academy, when the members of that illustrious body are allowed to give a temporary exhibition effect to their pictures, a titled member was touching upon a hand in one of his portraits; when Fuseli was passing, he exclaimed exultingly "There Fuseli! Raffaelle never painted such a hand." "No by G—de," said the sarcastic critic, "but you haive—ma any."

BUSTS OF THE ROMAN EMPERORS IN THE GALLERY OF THE VATICAN.

PISCENNIUS is the first emperor's head that is wanting in the gallery; there are several others wanting among his successors, and that which they call by the name of Albinus, says Spence, is misnamed.

STATE OF THE ARTS ON SALVATOR ROSA'S ARRIVAL AT ROME.

WHEN Salvator Rosa arrived at Rome, his prosperous countryman, Bernini, was in all the first flush of triumph at the completion and success of his great work, the Baldachino of St. Peter's,* which had cost the state for gilding alone an hundred thousand golden scudi, and which was exposed to the public on the feast of St. Peter, with religious

* The materials were torn from the Pantheon,—that Pantheon which M. Angelo would have deemed it sacrilege to touch! The difference between this Baldachino and the Cupola of St. Peter's gives the precise difference between the genius of Bernini and of M. Angelo; yet the latter died possessed of a bare sufficiency, and the former worth two millions. Bernini's fame fell with the age which gave it birth; and as an artist, the Italians of the present day place him in the same line with his friend Marino as a poet. The Baldachino, however, the Daphne and Apollo, the fountain of the Piazza Navona, and the noble Colonnade of the Vatican, are testimonies of a talent sufficient to justify the regret that its possessor should have descended to those littler vases which only belong to envious mediocrity.

pomp and dramatic effect. The splendid school of the Carracci had passed, or was passing away. Dominichino was living in solitude in the shades of Frescati, preparatory to his second fatal journey to Naples. Lanfranco was still in Naples, whence he only returned to die. Guido, whose morbid sensibility had been wounded to the quick, by his would-be protector Cardinal Spinola; had recently left Rome in disgust, and had retired to his native Bologna; where in his old age he enjoyed that noble independence he had struggled so hard through the precarious fortunes of his youth to obtain. Caravaggio had long before met his frightful death in the deserts of the Pontine Marshes. The great passions which had animated these lofty geniuses were stilled; and the emerging warfare of contending talents was succeeded by the blasting influence of patronage and the degrading arts of intrigue.

PROGRESS OF ART IN ROME.

ACCORDING to Pliny, nearly a century elapsed before the Romans used marble columns, and so ignorant were they of the value of beautiful sculpture, that when Mummius sacked Corinth, and sent away all the sculptures to adorn Rome, he threatened the bearers, that if any were lost or damaged, they should supply their places with new. But as the Romans extended their dominion

over Greece, they received from the polished inhabitants of those states, more refined ideas. Assisted by Grecian architects, they filled Rome with buildings of the greatest magnitude and splendour. In the time of Augustus, such noble improvements were made in the city, that the Emperor exclaimed, that he "found Rome of brick, but that he left it of marble." The successors of Augustus continued to embellish Rome, and other parts of Italy, and as they then had Grecian artists residing among them, the Etruscan style was rejected. From that time the Romans borrowed their ideas of architecture, and formed their style from the works of conquered Greece—not servilely copying them, they ventured to vary from their original, and prompted by an ambitious wish to surpass all other nations; with the mighty resources of their extended empire, they erected temples and buildings, which have been the admiration of all succeeding ages.

ROSALBA'S OPINION OF HER OWN PERFORMANCES.

Every thing I do seems good to me just after I have done it, and perhaps for seven or eight hours afterwards, said Rosalba, though one of the most modest painters of the age: so that the difference between the modest and the sensible artists, and those that are ignorant and impudent, seems to be, that the former can find out their own faults, and the latter never can.

PAINTING IN ANCIENT ROME.

WHILE the arts of painting and sculpture were revered among the Greeks as the first of liberal pursuits, they were looked upon by the Romans with a feeling of indifference, if not of contempt. Devoted to war and conquest, they shrunk from what they conceived to be degrading employments of peace.—Virgil, in his well known eulogium on his nation, at the most splendid period of its history, and who had too much genius and taste not to be deeply sensible to the graces of the fine arts, passes over slightly the inferiority of his countrymen in such productions; and while he gives to the Romans the sovereignty of the universe, leaves to other nations the inferior graces of animating marble, and teaching canvas to breath.

Fabius, the first painter of Rome, appeared about three hundred years before the Christian era. The surname of Pictor, remained after his death in his family, but he found no imitators.

Almost two centuries had elapsed, when Pacuvius, the nephew of Ennius, who was like his uncle, a poet, painted a temple dedicated to Hercules. The genius of his muse reflected some of its brilliancy on his paintings; but a remarkable expression of Pliny, too well confirms the despicable opinion which the Roman people still entertained of the art. He says, that "Notwithstanding this effort, and the name of Pacuvius, it was not suffi-

cient to induce respectable men to give themselves up to the study of painting." If ever there were Roman painters, they were probably slaves, or persons of inferior condition; in Greece, on the contrary, there was a special law, excluding all persons not freely born from the practice of this sublime art.

It has been well observed, that the surname of Pictor, given to Fabius, was not perhaps a title of honour, but a contemptuous nick name. We may draw this inference from a passage in Cicero's Tusc. Ques. Book I. "Can we believe," say she, "that if the title had been glorious, which was bestowed on Fabius, (a man of an illustrious family,) for having given himself up to painting, we should not have seen among us many Polycleteses, and many Parrhasiuses? To honour, is to cherish, the arts; but they languish among all nations who disdain them."

As the national character began to change, it is probable that under the reigns of the emperors painting was held in higher esteem. Republican Rome, animated by a turbulent and martial spirit, was only intent on conquest; but when that spirit became exhausted or enfeebled, the arts were of all things the most likely to supply new sources of emotion. In the reign of Nero, they were, at least, not despised, however imperfectly they may have been cultivated: that prince was both an artist himself, and a lover of the art. He ordered

a portrait of himself to be painted on canvas, in the proportion of one hundred and twenty feet; determined to exceed even the Olympian Jupiter himself. This gigantic picture had the singular fate of being burnt by lightning: Pliny who had seen the work, says it was the folly of his age, "*nostræ ætatis insaniam*:" and as he does not name the painter he certainly had no high opinion of its merits.

BREUGHELL'S KNOWLEDGE OF COSTUME.

OF all the blunders committed by this eminent Dutch painter none is perhaps so great as that in a picture of the Eastern Magi, wherein he has drawn the Indian King in a large white surplice, with boots and spurs, and bearing in his hand as a present to the Holy Child, the model of a Dutch seventy-four.

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN AND ST. PAUL'S.

THIS great architect was compelled by an order from the Duke of York (afterwards James II.) who was anxious for the restoration of the Popish religion, to add side oratories to his original design, which broke in very much upon the beauty and simplicity of the plan. Sir Christopher aware of the injury it would do to the whole, could not refrain from shedding tears in speaking of it; but it was all in vain, the duke absolutely insisted upon their being inserted, and he was obliged to comply.

MICHAEL ANGELO AND JULIUS II.

WHILE Michael Angelo was employed by Pope Julius the Second, on his Mausoleum, he had twice requested to see his Holiness without success. He told the chamberlain on the second refusal, "when his Holiness asks to see me, tell him that I am not to be met with." Soon afterwards he set out for Florence; the Pope despatched messenger after messenger to him; and at the last he returned to Rome, when Julius very readily forgave him, and would never permit any of his enemies or detractors to say anything against him in his presence.

GAY AND SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

GAY having composed some verses on Sir Godfrey Kneller, read them to him, but as he had pushed his flattery too far, he was all the while in great apprehension that Sir Godfrey would think himself bantered. When he had heard them through, he said, in his foreign style and accent: "Aye, Mr. Gay, all what you have said is very fine, and very true; but you have forgotten one thing, my good friend, by G——, I should have been a general of an army; for when I was at Venice, there was a Girandole, and all the place St. Mark was in a smoke of gunpowder, and I did like the smell, Mr. Gay; I should have been a great general, Mr. Gay!"

HONOURS CONFERRED ON THE FINE ARTS.

——————"Palmaque nobilis
Evehit ad Deos."

——————"More for glory than the small reward,
How emulation strove!"

THE reward of the Olympic Games was a simple wreath. Rewards of honour have formed part of the policy of all enlightened nations; and it may justly be supposed, that, where the advance of the arts and design has been shown to be unconnected with the general sources of prosperity and affluence in the country, the state, aware that honours are the only compensation for necessary absence of wealth, will be found to have allotted to Painters such distinctions as cherish genius, and such opportunities of fame, as at once excite and reward its aspiring character.

THE ARCHITECT OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE.

THE name of the original architect of King's College Chapel, Cambridge, is preserved by Hearne, who in his preface to the History of Glastonbury, p. lxv. says, "All that see King's College Chapel in Cambridge are struck with admiration, and most desirous of knowing the architect's name. Yet few can tell it. It appears however from their books at

King's College, (as I am informed by my friend Mr. Baker, the learned antiquary of Cambridge) that one Mr. Cloos, father of Nicholas Cloos, one of the first fellows of that college, and afterwards Bishop of Litchfield, was the architect of that chapel (though Godwin says the Bishop himself was master of the King's works here) as far as King Henry VII.'s share reacheth, and contriver and designer of the whole, which was afterwards finished by Henry VI. and beautified by Henry VIII."

MONUMENT OF HENRY VII. IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Among the Harleian MSS. is an estimate of the charge and expense of the monument to be erected for Henry VII. in which appear the names of several artists who worked under Torreggiano, as Laurence Ymber, Kerver, for making the patrons in timber; Humphrey Walker, founder; Nicholas Ewer, coppersmith and gilder; John Bell and John Maynard, painters; Robert Vertue, Robert Jenings, and John Lebons, master masons." There was another called William Vertue, who by indenture dated June 5, in the twenty-first year of Henry VII. engaged with John Hylmer, to vault and roof the choir of the chapel of St. George at Windsor for 700*l.* Humphrey Cooke was master carpenter employed in the new buildings at the Savoy. The tomb at Ormskirk of Thomas Stanley Earl of

Derby, last husband of Margaret of Richmond, was in the same style with that of his wife and son-in-law. On it lay a statue of brass, five feet eight inches long, which when cast and repaired ready for gilding weighed five cwt. and a half. James Hales for making the image of timber had an hundred shillings.

PORTRAITS IN CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL.

In the cathedral of Chichester are pictures of the Kings of England and Bishops of that see, painted about the year 1519 by Bernardi, the ancestor of a family still settled in those parts. They were done at the expence of Bishop Sherborne, who erected a monument for himself, yet remaining there. Vermander mentions one Theodore Bernardi of Amsterdam, master of Michael Coxie, who, Vertue thinks, painted those works at Chichester, as they are in a Dutch taste. They were re-painted in 1747 by an artist of the name of Tremaine.

MICHAEL ANGELO AND HIS PUPILS.

Michael Angelo was extremely frugal, temperate, and laborious, and so persevering in his work, that he used occasionally at night to throw himself upon his bed without taking off his clothes. To young men of talent and of diligence he was extremely attentive; and while he was superintending the construction of the Church of St. Peter

at Rome, in a very advanced period of his life, he would correct their drawings, sitting on his mule. To his servants and inferiors he was very kind: to one of them who had long waited on him with assiduity, and who was taken dangerously ill, as soon as he had been enabled to do something for him, he said, "Alas! poor fellow, how hard it is! you die now, when I am able to give you something."

GIBSON THE DWARF.

Richard Gibson the dwarf, being page to a lady at Mortlake, was placed by her with Francesco Cleyne, to learn to draw; in which he succeeded, perfecting himself by copying the works of Sir Peter Lely, who drew Gibson's picture leaning on a bust, 1658, another evidence of Sir Peter being here before the Restoration. It was in the possession of Mr. Rose the jeweller, who married Gibson's daughter, and who had another head of the dwarf by Dobson, and his little wife in black, by Lely. This diminutive couple were married in the presence of Charles I. and his Queen, who bespoke a diamond ring, but the troubles coming on, she never received it. Her name was Anne Shepherd. The little pair were each three feet ten inches high. Waller has celebrated their nuptials in one of his prettiest poems. The husband was page to the King, and attained such ex-

cellence in his art that a picture of the man and lost sheep painted by him, and much admired by the King, being lost, was the cause of Vanderdort's death.

SIR GODFREY KNELLER AND ESTCOURT THE MIMIC.

SECRETARY CRAGGS once brought Dick Estcourt to Sir Godfrey Kneller's, where he mimicked several persons he knew; as Lords Godolphin, Somers, Halifax, &c. Sir Godfrey was highly delighted, took the joke, and laughed heartily: they then gave him the wink, and he mimicked Sir Godfrey himself; who cried "nay, now you are out man; by G—, that is not me."

SIR GODFREY KNELLER AND JACOB TONSON.

OLD Jacob Tonson obtained several fine pictures, and two portraits of himself, from Sir Godfrey Kneller, by the following means. Sir Godfrey was very covetous, very vain, and a great glutton; and he played these passions one against the other; besides telling him he was the greatest master that ever lived, frequently sending him haunches of vension, and dozens of excellent claret.—"O my G—, man, (said he once to Vander Gutcht,) this old Jacob loves me; he is a very good man, you see he loves me, he sends me good things; the vension was fat."—Old Geckie, the surgeon, got several fine pictures of him too, and

an excellent one of himself; but he obtained them cheaper, for he gave nothing but praise; but then his praise was as fat as Jacob's vension, and neither could be too fat for Sir Godfrey.

SIR GODFREY KNELLER AND COCK THE AUCTIONEER.

"By G—, I love you, Mr. Cock, (said Sir Godfrey Kneller to Cock the Auctioneer,) and I will do you good; but you must do something for me too, Mr. Cock; one hand can wash the face, but two hands wash one another."

CHINESE PORTRAIT PAINTING.

THE Chinese will copy European drawings with the nicest exactness, though, in all their own they set perspective at defiance. They are excellent at taking likenesses, which indeed they preserve with unlucky accuracy. When a person, who wished to look better on canvas than he did in the looking-glass, found fault with a Chinese painter, that his portrait was not handsome, he replied,—"No hab got handsome face, how can hab handsome picture." They order these things better in England.

LOST ART.

IF we may credit a very singular story told in the Jesuit's Letters, the Chinese have now lost a very curious secret. They knew formerly how to

paint their porcelain with fishes and other animals in such a manner, that these figures never appeared to the eye, till the porcelain vases were filled with liquor.

POLYGNOTUS AND THE ATHENIANS.

WHEN Polygnotus painted in the Portico, at Athens, and refused to receive a pecuniary reward for his works, the Council of the Amphictyons, who represented the States of Greece, returned him thanks by a solemn decree, in the name of the whole nation; ordering that in all the cities which he might visit, he should be lodged and maintained at the public expense.

See Pliny and Rollin, *on the Arts and Sciences of the Ancients.*

KIRCHER THE ANTIQUARY AND HIEROGLYPHICS.

SOME wicked wag had a stone engraved with rude unintelligible characters, corroded with vinegar, and buried at Rome. At a proper interval of time, he took care to have the place dug on some pretended occasion by several workmen; and when the stone was found it was carried in triumph to the Pope. Kircher was sent for, who examined it, and said he might in time discover the meaning of the hieroglyphical characters upon it. In the sequel he wrote a whole volume upon it, and explained it notably. The Pope was let into the whole secret, and poor Kircher suffici-

ently ridiculed. The Jesuits endeavoured to buy up the whole impression of the book, but some of them had got abroad, and are sometimes even now to be met with.

WALKER'S PORTRAITS OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

ROBERT WALKER, a portrait painter, contemporary with Vandyke, was most remarkable for being the principal painter employed by Cromwell, whose picture he drew more than once. One of those portraits represented him with a gold chain about his neck, to which was appended a gold medal with three crowns, the arms of Sweden, and a pearl, sent to him by Christiana in return for his picture by Cooper, on which Milton wrote a Latin epigram. This head by Walker, is in the possession of Lord Mountford at Horseth, in Cambridgeshire, and was given to a former lord by Mr. Commissary Greaves, who found it in an inn in that county. Another piece contained Cromwell and Lambert together; this was in Lord Bradford's collection. A third was purchased for the great Duke, whose agent having orders to procure one, and meeting with this in the hands of a female relation of the protector, offered to purchase it; but being refused and continuing his solicitation, to put him off she asked 500*l.* and was paid it.

FULLER AND THE DECOLLATION OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

WHILE James Fuller, a painter of Charles the Second's time was at Oxford, he painted several portraits, and copied Dobson's Decollation of St. John; but varying the faces for real persons. For Herodias, who held the charger, he painted his own mistress, her mother, for the old woman receiving the head in a bag, and the ruffian who cut it off, was a noted bruiser of the age. There was besides a little boy with a torch, which illuminated the whole picture.

THE DIVINE MORALES, AND PHILIP II. OF SPAIN.

MORALES, a disciple of Raffaelle, from his constant choice of divine subjects, and the extreme delicacy of his pencil, acquired the appellation of El Divino, and is known to the present age by no other name than El Divino Morales. All his paintings are upon wood or copper, and almost generally heads of the crucified Saviour; no instance occurring of his having executed any composition or figure at full length.

When Morales was summoned to the Escurial by Philip II. of Spain, he left Badajos at the King's command, and putting himself in the best array that his whole substance could procure, presented himself to the sovereign, more like an ambassador

upon the delivery of his credentials than a rural artist called to labour at his profession for hire. Upon the King's noticing the unexpected splendour of his appearance, he answered with an air of national gallantry, that, being resolved to dedicate every thing he possessed by nature or by fortune to the service of his sovereign; he had presented himself in the best condition and attire that his means admitted, in obedience to his summons.

Morales was liberally rewarded by the King for his performances; but upon the completion of his works, he returned to Badajos with the same spirit of extravagance; for when Philip passed through that place in 1581, on his way to take possession of the kingdom of Portugal, Morales presented himself in a far different condition, reduced by poverty and age, for he was then seventy-two years old. "Morales," said the King, "methinks you are grown very old since I last saw you." "True, Sire," replied he, "and also very poor." Philip turning to the city treasurer, ordered Morales two hundred ducats, telling him it was to purchase a dinner. "And a supper too," said Morales. "No," answered the King, "give him a hundred ducats more."

CARDINAL WOLSEY AND HENRY VIII.

THE congenial temper of Wolsey displayed itself in as magnificent a manner as that of King Henry VIII. Whitehall, Hampton-court, and his college of Christ-church were monuments of his grandeur and disgrace, flowing from the bounty of and reverting to the crown. In 1524, he began a monument for himself at Windsor, erecting a small chapel adjoining to St. George's chapel, which was to contain his tomb, the design whereof, says Lord Herbert, was so glorious, that it exceeded far that of Henry VII. One Benedetto, a statuary of Florence, began and continued it till 1529, receiving for so much as he had performed 4250 ducats. The cardinal, adds the historian, when this was finished, proposed to make a tomb for Henry; but on his fall, the King made use of so much as he found fit, and called it his own. Doctor Fiddes says that the Cardinal made suit to the King to have his own image with such part of his tomb as shall please the King to let him have, to be sent to York, where he intended to be buried. In the same collection, mention is made of Anthony Cavallari, as gilder of the tomb, whom the cardinal is besought to permit to return home to Antwerp, if he means to employ him no farther, and also that Benedetto the carver may return to Italy. But Benedetto, Henry took into his own service, and employed on the same tomb

which his majesty had now adopted for himself—This person was Benedetto da Rovezzano, a Florentine sculptor, who, according to Vasari, executed many works of marble and bronze for Henry, and got an ample fortune, with which he returned to his native country; but his eyes having suffered by working in the foundry, he grew blind in 1550 and died soon after. The celebrated Baccio Bandinelli made an admirable model of wood with figures of wax for the same monument; but Benedetto of Rovezzano, was preferred.

ZUCCHERO AND GREGORY XIII.

THE painter Zucchero's temper seems to have been pretty strongly tinctured with resentment. While he was employed by Gregory XIII. to paint the Pauline chapel in the Vatican, he fell out with some of his holiness's officers. To be revenged, he painted their portraits with ears of asses, and exhibited the picture publicly over the gate of St. Luke's church, on the festival of that saint, the patron of painters. For this exploit he was forced to fly from Rome; and passing into France, he was for some time employed in the service of the Cardinal of Lorraine.

GOLD MEDALS OF ROME.

IN the gold medals, the good taste ends with Pertinax, though there are some pretty good of

Caracalla's, and particularly one with the arch of Severus for the reverse.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S OPINION OF TITIAN.

MICHAEL ANGELO went one day with Vasari to see Titian at work at the Palace of the Belvedere at Rome, who had then his picture of Danaë on his easel. When they returned, M. Angelo said to Vasari, "I much approve of Titian's colouring, and his manner of work: but what a pity it is, that in the Venetian school *they do not learn to draw correctly*, and that they have not a better taste of study! If Titian's talents had been seconded *by a knowledge of art and drawing*, it would have been impossible for any one to have done more or better. He possesses a great share of genius, and a grand and lively manner, *but nothing is more certain than this, that the painter who is not profound in drawing, and has not very diligently studied the chosen works of the ancients and of the moderns, can never do anything well of himself, nor make a proper use of what he does after nature;* because he cannot apply to it that grace and perfection of art, which is not found in the common order of nature, where we generally see some parts, which are not beautiful.

THE OLYMPIAN JUPITER.

THE Greek masters in sculpture have been happily designated as "Magicians in Marble."

The taste which the Grecian people possessed for the beautiful, is well known. It stands among the chief of those characteristics by which they designated persons of eminence. Their artists considered beauty as the first object of their studies; and by this means they surpassed all other nations, and have become models for all ages.

Of Phidias, the most celebrated sculptor of Greece, the Athenians spoke with rapture which knew no bounds. Lucian says, "We adore Phidias in his works, and he partakes of the incense we offer to the gods he has made." Pausanias relates, that when this artist had finished his magnificent statue of the Olympian Jupiter, Jupiter himself applauded his labours; for when Phidias urged the god to show by some sign if the work was agreeable to him, the pavement of the Temple was immediately struck with thunder. Such incidents though fabulous, are valuable, inasmuch as they serve to prove the exalted notions the people entertained of the objects to which they relate.

VANDYKE AND HIS PICTURE OF ST. MARTIN DIVIDING HIS CLOAK WITH A BEGGAR.

VANDYKE at the age of seventeen was setting out for Rome, to study the splendid and beautiful monuments in which that city gloried; when passing through a village Salvathem, about two leagues from Brussels, he was no less surprised

than delighted with the pleasing figures and manners of a young female, who came to request him to paint an altar piece for her parish church. He accordingly chose the subject of St. Martin, and painted himself as the representative of the philanthropic saint mounted upon the horse that Rubens had given him for his journey.

MICHAEL ANGELO AND VASARI.

MICHAEL ANGELO said one day to his biographer Giorgio Vasari, "Giorgio, thank God that Duke Cosmo has reared thee to be the servant of his whims, his architect and painter; whilst many of those whose lives thou hast written, are doomed to pine in obscurity for want of similar opportunities."

MICHAEL ANGELO AND HIS RIVAL.

MICHAEL ANGELO being advised by some of his friends to take notice of the insolence of some obscure artist who wished to attract notice by declaring himself his rival, he magnanimously replied, "He who contests with the mean, gains no victory over any one."

HORACE WALPOLE'S OPINION OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

WHEN men enquire, "who invented Gothic buildings?" they might as well ask, "who invented bad Latin?" The former was a corruption

of the Roman architecture, as the latter was of the Roman language. Both were debased in barbarous ages; both were refined, as the age polished itself; but neither was restored to the original standard. Beautiful Gothic architecture was engrafted on Saxon deformity; and pure Italian succeeded to vitiated Latin.

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN AND KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL.

THERE is a tradition that Sir Christopher Wren went once a year to survey the roof of the Chapel of King's College, and said that, if any would show him where to place the first stone, he would engage to build such another.

THE STATUES OF NIOBE AND HER CHILDREN.

THE persons who arranged the figures, relating to the story of Niobe and her Children, at the Villa Medici, did neither understand them nor place them so well as they ought to have done.—They seem to have mistaken Amphion for one of the sons; so that there are but six sons at present, and seven daughters: and the faces of all the figures, in general (except two of the sons,) rather than their proper business in the story: just as we see bad actors speak rather to the pit, than to one another; and injudicious painters, make the persons in their pictures regard you,

rather than the persons in the piece, with whom they should be wholly concerned.

They have since been much better arranged by Mr. C. R. Cockerell the Architect, as may be seen in the Council room of the Royal Academy of London, where a fine set of casts presented by Pius VII. to King George the Fourth when Prince Regent, and by his Majesty to the Academy, are placed in the manner of a pedimental group, with considerable effect.

SIR GODFREY KNELLER AND HIS TAILOR.

SIR GODFREY KNELLER said to a low fellow one day, whom he overheard cursing himself: "G—d damn *you !!* G—d may damn the Duke of Marlborough, and perhaps Sir Godfrey Kneller; but, do you think he will take the trouble of damning such a scoundrel as you?" The same vanity that could think itself entitled to pre-eminence even in horrors, alighted on a juster distinction, when he told his taylor, who offended him by proposing his son for an apprentice, "dost thou think, man, *I* can make thy son a painter? no! *G—d* Almighty only makes painters."

CHARLES II. AND RILEY.

Charles II. sat to Riley, but almost discouraged the bashful artist from pursuing a profession so proper for him. Looking at the picture he cried "Is this like me? Then, odd's fish I am an ugly

fellow." This discouraged Riley so much, that he could not bear the picture, though he sold it for a large price.

KING WILLIAM III. AND SCHALCHEN THE PAINTER.

SCHALCHEN once painted King William; but as the piece was to be by candle light, he gave his Majesty the candle to hold, till the tallow ran down upon his fingers. As if to justify this ill-breeding, he drew his own picture in the same situation. Delicacy was no part of his character. Having drawn a lady who was marked with the small-pox, but had handsome hands, she asked him, when the face was finished, if she must not sit for her hands.—No," replied Schalchen, "I always draw them from my house-maid."

MICHAEL ANGELO AND THE STONE-CUTTER.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S quickness of eye was truly wonderful. He used to say that a sculptor should carry his compasses in his eye. "The hands indeed," said he, "do the work, but the eye judges."

Of his power of eyes he was so certain, that having once ordered a block of marble to be brought to him, he told the stone-cutter to cut away some particular parts of the marble, and to polish others, very soon an exquisitely fine figure starts out of the block. The stone-cutter, surprised, beheld it with admiration. "Well my friend," said Michael

Angelo, "what do you think of it now?" "I hardly know what to think of it," answered the astonished mechanic; "it is a very fine figure to be sure; I have infinite obligations to you, Sir, for thus making me discover in myself, a talent to which I never knew I possessed."

FRANK HALS AND VANDYKE.

In the early part of Frank Hals' life, to accommodate his countrymen who where sparing both of their time and money, he painted portraits for a low price at one sitting in a single hour. Vandyke in his way to Rome, passing through the place sat his hour as a stranger to the rapid portrait painter. Hals had seen some of the works of Vandyke, but was unacquainted with his person. When the operation was concluded, Vandyke assuming a silly manner said he thought it appeared very easy and that he could do it. Hals thinking to have some fun consented to sit an hour precisely by the clock, and not to rise or look at what he fully expected to find a laughable daub—Vandyke began his work—Hals looked like a sitter. At the close the wag arose with all his risible muscles prepared for a hearty laugh, but when he saw the splendid sketch, he started, looked and exclaimed, "you must be either Vandyke or the Devil."

IOANNES AB EYCK, PICTOR.

Jlle ego, qui quondam gemmis & femine tini
Expreſſo dicar princeps miſcere colores
Hubertoque cum fratre Novum ſupuere repertum
Atque ipſi quotum quondam fortaſſis Apelli
Florentes opibus Brugæ: nec noſtra per omnem
Diffundi fatâ prohibitus non dolurit orbem.

INVENTION OF OIL PAINTING.

VASARI relates, that Giovanni di Bruggia, as he calls him, but whose real name was John Van Eyck, had painted a picture in the usual way, and having varnished it, set it to dry in the sun's rays, as was customary; but either from the wood being ill seasoned, and ill put together, or from the extreme violence of the heat, the picture was cracked, and quite spoiled. He therefore deliberated how he should in future best prevent accidents of this nature happening to his works, and endeavoured to make a varnish which would dry in the shade, without the necessity of exposing it to the sun. After many experiments, he found, at last, that oil of linseed, and of nuts, was more siccitive than any other composition he had tried. When these were boiled, with other ingredients, they formed the varnish so much prized by him and other painters. He afterwards discovered, that mixing these oils with his colours made them not only equal the water colours, but gave them more brilliancy and force, and that without the necessity of varnishing afterwards. He was surprised to find also that they united far better in oil than in water.

This discovery of painting in oil colours soon led to a most cruel murder. Dominico Beccafumi had been taught this great secret by Antonio of Messina, who gained it not very fairly from Van Eyck. Beccafumi imparted it to Andrea del Castagno;

who eager to be the sole possessor of such a treasure, assassinated his friend and benefactor. The unsuspecting Beccafumi, wounded to death, was carried to his false comrade's apartment, and actually breathed his last in the arms of his murderer. Andrea, now fearless of a rival in the art, flourished without suspicion, and lived long, loaded with riches and honours. On his death bed, however, the horrors of guilt overtook him; he made a public confession of his crime, and died justly execrated by his fellow citizens.

The invention of painting in oil colours by Van Eyck appears, after all, to have been only a revival, and not the first discovery of the art. Van Eyck flourished in the fifteenth century; but there are oil paintings extant of a much older date.

KNELLER'S REASONS FOR PAINTING PORTRAITS.

THE author of the Abrégé says, that Kneller preferred portrait painting for this reason: "Painters of history," said he, "make the dead live, and do not begin to live themselves until they are dead.—I paint the living, and they make me live."

HONOURS CONFERRED ON KNELLER FOR HIS PORTRAITS.

SIR GODFREY KNELLER painted ten sovereigns; namely, Charles II. James II. and his Queen; William and Mary, Anne, George I. Louis XIV. Peter the Great, and the emperor Charles VI. For the

last portrait Leopold created Kneller a Knight of the Roman empire—by Anne he was made a gentleman of the privy-chamber, and by the university of Oxford a doctor. When he had finished the picture of Louis XIV. that prince asked him what mark of his esteem would be most agreeable to him? He answered modestly and genteelly, that if his majesty would bestow a quarter of an hour on him, that he might make a drawing of his head for himself, he should think it the highest honour he could possibly receive. The king complied, and the painter drew him on grey paper with black and red chalk heightened with white.

ACCOUNT OF THE REMOVAL OF THE CELEBRATED VENETIAN HORSES, FROM *the triumphal arch, in the Place du Carousel, 30th of September, 1815; from Milton's Letters from Paris.*

OF all the long train of humiliations, to which Paris has been forced to submit, this was by far the most severe. The French would not be persuaded that such an event could take place. They asserted, that the mere attempt would cause a universal insurrection; and that the Allies might yet have to mourn the vengeance of an enraged and insulted populace. A few hundred Austrian soldiers, foot and horse, kept the good citizens of Paris in order; and the predicted vengeance has

been confined to scowls of deeper hatred than those which their features formerly wore. The removal of the horses, as viewed from the Museum of the Louvre, was a singularly interesting spectacle. The gallery was thronged with French, it being the only place from which they were permitted to witness the scene; but foreigners of all nations were allowed by the Austrians to enter into the hollow square which they formed round the arch. We descended into the Place du Carousel for a short time, but did not deem it wise to sacrifice our morning by remaining there. Yet when in the gallery, it was difficult to abstract ourselves from the event which was going on; and to confine our attention wholly to the pictures.

From the windows towards the Seine, we saw parties of inquiring and indignant French, assembled on the Quai du Louvre: the Austrian cavalry were employed to disperse them, and shewed no backwardness in executing the task; riding amongst them, and aiding the efforts of their horses by strokes, not sparingly given, with the flats of their swords. The Frenchmen stalked away unwillingly, grinning with rage and muttering curses.

The other side of the gallery looked directly on the arch, which was covered with officers, workmen, and spectators. The interval between it and the ring of soldiers was occupied by numerous parties

of ladies and gentlemen, chiefly English. On the outside of the guard, the Austrian soldiers who were not employed were carelessly sauntering about, or lying at their ease. At a distance, in the opening of the different streets, large bodies of the people were observed pressing forwards, and driven back by the cavalry. A striking contrast to this bustling scene was afforded by that part of the Place du Carousel which lies between the arch and the palace of the Tuilleries, and which is separated by iron railing. It was silent and desolate, being only occupied by a few persons belonging to the palace, evidently melancholy spectators of what was passing.

All the windows which commanded this view were crowded by mingled groups of French and English, whose contrasted expression of countenance was not the least interesting part of the spectacle;—these, all eager curiosity,—those, sullenly and ferociously attentive. English ladies were seen contesting places with French officers, whose undisguised animosity appeared rather to amuse than to frighten them. Indeed, our fair countrywomen display great heroism, in the perfect unconcern with which they ramble amongst crowds of indignant enemies, no small part of whom would rejoice in their destruction. But in fact all foreigners know and feel the impossibility of the French, whilst a hundred thousand bayonets

are at their throats, attempting the slightest outrage. Our sensations are not unlike those of a person looking at a tiger in a cage. He knows his own security, and feels a kind of gratification in contemplating the innoxious ferocity of the animal.

During the previous night, workmen had been busied in removing the Parisian trappings, and loosening the horses. The English engineers,—whose assistance, as expert mechanics, was requested by the Emperor Francis,—had not therefore been long employed, before one of the horses was seen suspended in the air. The French could no longer bear the sight; most of them drew back from the windows, and quitted the gallery, unable to suppress or disguise their feelings. Justice, policy, and good taste, all imperiously demanded that this ill-devised trophy should not be suffered to exist; but it was impossible at the moment not to feel some pity for the humiliation and misery of the French. In a short time the other three horses were removed, and the dismantled arch has ever since been surrounded by the populace, in sorrowful and astonished groups.

CLAUDE LORRAINE.

THIS immortal painter served an apprenticeship to the trade of a pastry-cook. In the early part of his life he showed no symptoms of that astonishing genius which, in his more advanced years, shone

out in works that are beheld with admiration by all the world. At first he could with difficulty be taught the rudiments, but he exerted his utmost industry to explore the true principles of painting, by an incessant examination of nature. He made his studies in the open field, where he very frequently continued from sun-rise, till the dusk of the evening compelled him to withdraw from his contemplations.

HOLBEIN AND SIR THOMAS MORE.

HOLBEIN was kindly received by More, and was taken into his house at Chelsea. There he worked for nearly three years, painting the portraits of Sir Thomas, his relations and friends. The King visiting the chancellor, saw some of those pictures, and expressed his satisfaction: Sir Thomas begged him to accept whichever he liked, but he enquired for the painter, who was immediately introduced to him. Henry immediately took him into his own service, and told the chancellor, that now he had got the artist he did not want the pictures. An apartment in the palace was immediately alloted to Holbein, with a salary of 200 florins, besides his being paid for his pictures.

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

THE Dance of Death in the church-yard of the Predicants of the suburbs of St. John, at Basil, is

always ascribed to Holbein, and is shown to strangers through a gate. And yet, as Vertue observed, our painter had undoubtedly no hand in it. Pope Eugenius IV. appointed the council of Basil in 1431, and it sat there fifteen years, during which time a plague raged that carried of all degrees of people. On the cessation of it, the work in question was immediately painted as a memorial of that calamity. Holbein could not be the original painter, for he was not born till 1498; nor had any hand in the part that was added in 1529, at which time he had left Basil. Even if he had been there when it was done, (which was about the time of his short return thither) it is not probable that mention of him would have been omitted in the inscription which the magistrates caused to be placed under those paintings, especially when the name of one Hugo Klauber, a painter, who repaired them in 1569, is carefully recorded. But there is a stronger proof of their not being the works of Holbein, and at the same time an evidence of his taste. The paintings at Basil are a dull series of figures, of a pope, emperor, king, queen, &c. each seized by a figure of Death; but in the prints which Hollar has given of Holbein's drawings of Death's Dance, a design he borrowed from the work at Basil, there are groups of figures, and a richness of fancy

and invention peculiar to himself, every subject is varied, and adorned with buildings and habits of the times, which he had the singular art of making picturesque.

ZOFFANY AND THE FAMILY OF GEORGE III.

WHEN Zoffany began the picture of the Royal Family there were ten children. He made his sketch accordingly, and attending two or three times, went on with finishing the figures. Various circumstances prevented him from proceeding—his Majesty was engaged in business of more consequence; her Majesty was engaged; some of the Princesses were engaged, and some of the Princes were unwell. The completion of the picture was consequently delayed, when a messenger came to inform the artist that another Prince was born, and must be introduced in the picture; this was not easy, but it was accomplished with some difficulty. All this took up much time, when a second messenger arrived to announce the birth of a Princess, and to acquaint him that the illustrious stranger must have a place in the canvas; this was impossible without a new arrangement; one half of the figures were therefore obliterated, in order that the grouping might be closer to make room; to do this was the business of some months, and before it was finished a letter came from one of the maids of honour, informing the painter that

there was another addition to the family, for whom a place must be found. "This," cried the artist, "is too much; if they cannot sit with more regularity, I cannot paint with more expedition, and must give it up."

NICOLAS POUSSIN, AND THE CARDINAL MASSIMI.

THE following circumstance is related by Felibien concerning this illustrious painter. One afternoon, M. Camillo (afterwards Cardinal Massimi,) happening to pay a visit to Poussin, the pleasure of his conversation induced him to prolong his stay till it was night; on taking his leave, he perceived that there was no one to light him to the door, but Poussin himself; Massimi was much shocked at this circumstance, and expressed great concern on the occasion, assuring Poussin, that he extremely pitied his situation, in not having a single servant to wait on him; "And I, Monseigneur," replied Poussin, "pity yours much more, in having so many."

MICHAEL ANGELO'S OPINION OF HIS ART.

MICHAEL ANGELO, full of the great and sublime ideas of his art, lived very much alone, and never suffered a day to pass without handling his chisel or his pencil; when some person reproached him with living so melancholy and so solitary a life, he said, "art is a jealous thing; it requires the whole and entire man." He was in love with

the celebrated Marchioness Pescara, yet he never suffered his pleasures to interfere with his more serious pursuits.

ZEUXIS AND PARRHASIUS.

APOLLODORUS, one of the earliest of Athenian painters, said of Zeuxis, "that he had stolen the cunning from all the rest." Zeuxis himself made no difficulty of boasting of his pre-eminence. He painted a Wrestler or Champion so much to his own mind, that he wrote below it: "*Invisurus aliquis facilius quam imitaturus.*" "Sooner envied than equalled." Parrhasius of Ephesus had the boldness to challenge Zeuxis to a trial of skill. Zeuxis brought forth a picture, on which clusters of grapes were represented in so natural a manner, that the birds of the air came flocking to partake of them. Parrhasius on his part brought a tablet, on which he had painted nothing but a curtain; but so like reality, that Zeuxis, in exultation, that the birds had given such proof of his pencil, exclaimed, "come, Sir, away with your curtain, that we may see what goodly affair you have got beneath it." On being shown his error, he felt much abashed, and yielding the victory, said, "Zeuxis beguiled poor birds, but Parrhasius hath deceived Zeuxis."

BERNINI'S BUST OF CHARLES I. AND SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.

"IT is very uncertain," says Walpole, "what be-

came of this bust. Vertue from several circumstances, believed it was not destroyed. Cooper the print-seller told him that he had often heard Norrice, frame maker to the court, and who saved several of the pictures, aver, that he was in the room where the bust used to stand over a corner chimney, and that it was taken away before the chamber was destroyed. Lord Cutts, who commanded the troops, was impatient to blow up that part; and yet after he had ordered the drums to beat, it was half an hour before the explosion was begun: time enough to save the bust, if it was not stolen before. Sir John Stanley, then deputy-chamberlain, was of the latter opinion; he was at dinner in Craigs-court, when the fire began, which was about three o' clock; he immediately went to the palace, and perceived only an inconsiderable smoke in a garret, not in the principal building. He found Sir Christopher Wren and his workmen there, and the gates all shut. Looking at Bernini's bust, he begged Sir Christopher to take care of that, and the statues; the latter replied, "take care of what you are concerned in, and leave the rest to me," Sir John said it was above five hours after this before the fire reached that part. Norrice afterwards dug in the ruins of that chamber, but could not discover the least fragment of marble. The crouching Venus in the same apartment was known to be stolen, being discovere

after a concealment of four years, and reclaimed by the crown. Vertue thought that the brazen bust of King Charles in the passage near Westminster Hall, was not taken from Bernini's of which casts are extant, but of an earlier date. In the imperial library at Vienna, says Dr. Edward Brown in his Travels, is a head of King Charles in white marble: but this cannot be Bernini's; Brown wrote in 1673, and the fire of Whitehall happened in 1697.

SCIPIO AND THE CAPTURED STATUES.

SCIPIO *Minor*, (the patron of Polybius and Panætius,) by a conduct directly the reverse of that of Mummius, showed equal honour to the Arts, and to the cities which venerated them. Having taken a town filled with statues and Greek divinities, which he had carried from Sicily, he ordered, by public proclamation, that such cities, as were the rightful owners of the Statues, should prove their claim, and have them restored to them.

MICHAEL ANGELO, SAN GALLO, AND THE CARDINAL MARCELLO.

UNDER the papacy of Julius the Third, the faction of Michael Angelo's rival San Gallo gave him some trouble respecting the building of St. Peter's, and went so far as to prevail upon that Pope to appoint a committee to examine the fabric. Julius told him, that a particular part of the church was dark; "who told you that, Holy Father?" replied the

artist. "I did," said Cardinal Marcello. "Your Eminence should consider, then," said Michael Angelo, "that besides the window there is at present, I intend to have three more in the ceiling of the Church."—"You did not tell me so," replied the Cardinal. "No indeed I did not, Sir," answered the artist: "I am not obliged to do it, and I would never consent to be obliged to tell your Eminence or any person whomsoever any thing concerning it; your business is to take care that money is plenty at Rome; that there are no thieves there; to let me alone; and to permit me to go on with my plan as I please."

FABIUS THE ANCIENT ROMAN PAINTER.

THE Romans, although they fell very short of the excellence of the Greeks, in the execution of works of Painting and Sculpture, were not wanting in the value which they placed on them, or the respect which they paid to them.

The principal anecdote related of Roman powers of Painting, is materially connected with its honours. Fabius *Pictor*, the head of the noble family of the Fabii, assumed his surname from his Paintings in the Temple of the Goddess *Salus*.

SIR GODFREY KNELLER AND HIS SITTERS.

SIR GODFREY KNELLER painted for King William the beauties at Hampton Court, and was knighted by him in 1692, with the additional present

of a gold medal and chain worth £300, and for him Sir Godfrey painted the portrait of the Czar; for Queen Anne he painted the King of Spain, afterwards Charles VI.; so poor a performance says Walpole, that one would think he felt the fall from Peter to Charles. His works in the gallery of admirals were done in the same reign, and several of them worthy so noble a memorial. The Kit-cat-club, generally mentioned as a set of wits, in reality the patriots that saved Britain, were Kneller's last works in that reign, and his last public work. He lived to paint George I. was made a baronet by him, and continued to paint during the greater part of his reign; but in 1722 Sir Godfrey was seized with a violent fever, from the immediate danger of which he was rescued by Dr. Meade; the humour, however, fell on his left arm; and it was opened. He remained in a languishing condition, and died October, 27, 1723. His body lay in state, and was buried at Witton; but a monument was erected in Westminster-abbey,* where his friend Mr. Pope, as if to gratify an extravagant vanity dead, which he had ridiculed living, bestowed on him a translation of Raffaelle's epitaph—as high a compliment as even poetry could be allowed to pay to the original; a silly

* His monument, executed by Rysbach, was directed by himself; he left £360 for it.

hyperbole when applied to the modern. This was not the only instance in which the poet incensed the painter. Sir Godfrey had drawn for him the statues of Apollo, Venus, and Hercules; Pope paid for them with these lines:

> What god, what genius did the pencil move
> When Kneller painted these?
> 'Twas friendship, warm as Phœbus, kind as love,
> And strong as Hercules.

He was in the right to suppress them—what idea does muscular friendship convey? it was not the same warmth of friendship that made Pope put Kneller's vanity to the strongest trial imaginable. The former laid a wager, that there was no flattery so gross but his friend would swallow; to prove it, Pope said to him as he was painting, "Sir Godfrey, I believe if God Almighty had had your assistance, the world would have been formed more perfect." "'Fore God, Sir," replied Kneller, "I believe so." This impious answer was not extraordinary in the latter; his conversation on religion was extremely free—his paraphrase on a particular text of scripture, singular. "In my father's house are many mansions;" which Sir Godfrey interpreted thus: "at the day of judgment," said he, "God will examine mankind on their different professions: to one he will say, of what sect was you? I was a Papist—go you there:—what was

you? A Protestant—go you there:—and you? A Turk—go you there:—and you, Sir Godfrey?—I was of no sect—then God will say, Sir Godfrey, choose your own place."

SIR ANTONIO MORE AND KING PHILIP.

On the death of queen Mary sister to Elizabeth, Sir Antonio More followed Philip into Spain, where he was indulged in so much familiarity, that one day the King slapping him pretty roughly on the shoulder, More returned the sport with his mahlstick: a strange liberty to be taken with a Spanish monarch, and with such a monarch!—this biographer gives but an awkward account of the sequel; a grandee interposed for his pardon, and he was permitted to retire to the Netherlands, but under promise of returning again to Spain. It is more probable that he was promised to have leave to return thither, after a temporary banishment; and this supposition is the more likely, as Philip, for once forgetting majesty, in his love of the arts, despatched a messenger to recall him before he had finished his journey. But the painter sensible of the danger he had escaped, modestly excused himself: and yet, says the story, the King bestowed noble presents and places on his children. At Utrecht Antonio found the Duke of Alva, and was employed by him to paint several of his mistresses, and was made receiver of the revenues of

West-Flanders; a preferment with which they say he was so elated, that he burned his easel and gave away his painting tools.

VANDERDORT AND GIBSON THE DWARF.

VANDERDORT, the painter and keeper of the King's Cabinet, had great gratitude to or great awe of Charles I. The King had recommended to him to take particular care of a miniature by Gibson, the parable of the lost sheep. Vanderdort laid it up so carefully, that, when the King asked him for it, he could not find it, and hanged himself in despair. After his death his executors found and restored it.

ENGLISH SCULPTORS AND STATUES.

IN 1784, the House of Assembly in Jamaica, having voted a statue to Lord Rodney, in honour of the Victory obtained by him, two years before, over the French fleet, directed its agent in England "to apply to the most eminent Artists, and to offer premiums for the best Designs, to be approved of by the Artists of the Royal Academy."

Two models were in consequence sent to the Academy, and the work was adjudged to Mr. Bacon.

When the Howardian Committee, in 1791, requested permission from the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, to place a monument to the memory of Howard in their Cathedral, the favour was

granted with this annexed condition, "that no monument should be erected without the design being first approved of by a Committee of the Royal Academicians."

In 1792, the British inhabitants of Madras having voted a statue to Earl Cornwallis, their Committee addressed a letter to the President and Council of the Royal Academy, requesting "that they would nominate an Artist to execute a Pedestrian Statue of the Earl."

In 1798, when the British Parliament voted monuments to several distinguished characters, the commission for the erection of Public Monuments (since known by the name of the Committee of Taste,) superintended the direction of the public works, and has from that time continued to exercise a similar control.

THE GROUP OF LAOCOON AND ITS COPIES.

In the Camera Madama there are two groups of the Laocoön, the lesser is of a different design from the famous Laocoön in the Belvidere, but the larger group is just like it.* It has the arm which was wanting to the celebrated Belvidere one, and might direct a good artist how to supply it.

THE BUST OF JULIUS CÆSAR IN THE VATICAN.

The bust of Julius Cæsar, says Spencer in his

* Bandinelli, has followed it in the copy of this at the end of the gallery.

entertaining ancedotes, in the long open gallery, has a very weakly look, and resembles Mr. Pope as much as any bust that has been made on purpose for him.

COYPEL AND THE CENTAUR.

If Coypel has represented Chiron with a switch in his hand, in his historical picture of the education of Achilles, there are as equally ridiculous things to be met with in some of the works of the antient artists: and among their antique gems there is one with a centaur upon it, holding a whip to lash himself upon occasion.

MEDALS OF ANTONINUS PIUS.

In the Grand Duke's collection of medals there are twelve of Antoninus Pius, each with a sign of the zodiac for the reverse, and eight, with as many of the different labours of Hercules.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S ORDERS ABOUT HER PORTRAIT.

In the Cecil papers is a letter to the Lord Mayor of London, dated July 21, 1561, telling him, "The Queen's Majesty understandeth that certain Book-binders and Stationers utter certain papers, wherein be printed the face of her Majesty and the King of Sweden; and although her highness is not miscontented that either her own face or the said King's should be painted or portraited; yet

to be joined with the said King, or with any other prince that is known to have made any request in marriage to her Majesty, is not to be allowed: and therefore your lordship should send for the warden of the Stationers, or other wardens that have such papers to sell, and cause such papers to be taken from them and packed up together in such sort as none of them be permitted to be seen in any place." The effect of this order appears from a passage in Evelyn's Art of Chalcography: "Had Queen Elizabeth been thus circumspect, there had not been so many vile copies multiplied from an ill painting, as being called in and brought to Essex house, did for several years furnish the pastrymen with peels for the use of their ovens."

MICHAEL ANGELO'S REASON FOR NOT MARRYING.

MICHAEL ANGELO being asked why he did not marry? as he might then have children, to whom he might leave his great works in art: he said, "My art is my wife, and gives me all the trouble that a married life could do, my works will be my children. Who would ever hear of Ghiberti, if he had not made the gates of the Baptistery of St. John? His children have dissipated his fortune; his gates remain."

MICHAEL ANGELO'S OPINION OF GHIBERTI'S GATE OF THE BAPTISTERY OF ST. JOHN.

MICHAEL ANGELO being asked one day what he

thought of Ghiberti's gates? "they are so beautiful," replied he, "that they might serve as the gates of Paradise."

PORTRAITS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THE long and remarkable reign of Queen Elizabeth could not but furnish many opportunities to artists of signalizing themselves. There is no evidence that Elizabeth had much taste for Painting; but she loved pictures of herself,—in them she could appear really handsome; and yet to do the profession justice, they seem to have flattered her the least of all dependants: there is not a single portrait of her that one can call beautiful. The profusion of ornaments with which they are loaded, are marks of her continual fondness for dress, while they entirely exclude all grace, and leave no more room for a painter's genius than if he had been employed to copy an Indian idol, totally composed of hands and necklaces. A pale Roman nose, a head of hair loaded with crowns and powdered with diamonds, a vast ruff, a vaster farthingale and a bushel of pearls, are the features by which every body knows at once the pictures of queen Elizabeth. Besides many of her majesty, we are so lucky as to possess the portraits of almost all the great men of her reign; and though the generality of painters at that time were not equal to the subjects on which they were employed, yet they

were close imitators of nature, and have perhaps transmitted more faithful representations, than we could have expected from men of brighter imagination.

CHARLES I. AND VANDYCK.

HEARING of the favour King Charles showed to the arts, Vandyck came to England, and lodged with his friend Geldorp, a painter, hoping to be introduced to the King: it is extraordinary he was not. He went away chagrined; but his Majesty soon learning what a treasure had been within his reach, ordered Sir Kenellin Digby, who had sat to Vandyck, to invite him over. He came, and was lodged among the King's artists at Black-fryars, which Felibien, according to the dignity of ignorance which the French affect, calls L' Hotel de Blaifore. Thither the King went often by water, and viewed his performances with singular delight, frequently sitting to him himself, and bespeaking pictures of the queen, his children and his courtiers, and conferring the honour of Knighthood on him at St. James's, July 5, 1632. This was soon attended by the grant of an annuity of two-hundred pounds a year for life; the patent is preserved in the rolls, and dated 1633, in which he is styled painter to his Majesty.

THE MONTE TESTACEO AT ROME.

THE whole rise of the Monte Testaceo, from

the villa of the Cavalier Corradine, to the cross on the highest point of it, is upwards of eight hundred feet, and consists of broken pieces of earthenware, quite up to the top. About that cross it is a sort of plain of considerable breadth, all consisting of these fragments; sometimes covered for two or three inches deep with earth. At the bottom there are excellent vaults almost all round it; in which wine is kept extremely well, and cool. The vaults are plastered on the top and sides, except on that side next the mountain, which consists wholly of potsherds, without mortar, and with twenty or more round holes in each, to suffer the ingress of the air from the mountain. This convenience was found out about a hundred years ago, by the Jews who spin silk in the valley.

HOGARTH'S LAST WORK.

A FEW months before Hogarth was seized with the malady which deprived society of one of its brightest ornaments, he proposed to his matchless pencil the work he has entitled the *Tail Piece*. The first idea of this picture is said to have been started in company while the convivial glass was circulating round his own table. "My next undertaking," said Hogarth, "shall be the *end of all things*." "If that is the case," replied one of his friends, "your business will be finished, or there will be an end to the painter." "The fact

will be so," answered Hogarth, sighing heavily, "and therefore the sooner my work is done, the better." Accordingly he began the next day, and continued his design with a diligence that seemed to indicate an apprehension he should not live to complete it. This however he did, and in the most ingenious manner, by grouping every thing that could denote the end of all things: a broken bottle; an old broom worn to the stump; the butt-end of an old musket; a cracked bell; a bow unstrung; a crown tumbled to pieces; towers in ruins; the sign-post of a tavern called the World's End falling down; the moon in her wane; the map of the globe burning; a gibbet falling, the body gone, and the chains which held it dropping down; Phœbus and his horses lying dead in the clouds; a vessel wrecked; Time with his hour-glass and scythe broken; a tobacco-pipe, with the last whiff of smoke going out; a play-book opened with *exeunt omnes* stamped in the corner; an empty purse, and a statute of bankruptcy taken out against Nature. "So far so good," said Hogarth, on reviewing his performance; "nothing remains but this;" taking his pencil, and sketching the resemblance of a painter's palette broken. "Finis!" he then exclaimed, "the deed is done; all is over." It is a very remarkable fact, and not generally known, that Hogarth never again took

the palette in his hand, and that he died in about a month after he had finished this *Tail Piece.*

THE FRENCH PARNASSUS.

THE French Parnassus, is a little brass mountain, placed in the most conspicuous situation which the library affords in the Bibliothèque du Roi at Paris. It is stuck all over with little brass figures. Louis the Fourteenth, reclining on a lyre, personates Apollo, his features and wig admirably qualifying him for his office: the graces are equally well represented by the three learned ladies, Mesdames de la Suze, and des Houlieres, and Mademoiselle de Scuderi: Moliere, La Fontaine, Boileau, Corneille, Racine, and some other of the chief writers, in full costume, are identified with the nine muses. That nothing may be wanting to complete the effect, the intervals between these figures are filled up with medallions of the minor wits, musicians, and artists of the time. It is to be regretted that one of the noblest institutions in Paris should be disfigured by so paltry a toy. Such absurdities soon cease to be noticed by persons accustomed to the place; but they are the first objects which strike the eye of a stranger; and if it were for this reason alone, they should not be suffered to exist.

Le Parnasse Francaise was the donation of

Titon du Tillet. He conceived the idea of this mountain in 1708; it was completed in 1718; in 1727 he printed a description of it, and for nearly forty years more, he occupied himself in making additions to his choir, and publishing little explanatory supplements to his book. "*C'etoit un homme d'un grand merite;*" adds his French biographer.

PRICES PAID FOR WORKS OF ART.

THE prices given by sovereigns for works of eminent art, kept pace with the respect which is paid to them.

Candaulus, King of Lydia, for a picture painted by Bularchus, one of the most ancient Greek painters, paid the weight of the work itself in gold.

A picture painted by Aristides, the Thaban artist, representing a conflict with the Persians, in which the painter had introduced a hundred figures, (probably of celebrated characters) is said to have been bought by Mnaso, King of the Eleatenses, at the price of ten *minæ* for each of the hundred persons represented. The same ruler paid for other pictures, prices nearly of equal magnitude. Attalus, the sovereign of Pergamus, bought a picture also by Aristides, at the price of a hundred talents; and the same price was paid for a single figure of a youth, painted by Polycletus.

VANDEVELDE AND THE TWO LORDS OF THE ADMIRALTY.

VANDEVELDE, the son, having painted the junction of the English and French Fleets at the Nore, whither King Charles went to view them, and where he was represented going on board his own yacht, two commissioners of the admiralty agreed to beg it of the king, to cut it in two, and each to take a part. The painter, in whose presence they concluded this wise treaty, took away the picture and concealed it till the king's death, when he offered it to Bullfinch the printseller, (from whom Vertue had the story) for fourscore pounds. Bullfinch took time to consider, and returning to the purchase, found the picture sold for one hundred and thirty guineas. Afterwards it was in the possession of Mr. Stone, a merchant retired into Oxfordshire.

ARETINE, AND THE EARL OF ARUNDEL.

IN the Life of Aretine in *Vies des Hommes et des Femmes illustres d'Italie, par une Societé de Gens de Lettres*, Paris, 1768, vol. i. p. 388, it is said, that Aretine having dedicated the second volume of his letters to James I. and receiving no reward, solicited one, for five years. Hearing at last that the Earl of Arundel had orders to give him five hundred crowns, and not receiving them, he ac-

cused the earl publicly of having sunk them for his own use. The earl ordered his servants to beat Aretine; which they did severely. The corrected libeller published that the earl had no hand in the beating him, went to him, begged the money, and received it. The peer's resentment and the satirist's mercenary servility, are both very credible.

TITIAN IN SPAIN.

DURING the residence of Titian in Spain, he composed many admirable works, and received many princely rewards from the emperor Charles the Fifth, who gave him the Key, the order of Santiago at Brussels, and constituted him a Count Palatine of the Empire at Barcelona, in 1553.

These favours alarmed the jealously of the nobles both of Germany and Spain; but their envy drew no other answer from Charles than that he had many nobles, but only one Titian. The artist, who was at some distance, overheard the retort with conscious satisfaction; and as he made his obeisance to the emperor, he dropped a pencil on the floor. The courteous monarch took it up, and delivering it to him, said, that to wait on Titian was a service for an emperor.

The figure of the sleeping Venus is a miracle of art, and was so decidedly the *chef d'œuvre* of Titian, that after several efforts to rival his own matchless work, he quitted this self-emulation in

despair. So delighted was Philip IV. with this picture, that when the Prado was on fire, on the fatal accident being reported to him while on the throne, he instantly demanded if the Titian Venus had escaped the conflagration? The messenger assured him that it was saved; "Then," replied the king, "all other losses may be supported."

POPE'S OPINION OF SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

POPE laid a wager, that there was no flattery so gross but his friend Sir Godfrey Kneller would swallow it. To prove it, Pope said to him as he was painting, "Sir Godfrey, I believe if God Almighty had had your assistance, the world would have been formed more perfect." "'Fore God, Sir," replied Kneller, "I believe so."

LORD ROCHESTER AND FLATMAN THE PAINTER.

THOMAS FLATMAN is another instance of the union of poetry and painting, and of a profession that seldom accords with either, was bred at the Inner Temple; but neither made a figure nor staid long there: yet among Vertue's MSS. is an epigram written by Mr. Oldys on Flatman's three vocations, as if he had shone in all, though in truth he distinguished himself only in miniature.

"Should Flatman for his client strain the laws,
The Painter gives some colour to the cause;
Should critics censure what the Poet writ,
The Pleader quits him at the bar of wit."

Lord Rochester treated him very severely in the following lines.

"Not that slow drudge in swift Pindaric strains,
Flatman, who Cowley imitates with pains,
And rides a jaded muse, whipt, with loose reins."

PELLEGRINI AND THE MISSISSIPPI COMPANY.

WHEN the famous system of Mr. Law's was set on foot in France, the directors, as ostentatious as their apes the South Sea Company, purchased the Hotel de Nevers, and began to decorate it in the most pompous manner. Pelegrini was invited from England to paint the ceiling of the principal gallery, and wrote a description of his work, all that now remains of it; for the system burst, and the king purchasing the visionary palace, it was converted into the Royal Library, and Pelegrini's labours demolished. France, the heathen gods, the river of Mississippi, religion, and all the virtues, and half the vices, as allegorical personages, with which the flatterers of the former reign had fatigued the eyes of the public, were here again reassembled; and avarice, and prodigality, and imposture were perfumed out of the same censers with which ambition, and vain glory, and superstition had been made drunk before.

RUBEN'S ALBUM.

MR. MAURICE JOHNSON of Spalding in Lincolnshire, a great antiquary, produced to the Society of Antiquaries some years ago a MS. con-

taining discourses and observations on human bodies, and on the statues and paintings of the ancients and moderns, written partly in Latin, partly in Italian, and some notes in Dutch, and illustrated with several drawings, as heads, attitudes, proportions, &c. habits of Greeks and Romans, various instruments, utensils, armour, and head-dresses from coins and statues, and comparisons of Raphael, Michael Angelo and others. It was an octavo pocket-book, and appeared to be an exact copy of Rubens' Album, which he used in his travels; the drawings, and even handwriting and different inks, being exactly imitated. This book was brought from Brussels by Captain Johnson, Mr. Johnson's son, and had one leaf of the original in it, with a sketch of the head of the Farnesian Hercules. The original itself is at Paris, where they intended to have published it. An account of it is given in the Catalogue Raisonné, de Monsieur Quintin, de l'Orangerie, par Frederic Gersaint, 1744. Albert Rubens, son of Sir Peter Paul, was a learned man and medallist: he published the Duc d'Arscot's medals with a commentary, and a treatise De re vestiariâ et de lato clavo. Vide Biblioth. Choise de Colonies, p. 96.

POPE'S LAST VISIT TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

I PAID Sir Godfrey Kneller a visit, says Pope, (recorded in Spencer's Anecdotes) but two days

before he died;* I think I never saw a scene of so much vanity in my life. He was lying in his bed, and contemplating the plan he had made for his own monument. He said many gross things in relation to himself, and the memory he should leave behind him. He said he should not like to lie among the rascals at Westminster; a memorial there would be sufficient; and desired me to write an epitaph for it. I did so afterwards; and I think it is the worst thing I ever wrote in my life.

SIR GODFREY KNELLER'S DREAM.

"Did you never hear Sir Godfrey's dream?" says Pope to the Rev. Mr. Spence. "No." "Why then I'll tell it you.—A night or two ago (said Sir Godfrey) I had a very odd sort of a dream. I dreamt that I was dead, and soon after found myself walking in a narrow path that led up between two hills, rising pretty equally on each side of it. Before me I saw a door, and a great number of people about it. I walked on towards them. As I drew nearer I could distinguish St.

* It was upon this occasion the following conversation is said to have occurred; the authority of it, is the younger Richardson. Mr. Pope was sitting by Sir Godfrey's bedside, and seeing him so impatient at the thoughts of going, had told him, he had been a very good man, and no doubt would go to a better place: "Ah, my friend, Mr. Pope," said he, "I wish God would let me stay at Whitton."

Peter by his keys, with some other of the Apostles; they were admiting the people as they came next the door. When I had joined the company, I could see several seats, every way at a little distance within the door. As the first, after my coming up, approached for admittance, St. Peter asked his name, and then his religion. 'I am a Roman Catholic,' replied the spirit. 'Go in then,' said St. Peter, 'and sit down on those seats there on the right hand.' The next was a Presbyterian: he was admitted too after the usual questions, and ordered to sit down on the seats opposite to the other. My turn came next, and as I approached, St. Peter very civilly asked me my name. I said it was Kneller. I had no sooner said so, than St. Luke (who was standing just by) turned towards me, and said, with a great deal of sweetness—'What! the famous Sir Godfrey Kneller, from England!' 'The very same, Sir,' says I, 'at your service.' On this St. Luke immediately drew near to me, embraced me, and made me a great many compliments on the art we had both of us followed in this world: he entered so far into the subject, that he seemed almost to have forgot the business for which I came thither. At last, however, he recollected himself, and said, 'I beg your pardon, Sir Godfrey; I was so taken up with the pleasure of conversing with you!—But, à propos,—pray, Sir, what religion may you be of?'

'Why truly, Sir,' says I, 'I am of no religion!' 'O, Sir,' says he, 'you will be so good then as to go in and take a place where you please.'"

LE SOEUR AND THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF CHARLES I.

HUBERT LE SOEUR, one of the few we have had who may be called a classic artist, was a Frenchman, and a disciple of John of Boulogne. He arrived in England about the year 1630, and by the only two of his works that remain, we may judge of the value of those that are lost or destroyed. Of the latter was a bust of Charles I. in brass, with a helmet surmounted by a dragon à la Romaine, three feet high, on a black pedestal; the fountain at Somerset House, with several statues, and six brazen statues at St. James's. Of those extant are the statue in brass of William, Earl of Pembroke, in the picture gallery at Oxford, given by the grandfather of the late earl; and the noble equestrian figure of Charles I. at Charing Cross, in which the commanding grace of the figure and exquisite form of the horse are striking to the most unpractised eye. This piece was cast in 1633 in a spot of ground near Covent Garden Church, and not being erected before the commencement of the civil war, it was sold by the parliament to John Revet a brazier, living at the Dial near Holborn conduit, with strict orders to break it in pieces. But the man produced some

fragments of old brass, and concealed the horse and statue under ground till the Restoration. They were made at the expence of the family of Howard Arundel, who have still receipts to shew by whom and for whom they were cast. They were set up in their present situation at the expense of the crown, about 1678, by an order from the Earl of Danby, afterwards Duke of Leeds. The pedestal was made by Grinlin Gibbons. Le Soeur had a son Isaac, who was buried November 29, 1630, at Great St. Bartholomew's. The father lived in the close.

INIGO JONES AND STONEHENGE.

In 1620 Inigo Jones was employed in a manner very unworthy of his genius. King James set him upon discovering, that is, guessing, who were the founders of Stonehenge. His ideas were all Romanized, consequently his partiality to his favourite people, which ought rather to have prevented him from charging them with a mass of barbarous clumsiness, made him conclude it was a Roman temple. It is remarkable, that whoever has treated of that monument has bestowed it on what class of antiquity he was peculiarly fond of; and there is not a heap of stones in these northern countries, from which nothing can be proved, but has been made to depose in favour of some fantastic hypothesis. Where there was so much

room for visions, the Phœnicians could not avoid coming in for their share of the foundation; and for Mr. Toland's part, he discovered a little stonehenge in Ireland built by the druidess Gealcopa, (who does not know the druidess Gealcopa?) who lived at Inishoen in the county of Donegal.

COVENT GARDEN CHURCH.

When the Earl of Bedford sent for Inigo Jones, he told him he wanted a chapel for the parishioners of Covent Garden, but added, he would not go to any considerable expense; "In short," said he, "I would not have it much better than a barn." "Well! then," replied Jones, "you shall have the handsomest barn in England."

CIMABUE AND GIOTTO, HIS PUPIL.

Giotto, the pupil of Cimabue, to whom the revival of the arts owes considerably more than to his master, was the son of a labourer at Vespignano, near Florence, who placed him at an early age with some shepherds to assist in tending their flocks. While engaged in this employment, he was found by Cimabue drawing upon a flat stone, with a pointed one, the figure of a sheep. The good humoured and discerning artist, asked the boy if he should like to go home with him and learn to paint? The boy replied, "Very willingly, if his father would give him leave." Permission being obtained from the father, Cimabue took

Giotto with him to Florence. In a short time, he not only learned to imitate his master, but to paint from nature. He left off the use of labels, aimed at real expression, and obtained it. His fame soon spread very widely, and all the cities of Italy became competitors for the labours of his pencil.

It is said, that Pope Benedict XI., desirous of having specimens of the works of the Florentine painters, sent to have a sketch from each of them; and that Giotto sent him a circle made with the point of the pencil, and all at once, upon a piece of paper. Hence the proverb, "Tu sei più rondo che l'O di Giotto."

BERNINI AND THE VEROSPI HERCULES.

WHEN they first discovered the Verospi statue of Hercules killing the hydra, some parts of it (and particularly the monster itself) were wanting, and were supplied by Bernini. Some years after, in further digging the same piece of ground, they found the hydra that originally belonged to it, and which differs very much from Bernini's supplemental one; though it is given in Maffei's book of statues, and other books of prints, as antique. It is now removed from the Verospi palace to the Capitol; and the original hydra, with a horned sort of human face, snakes for hair, and a serpertine body, is there also, in the same court where Marforio lies.

JERVIS AND LADY BRIDGWATER.

WHAT will recommend the name of Jervis to inquisitive posterity was his intimacy with Pope, whom he instructed to draw and paint, whom therefore these anecdotes are proud to boast of and enrol among our artists, and who has enshrined the feeble talents of the painter in the lucid amber of his glowing lines. The repeated name of Lady Bridgwater in that epistle was not the sole effect of chance, of the lady's charms, or of the conveniency of her name to the measure of the verse, Jervis had ventured to look on that fair one with more than a painter's eyes: so entirely did the lovely form possess his imagination, that many a homely dame was delighted to find her picture resemble Lady Bridgwater. Yet neither his presumption nor his passion could extinguish his self-love. One day, as she was sitting to him, he ran over the beauties of her face with rapture—"but," said he, "I cannot help telling your ladyship that you have not a handsome ear." "No!" said Lady Bridgwater; "pray, Mr. Jervis, what is a handsome ear?" He turned aside his cap, and showed her his own.

ALEXANDER AND APELLES.

ALEXANDER the Great was not behind hand with Pericles in his respect for the arts. Appelles was no less publicly honoured by him, than Phidias

had been by the statesman of Athens; and history has recorded a tribute paid to his admiration of the artist, beyond the power of wealth.

The same painter, when he had finished the celebrated representation of Alexander holding the thunder-bolt, in the temple of Diana at Ephesus, received his reward in gold *measured out* instead of *counted*.

POPE'S ACCOUNT OF THE ORIGIN OF THE KIT KAT CLUB.

You have heard of the Kit Kat Club. The master of the house where the club met was Christopher Katt, *Tonson was secretary. The day Lord Mohun and the Earl of Berkley were admitted members, Jacob said he saw they were just

* This society is said to have first met at an obscure house in Shire-lane, and consisted of thirty-nine distinguished noblemen and gentlemen, zealously attached to the protestant succession in the House of Hanover: among whom were the Dukes of Somerset, Richmond, Grafton, Devonshire, and Marlborough, and (after the accession of George the First) the Duke of Newcastle, the Earls of Dorset, Sunderland, Manchester, Wharton, and Kingston; Lords Halifax and Somers. The club is supposed to have derived its name from Christopher Katt, a pastry-cook, who kept the house where they dined, and excelled in making mutton-pies, which always formed a part of their bill of fare; these pies, on account of their excellence, were called Kit Kats. The summer meetings were sometimes held at the Upper Flask, on Hampstead Heath.

going to be ruined, when Lord Mohun broke down the gilded emblem on the top of his chair. Jacob complained to his friends, and said that a man who would do that, would cut a man's throat. So that he had the good and the forms of the society much at heart. The paper was all in Lord Halifax's hand-writing, of a subscription of four hundred guineas for the encouragement of good comedies, and was dated 1709. Soon after that they broke up. Steel, Addison, Congreve, Garth, Vanburgh, Manwaring, Stepney, Walpole, and Pultney were members: so was Lord Dorset, and the Duke of Dorset. Manwaring, whom we hear nothing of now* was the ruling man in all conversations, indeed what he wrote had very little merit in it.—Lord Stanhope and the Earl of Essex were also members. Jacob has his own, and all their pictures, by Sir Godfrey Kneller. Each member gave him his, and he is going to build a room for them at Barn Elms.

RUBENS AS AMBASSADOR TO CHARLES I.

NEITHER Charles nor Rubens overlooked in the ambassador the talents of the painter. The king

* There is a note by Mr. Spence on this passage, evidently written at the same time, which appears almost prophetic.—"Whether this may not be the case with Lord Bolingbroke, when he has been gone as long?" It has been the case with that great demagogue, and Spence's surmise is verified.

engaged him to paint the ceiling of the banqueting house. The design is the apotheosis of King James, for whom, when once deified, there seems to have been no further thought of erecting a monument. The original sketch for the middle compartment was formerly at Houghton: it had belonged to Sir Godfrey Kneller, who often studied it, as is evident by Sir Godfrey's original sketch at Houghton, for the great equestrian picture of King William at Hampton Court; though in the larger piece he seems to have forgot that he ever studied the former design. Sir Godfrey had heard that Jordaens assisted Rubens in the execution: if true, some of the compartments must have been painted in Holland and sent over hither; for we do not find that Jordaens was ever in England. Rubens received three thousand pounds for his work. The building itself cost seventeen thousand pounds. What had it been if completed! Vandyck was to have painted the sides with the history of the order of the garter. Inigo Jones, Rubens, and Vandyck! Europe could not have shewn a nobler chamber. Kent in the reign of George I. repaired the ceiling, and Rigaud, the Royal Academician, in the reign of George the Third.

CHARLES II. AND VERRIO.

CHARLES II. having a mind to revive the manufacture of tapestry at Mortlake, which had been

interrupted by the civil war, sent for Verrio to England; but changing his purpose, consigned over Windsor to his pencil. The king was induced to this by seeing some of his paintings at Lord Arlington's, at the end of St. James's Park, where at present stands Buckingham-house. The first picture Verrio painted for the king, was his Majesty in naval triumph, now in the public dining-room in the castle. He executed most of the ceilings there, the whole site of St. George's Hall, and the chapel. On the ceiling of the former, he painted Antony, Earl of Shaftesbury, in the character of Faction, dispersing libels; as in another place he revenged a private quarrel with the housekeeper, Mrs. Marriot, by borrowing her ugly face for one of the furies.

THE KING OF NAPLES' LOVE FOR ARCHITECTURE.

A NOBLEMAN of Naples built a very pretty house to retire to, and enjoy himself in his latter days at Portici. It was just finished, and the gardens coming to perfection, when the king happened to pass by, and liked it. The next morning a courtier was sent to the nobleman, to let him know that his Majesty had taken a fancy to his house. The nobleman was extremely struck with the message, and only said, "if the king likes my house, to be sure he must have it." This is the house where all the best of the statues,

paintings, and antiquities, found in the subterranean city of Herculaneum, are kept.

ROSALBA'S OPINION OF HERSELF.

I WAS always imitative in every thing, as far back as I can remember. As to painting, in particular, I began with miniature ; and it was a good while before I drew any portrait the size of life.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S METHOD OF WORKING.

MICHAEL ANGELO worked by night at his sculpture with a hat on his head, and a candle in it; this saved his eyes, and threw the light properly upon the figure. He never desired to shew a work of his to any one until it was finished. On Vasari's coming in one evening to him to see an unfinished figure, Michael Angelo put out the candle, as if by accident, and Vasari lost his errand.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S OPINION OF PAINTING.

MICHAEL ANGELO possessed in a peculiar manner that enthusiasm of his art, without which nothing great can ever be produced. He said, that painting should be practised only by gentlemen, and would not receive as pupils any young persons who were not nobly born, or had been liberally educated.

RELIGIOUS INSCRIPTIONS IN ROME.

MIGHT it not be worth while, says Spence, for any one who is to stay long at Rome, to make a

collection of all the religious inscriptions in the churches, and other parts of the city; and publish them, as Gruter did his old inscription. This would shew how vast a share of their religion in that holy city, is turned to the Virgin; how little has remained for so many centuries back to our Saviour; and that God himself, is almost wholly forgotten among them.

SIGNORA ROSALBA'S OPINION OF A STATUE OF MARY MAGDALEN AT ROME.

THAT Magdalen is a very fine one! If you observe it, it is not only her eyes that cry; she cries all over. ('*Jusquan bout des doigts*,' says Spence, were her words.)

MOSAIC PAINTING.

MOSAIC, as Wotton describes it in his works on architecture, is a kind of painting in small pebbles, cockles, or shells of sundry colours; and in recent times, likewise, with pieces of glass figured at pleasure. It is used chiefly for pavements and floorings.

The term *Mosaic* is derived from the Latin *Musivum*; and a noble lord ought not to have been laughed at in the House of Peers, when he pronounced the word, as it ought to be pronounced, *Musaic*. It is odd enough, that many persons have really conceived it to originate from the name

of the great Jewish legislator! See ELMES'S *Dictionary of the Fine Arts*, article MUSAIC.

Pliny shews that the Greeks were the first who practised this art, and notices a curious work of the kind, which was called "An Unswept Piece." This singular performance exhibited to the eye crumbs of bread, and such other things as fall from a table, which were so naturally imitated, that observers were completely deceived into the belief that "an unswept" pavement lay before them. It was formed of small shells painted with different colours.

Musaic has been practised in Italy for these two thousand years. The manner of working it is by copying with pieces of marble of different colours, every thing which a picture can imitate. Instead of common stones, difficult to be collected for works of magnitude, and requiring much time to prepare and polish, the Musaic artists have sometimes recourse to a paste composed of glass and enamel, which after passing through a crucible, takes a brilliant colour. All the pieces are inlaid, and very thin, and their length is proportioned to their slenderness. They sometimes inlay a piece not thicker than a hair. They are easily fixed in the stucco or plaster of Paris placed to receive them, and soon dry and harden. Such works are so solid, that they are capable of resisting the

assaults of time through many ages. The Musaic of St. Mark, at Venice, has existed above nine hundred years, in perfect splendour and beauty.

The church of St. Dominico at Siena, has to boast of a peculiarly elegant Musaic pavement. Duccio, of Siena, in 1350, began that part of it which is beneath the altar of St. Ausano. In 1424, the pavement under the three steps of the high altar, representing David, Sampson, Moses, Judas Maccabeus, and Joshua, was completed; and forty years afterwards, Matteo da Siena proceeded to embellish the part under the altar of the crucifix, with the history of the martyrdom of the Innocents. The twelve Sybils were added in 1483, and in 1500, Dominico Beccafumi, *alias* Mecarino, completed this magnificent pavement, by executing the middle part next the pulpit.

How much is it to be lamented, that the Musaic art was not in ancient Rome practised with the perfection it has obtained there in modern times. Had Musaic been applied to exact imitations of the pictures of Apelles, Zeuxis, and other great artists, they might still have remained to us; a new polish would have renewed their fading beauties, and restored them to immortal youth.

Some curious and playful effects have been produced in Musaic. A piece of this kind, when viewed standing, exhibited the head of a Satyr; but seen another way, displayed a beautiful land-

scape; another observed on one side, showed a bundle of herbs; and on the other, the head and face of a man.

It is not, however, supposed to require much skill to copy in Mosaic a picture with the utmost faithfulness. The artists of this class are often persons quite ignorant of the art of painting; the chief things wanted, are patience and a good eye. When the picture is finished, it appears at first in a most rude state, so rough, and full of inequalities, that one can scarcely trace the subject; but by close polishing, it becomes as smooth and lustrous as glass.

MICHAEL ANGELO AND THE LAOCOÖN.

THE arm behind the Lacoön, was begun by Michael Angelo, and he left it unfinished, "because, (as he said), he found he could do nothing worthy of being joined to so admirable a piece." It is there as a testimony of the superiority of the best ancient artists over the modern; for of all the modern sculptors, Michael Angelo is universally allowed to be the best.

ROBBERY AND SPOLIATION OF THE PANTHEON.

THE floor of the Rotunda or Pantheon is so much raised, as to hide all the pedestals of the columns in the inside. There was formerly a round of the imaginary figures of the provinces conquered by the Romans, in relievo, one against each

pedestal: which were taken away, when the floor was raised, and are now dispersed about in the Capitol, and other collections at Rome.

RICHARD BOYLE, EARL OF BURLINGTON.

NEVER were protection and great wealth more generously and more judiciously diffused than by this great person, who had every quality of a genius and artist, except envy. Though his own designs were more chaste and classic than Kent's, he entertained him in his house till his death, and was more studious to extend his friend's fame than his own. Nor was his munificence confined to himself and his own houses and gardens. He spent great sums in contributing to public works, and was known to choose that the expence should fall on himself, rather than that his country should be deprived of some beautiful edifices. His enthusiasm for the works of Inigo Jones was so active, that he repaired the church of Covent-garden because it was the production of that great master, and purchased a gateway at Beaufort garden in Chelsea, and transported the identical stones to Chiswick with religious attachment. With the same zeal for pure architecture he assisted Kent in publishing the designs for Whitehall, and gave a beautiful edition of the antique baths from the drawings of Palladio, whose papers he procured with great cost. Besides his works on his own estate at Lonsborough

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in Yorkshire, he new fronted his house in Piccadilly, built by his father,* and added the grand colonnade within the court. As we have few examples of architecture more antique and imposing than that colonnade, Walpole mentions the effect it had on him. "I had not only never seen it, but had never heard of it, at least with any attention, when soon after my return from Italy, I was invited to a ball at Burlington-house. As I passed under the gate by night, it could not strike me. At day break looking out of the window to see the sun rise, I was surprised with the vision of the colonnade that fronted me. It seemed one of those edifices in fairy tales that are raised by genii in a night's time."

RUBENS AND THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

In Flanders Rubens executed many great works, which created him as many enemies. They affected to ascribe to the scholars, whom he had formed or been forced to take to assist him, as Jordaens, Van Uder, Snyders, and Wildens, the merits of the master; but the greater talents of the assistants, the higher the genius of the master.

* That Lord Burlington being asked, why he built his house so far out of town? replied, because he was determined to have no building beyond him. Little more than half a century has so enclosed Burlington-house with new streets, that it is now in the heart of that part of London.

Do able painters work under an indifferent one? Abraham Jansens challenged Rubens to a trial of their art: Rubens replied, he would engage him when Jansens had proved himself worthy to be his competitor. A more friendly offer was rejected by him with equal wit: A chymist tendered him a share of his laboratory and of his hopes of the philosopher's stone. Rubens carried the visionary into his painting room, and told him his offer was made twenty years too late; "for so long it is," said he, "since I found the art of making gold with my pallet and pencils."

DOMINICHINO AND GUIDO.

DOMINICHINO is in as high esteem now as almost any of the modern painters at Rome. When you see any works of his and Guido's together, how much superior does he appear? Guido is often more showy; but Dominichino has more spirit, as well as more correctness.

SPOLIATION OF THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH OF MARCUS AURELIUS.

WHEN Marcus Aurelius's triumphal arch was taken down, to give more space to the Corso, the relievos on it were carried to the capitol. These are the six compartments of Marcus Aurelius pardoning the vanquished in his triumphal car; sacrificing; receiving the globe from the Genius of

Rome; Lucius Verus haranguing; and Faustina ascending to heaven.

LORD BURLINGTON AND MICHAEL ANGELO.

LORD BURLINGTON was so much for Palladio, that he used to run down Michael Angelo. It is true the latter did not follow the rules so much as the former, but then he had a more correct eye, and is universally reckoned the best architect of the moderns, by the best judges, at Rome, as well as at Florence.

THE STATUE OF PASQUIN AT ROME.

THE figure of the famous Pasquin, when entire, was the same with that by the Ponte Vecchio at Florence.—Maffei, in his collection of statues, No. 42, gives that figure, and calls it Ajax supported by his brother. Poor Pasquin was like to have been confined in the capitol, by the same Pope who sent Marforio thither: but the marquis, to whom he belonged, prevented it. His descendant is still obliged to pay a certain fine, if any scandal be found affixed to him.

INIGO JONES AND BEN JONSON'S MASQUES AT WHITEHALL.

DURING the prosperous state of the affairs of King Charles I. the pleasures of the court were carried on with much taste and magnificence. Poetry, painting, music and architecture, were all called

in to make them rational amusements; and Walpole has no doubt but the celebrated festivals of Louis XIV. were copied from the shows exhibited at Whitehall, in its time the most polite court of Europe. Ben Johnson was the Laureat; Inigo Jones, the inventor of the decorations; Lahiere and Ferabosco composed the symphonies; the King, the Queen, and the young nobility danced in the interludes. We have accounts of many of these entertainments, called masques: they had been introduced by Anne of Denmark. Those in which Jones was concerned were the Hymenæi, or solemnities of masque and barriers, performed on the twelfth night, 1606, upon occasion of Robert Earl of Essex, and the lady Frances daughter of the Earl of Suffolk, being at court, by Ben Jonson. Master Alphonso Ferabosco sung; master Thomas Giles made and taught the dances.

Tethys's festival, a masque, presented on the creation of Henry prince of Wales, June 5, 1610. The words by S. Daniel, the scenery contrived and described by master Inigo Jones; this was called the queen's wake, several of the lords and ladies acted in it, Daniel owns that the machinery, and contrivance and ornaments of the scenes made the most conspicuous part of the entertainment.

February 16, 1613, a masque at Whitehall on the nuptials of the Palsgrave and the princess Eli-

zabeth, invented and fashioned by our kingdom's most artful and ingenious architect Inigo Jones; digested and written by the ingenious poet, George Chapman.

Jones had dabbled in poetry himself: there is a copy of verses by him prefixed to Coryat's Crudities, among many others by the wits of that age, who all affected to turn Coryat's book into ridicule, but which at least is not so foolish as their verses.

Pan's anniversary, a masque at court before King James I. 1625. Inventors Inigo Jones, and Ben Jonson.

Love's triumph, 1630, by the King and nobility; the same inventors.

Chlorida, the queen's masque presented at court, 1630, the same.

Albion's triumph, a masque presented at court, by the King's majesty and his lords, on twelfth-night, 1631; by Inigo and Jonson.

The temple of love, a masque at Whitehall, presented by the queen and her ladies, on Shrove-Tuesday, 1634; by Inigo Jones, surveyor, and William Davenant.

Cœlum Britannicum, a masque at Whitehall, in the Banqueting-house on Shrove-Tuesday night; the inventors, Thomas Carew and Inigo Jones.

A masque presented by prince Charles, September 12, 1636, after the King and Queen came from Oxford to Richmond.

Britannia triumphant, a masque presented at Whitehall by the king and his lords, on twelfth-night, 1637.

Salmacida Spolia, a masque presented by the king and queen at Whitehall on Tuesday, January 21, 1639. The inventions, ornaments, scenes and apparitions, with their descriptions, were made by Inigo Jones, surveyor General of his majesty works; what was spoken or sung, by William Davenant, her majesty's servant.

Love's mistress, or the queen's masque, three times presented before their majesties at the Phœnix in Drury-lane, 1640. T. Heywood gives the highest commendation of Inigo's part in their performance.

Lord Burlington had a folio of the designs for these solemnities, by Inigo's own hand, consisting of habits, masks, scenes, &c.

The harmony of these triumphs was a little interrupted by a war that broke out between the composers, Inigo and Ben; in which whoever was the aggressor, the turbulent temper of Jonson took care to be most in the wrong, nothing exceeds the grossness of the language that he poured out, except the badness of the verses that were the vehicle. There he fully exerted all that brutal abuse which his contemporaries were willing to think wit, because they were afraid of it; and which only serves to show the arrogance of the man, who presumed to satirize Jones and rival Shakspeare, with the latter

indeed he had not the smallest pretensions to be compared, except in having sometimes written absolutely nonsense. Jonson translated the ancients, Shakspeare transposed their very soul into his writings.

CHARLES II. AND THE ROTIERS.

THE ROTIERS were a family of medallists. The father, a goldsmith and banker, assisted Charles II. with money during his exile; in return for which the King promised, if he was restored, to employ his sons, who were all engravers of seals and coins. The restoration happened; and Charles, discontented with the inimitable Simon, who had served Cromwell and the republic, sent for Rotier's sons. The two eldest, John and Joseph, arrived (not entirely with their father's consent, who wished to have them settled in France, of which country he was a native.) They were immediately placed in the mint, and allowed a salary and a house, where they soon grew rich, being allowed £200 for each broad seal, and gaining £300 a year by vending great numbers of medals abroad. On their success, Philip the third brother came over, and also worked for the government. He is the only one of the three, though John was reckoned the best artist, who has left his name or initials on any of our medals; and he it was, Walpole believes, who, being in love with Mrs. Stuart, Duchess of

Richmond, represented her likeness, under the form of Britannia, on the reverse of a large medal with the King's head. Simon discontented, with some reason, at the preference of such inferior performers, made the famous crown piece, which, though it did not explode the others, recovered his own salary, and from that time he and his rivals lived amicably together; which was more than they themselves did. John had three sons, the eldest of which he lost; but James and Norbert being much employed by him, their uncles grew jealous and left England, Joseph going to France, Philip to Flanders; where each being entertained by the respective governments, the three brothers were at the same time in the service of three Kings, of England, France and Spain. James Rotier being hurt by a fall from his horse, and retiring to Bromley for the air, caught cold and died. Norbert and his father remained working for the crown till the Revolution; when, though offered to be continued in his post, no solicitation could prevail on John the father to work for King William. This rendering him obnoxious, and there being suspicions* of his carrying on a treasonable corres-

* There are many evidences that these and other suspicions were not ill-founded. Rotier was believed to have both coined and furnished dies for coining money; Walpole supposes with the stamp and for the service of

pondence, guards were placed round his house in Tower, and Lord Lucas who commanded there, made him so uneasy that he was glad to quit his habitation. He was rich and very infirm, labouring under the stone and gravel; additional reasons for his retiring. He took a house in Red-lion-square. Norbert, less difficult, executed some things for the government, particularly as Vertue thinks, the

King James. Smith in his memoirs of secret service mentions this information and discovery of the dies in the Tower being conveyed away by one Hewet and others, by the help of Mrs. Rotier, and that they were found at Mr. Vernon's in January, 1695. In the Journals of the house of Commons, vol. xi. p. 686, is a report from the committee to examine what dies were gone out of the Tower, and by what means. From that report it appears that Rotier would not suffer Captain Harris, the patent officer to enter the house where the dies were kept; that one Ware made a press for White, then under sentence of condemnation, who told Ware he could have dies from Rotier when he pleased: that Rotier, who was a catholic, kept an Irish papist in his house: and that the Lord Lucas, governor of the Tower, had complained, that the Tower was not safe while so many papists were entertained in Rotier's house. It appears too from the Journal of Henry Earl of Clarendon, that when his lordship, who by his own account had dealt with the most disaffected persons, was committed to the Tower in 1690, he asked Lord Lucas to let Rotier come to him; which the governor would not suffer him to do alone, because he was a papist.—Lord Clarendon most probably had another reason for desiring Rotier's company.

coronation medals for William and Mary, and some dies for the copper money. On the proof were the king's and the queen's head on different sides, with a rose, and ship, &c.; but in 1694 it was resolved that the heads should be coupled, and Britannia be on the reverse. Hence arose new matter of complaint, some penetrating eyes thought they discovered a satyr's head* couched in the King's. This made much noise, and gave rise to a report that King James was in England, and lay concealed in Rotier's house in the Tower. Norbert on these dissatisfactions left England, and returning into France, where he had been educated in the academy, was received and employed by Louis XIV., where, whatever had been his inclinations here, he certainly made several medals of the young chevalier.

John, the father, survived King William. A medal being ordered of the new queen, Harris, a player, who succeeded Rotier, and was incapable of the office, employed workmen to do the business, among whom was Mr. Croker, who afterwards obtained the place. Sir Godfrey Kneller drew a profile of the queen, and Mr. Bird the statuary mo-

* Walpole remembers such a vision about the first half-penny of the late King George II. The knee of Britannia was thought to represent a rat (Hanoverian one) gnawing into her bowels.

delled it. Her majesty did not like the essay, and recollected Rotier, but was told the family had left England, or were dead. Sir Godfrey being ordered to inspect the work, and going to the Tower, learned that John Rotier was still living, whom he visited, and acquainted with what had happened. The old man, in a passion, began a die, but died before he could finish it, in 1703, and was buried in the Tower. The unfinished die, with others of the twelve Cæsars, were sent to France to his relations; whence two of them arrived, hoping to be employed. One of them modelled the face of Sir Hans Sloane, and struck a silver medal of the Duke of Beaufort; but not meeting with success, they returned. This entire account Vertue received in 1745 from two surviving sisters of Norbert Rotier. Their mother, who had a portrait of her husband John, which the daughters sent for, died in Flanders about 1720.

THE ENGLISH LADY, AND FRENCH PORTRAIT PAINTER.

A PAINTER at Boulogne, had painted the portrait of an English Lady, who refused to pay for it, under the pretext that it was not like. The picture would have remained a long time on his hands, if one of his friends had not undertaken to disencumber him of it. By his means the portrait was exposed to the gaze of the passers by in the

town; and underneath it was written, a *vendre* (to be sold); but the writer had constructed his letters so ill, that the *v* resembled a *p*, and the inscription therefore appeared to some to be, *a pendre* (to be hanged). The countrymen of the young English lady did not fail to stop before this little exhibition, and instantly recognised the original. The interpreters whom they consulted to explain the writing, read no better than the writer had written; and some odd mistakes occurred. At last, the family of the young lady, being informed of what was passing, hastened to possess themselves of the pictures by paying the painter the price of the work.

LETTER FROM SIR GODFREY KNELLER TO POPE.

DEAR FRIEND,—I find them pictures are so very fresh, being painted in three collers, and aught to be new severall days; for as they are, it is impracticable to put them where you intend 'm. It would be pitty they should take dust. Jemmy stays here eight or ten days, and will not faill of sending them when reddy; and I am (giving my hearty and humble servis to your dear mother),

[Dear Mr. Pope,] your most sincere
[and in reality humble]
[and faithful] servant,
G. KNELLER.

Those parts in brackets were written by Pope,

and seem to be meant as a joke upon the painter knight's epistolary elegance.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S OPINION OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS carried his veneration for Michael Angelo so far, that he used to seal his letters with his head: and at the conclusion of the last discourse he delivered at the Royal Academy, he says, "I feel a self-congratulation in knowing myself capable of such sensations as he intended to excite, I reflect, not without vanity, that these discourses bear testimony of my admiration of that truly divine man; and I should desire that the last words which I should pronounce in this Academy, and from this place, might be the name of Michael Angelo."

SIR ROBERT TAYLOR.

SIR ROBERT TAYLOR, the architect, received instructions from the Directors of the Bank of England to remedy an inconvenience to which the large doors of that edifice were liable, as they could not be opened or shut without extreme difficulty and delay. The artist judging that taking off the hinges upon which they turned, and making them advance and retire upon casters through a groove, in and out of the wall by means of a windlass, would obviate the difficulty, gave directions for the immediate execution of the plan. It was

soon completed, and the doors moved to meet each other from the opposite recesses with great facility, and were perfectly closed; but the windlass, and the man who had worked it, being stationed within-side, he was obliged to open the door again to let himself out.

PROFESSOR FUSELI AND THE PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

AFTER one of the able lectures on painting delivered by Fuseli in the Royal Academy, when he had been caustically censuring the topographers of art, as he called the landscape painters, and the host of sitters for their portraits, who because they once in their lives employed a portrait painter to take off their empty countenances, chuckled over their liberality and called themselves "patrons of art;" a worthy portrait painting knight addressed the professor and the English Claude with "you have not spared us poor landscape and portrait painters, Fuseli!" "It was not you," said the severe critic, "that I attacked, but the fools who employed you."

HAYDON, NORTHCOTE, AND FUSELI.

WHEN Haydon's first picture, the Repose in Egypt, was sent to the Academy for exhibition, Fuseli, the keeper, desired Northcote, who was a townsman of Haydon's, and one of the hangmen for the year, to do justice to his young townsman's

first picture, and hang it well. Some time after, returning and seeing it hung above the whole lengths, and totally out of sight, he exclaimed, "Why, by ——, you are sending him to heaven before his time," and had it instantly taken down.

INGENUITY OF ARTISTS.

CICERO records, that the whole of the Iliad, of Homer, was written on a piece of parchment, in so small a character, that it might be inclosed in the compass of a nut-shell—see *Pliny*, lib. 7; but he does not say what nut-shell; perhaps that of a cocoa-nut!——There was also one, in Queen Elizabeth's time, who wrote the Ten Commandments, the Creed, the Pater-Noster, the queen's name, and the year of our Lord, within the compass of a penny; and gave her majesty a pair of spectacles, of such an artificial make, that, by their help, she plainly discerned every letter.—*(Heylin's Life of Charles I.)*——Another penman, in the miniature style, one Francis Almonus, wrote the Creed, and the first fourteen verses of St. John's Gospel, in the compass of a penny.——In the library of St. John's College, Oxford, is a picture of Charles I., done with a pen, the lines of which contain all the psalms, in a legible hand.

NORTHCOTE'S PICTURE OF BALAAM AND HIS ASS.

WHEN Northcote had finished his picture of

Balaam and the ass, Fuseli was asked how he liked it? "Why, pretty waill; he might have paainted the ass like an aangel, but why the daivel did he paaint the aingel like an ass?"

MINUTE CARVING.

AT Halston, in Shropshire, the seat of the Myttons, is preserved a carving, much resembling that mentioned by Walpole, in his Anecdotes of Painting, vol 2, p. 42. It is the portrait of Charles I., full-faced, cut on a peach-stone; above is a crown: his face and clothes, which are a Vandyck dress, are painted: on the reverse is an eagle, transfixed with an arrow; and round it is this motto, *I feathered this arrow.* The whole is most admirably executed, and is set in gold, with a crystal on each side. It probably was the work of Nicholas Bryot, a great graver, of the mint, in the time of Charles I.—*(Pennant's Wales.)*——In the Royal Museum, at Copenhagen, is a common cherry-stone, on the surface of which are engraved two hundred and twenty heads, but their smallness makes them rather appear imperfect.

WILSON THE LANDSCAPE PAINTER.

WILSON, probably, might have remained ignorant of the peculiar bent of his talents, but for the following circumstance.—One day while waiting for the coming home of Zucarelli, upon whom he called at Venice, he made a sketch in oil from

the window of the apartment, with which the artist was so highly pleased, that he strongly recommended him to apply himself to landscape painting. Another occurrence, which happened not long afterwards, tended to confirm him in his inclination to follow that pursuit. The celebrated French painter Vernet, whose works at that period were held in the highest estimation, happening one day, while both these artists were studying at Rome, to visit Wilson's painting, was so struck with a landscape he had painted, that he requested to become the possessor of it, offering in exchange one of his best pictures; the proposal was readily accepted, and the picture delivered to Vernet, who, with a liberality as commendable as it is rare, placed it in his exhibition room, and recommended the painter of it to the particular attention of the *cognoscenti*, as well as to the English nobility and gentry, who happened to be visiting the city. "Don't talk of my landscapes, when you have so clever a fellow in your countryman Wilson," was the observation of this liberal French artist.

HUBER AND VOLTAIRE.

A MAN of the name of Huber had acquired such a facility in forming Voltaire's countenance, that he could not only cut most striking likenesses of him out of paper, with scissors, held behind his back, but could mould a little bust of him, in half

a minute, out of a bit of bread; and, at last, used to make his dog manufacture most excellent profiles, by making him bite off the edge of a biscuit, which he held to him in three or four different positions.

NORTHCOTE'S JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON.

In Northcote's picture of the Judgment of Solomon, the hand of Solomon, which is pointed to the executioner, has its two fingers projecting, and distinctly separated. "What does that mean?" said somebody at the Academy; the keeper who was looking on, said, "It means, cut the childe in twooo."

STRANGE THE ENGRAVER.

There is a singular occurrence in the life of Strange, the celebrated engraver, which is, however, as authentic as it is romantic. In the Rebellion of 1745, he served in the rank of Prince Charles's army as a common soldier. After the battle of Culloden, he was pursued by a party of the king's troops, when he fled "for safety and for succour" into a friend's house; as there was no time to be lost, the soldiers being close at his heels, a young lady, in the full costume of that period, viz. a dress hoop, offered to shelter him under the ample folds of her petticoat. To this strange proposal, considering all circumstances, it is not *strange* that he assented; and here "patulæ sub tegumine recubans," he

remained undiscovered. Either love or gratitude suggested the sequel: we will suppose both conjoined.

Mr. Strange was then a bachelor, and when his fortunes were more prosperous, he repaid with his hand the protection which the petticoat had afforded; and we may venture to assert, that no one ever yielded to its government who had better reasons for a deference to it. Mr. Strange was born in the Orkneys of Scotland. A grand daughter of his (his only issue it is believed) was married to one of the judges of the Court of Session in that County.

STURT'S COMMON PRAYER-BOOK.

STURT, a very neat writing-engraver, published a Common Prayer-Book, all of which was engraved on silver plates. Unfortunately, however, it did not sell; and poor Sturt became seriously alarmed, and took every body's advice, (as usual,) as to what was to be done. It was at length determined to take off a number of copies privately, and then to cut the plates up publicly. After this, the hoarded copies being brought out stealthily, one by one, as particular favours, fetched greater prizes. Such are the attractions and tricks in the world of connoisseurs.

CHINESE INGENUITY.

IN making toys, the Chinese are exceedingly

expert. "Out of a solid ball of ivory, with a hole in it, not larger than half an inch in diameter, they will cut from nine to fifteen distinct hollow globes, one within another, all loose, and capable of being turned round in every direction, and each of them carved full of the same kind of open-work that appears on the fans." A very small sum of money is the price of one of these difficult trifles.

ANACHRONISMS IN ART.

THERE is a print, designed by an artist for the Scripture allegory—"Thou fool, who seest the beam which is in thy brother's eye, and cannot discover that which is in thine own"—very strikingly illustrated by *a beam of timber* projecting out of the eye! And again, a very unhappy invention is displayed in a picture over the altar at Worms, in which the Virgin throws Jesus into the hopper of a mill, while, from the other side he issues, changed into little morsels of bread, with which the priests feed the people.——Matthison, in his Letters, also describes a picture, in a church at Constance, called the Conception of the Holy Virgin. An old man lies on a cloud, whence he darts a vast beam, which passes through a dove hovering just below; at the end of the beam appears a large transparent egg, in which egg is seen a child in swaddling clothes, with a glory round it; Mary sits leaning in

an arm-chair, and opens her mouth to receive the egg.

THE COLOSSAL STATUES ON THE MONTE CAVALLO AT ROME.

SIXTUS the Fifth, who began the palace on the Monte Cavallo, at Rome, placed the two large equestrian statues there, from thence it has its name; one of which has been metamorphosed into the sign of the Green man in Hyde-park. They were found in the baths of Constantine, and were brought originally to Rome from Alexandria. The names of Phidias and Praxitiles on the bases are certainly fictitious, and some antiquaries say, that they were added by the people of Alexandria.

THE STATUE OF GEORGE II. AT GREENWICH.

RYSBACH'S statue of George II. at Greenwich, was carved from a block of marble taken from the French by Admiral Rooke, and originally intended for a statue of the King of France.

This fine block weighed eleven tons, and was converted into the statue of the King at the expense of Sir John Jennings, the Governor, and was erected on the 23d of October, 1733.

A TEACHER OF PERSPECTIVE IN ERROR.

WHEN the death of poor little Edwards, the late teacher of perspective in the Royal Academy, was mentioned to an Academician, he said, that with all

his art, he was out of perspective at last, his vanishing point being below the horizon.

PUNNING BY DEGREES.

AT a meeting of the London Architectural Society a few years since, the president (Woods) announced the reading of a paper on the various styles of architecture by the senior Vice President, and after reciting its full title, called it for shortness, Mr. Elmes's Comparative Essay on, &c. &c. &c. Sam. Beazley, the architect of the Lyceum theatre, and author of several ingenious little farces and operattas, said, "this *comparative* essay, Elmes, will be *superlative*, if you are not too *positive*." To which the author replied, "Sam, you will never leave punning." "Oh," said the architectural dramatist, "it is only punning by degrees."

GAINSBOROUGH AND AN ALDERMAN'S DIMPLE.

GAINSBOROUGH was one day painting the portrait of a rich citizen, who told the painter that he had come in his new five guinea wig. His manner and his attempts to look pretty had such an effect on the painter, that with the greatest difficulty he was prevented from laughing in his face. At length when the worthy Alderman begged he would not over-look the dimple in his chin, his manner was so simpering that no power of his face could withstand it; Gainsborough burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, threw his pencils on the

floor, and d—ning the dimple, declared he could not paint that or the alderman either, and never touched the picture more.

GAINSBOROUGH AND SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

SOON after Gainsborough had settled in London, Sir Joshua Reynolds thought himself bound in civility to pay him a visit; Gainsborough, however, took not the least notice of him for several years, but at length called on him, and requested him to sit for his picture. Sir Joshua complied; and sat once to that artist, but being soon after taken ill, he was obliged to go to Bath for his health.—On his return to London, perfectly recovered, he sent Gainsborough word he was returned. Gainsborough, who was extremely capricious, only replied, that he was glad to hear Sir Joshua was well; and he never afterwards desired the President to sit, nor had any other intercourse with him till Gainsborough was dying, when he requested to see him, that he might thank him for the very favourable manner in which he had always spoken of his works.—Gainsborough painted the portraits of Garrick and Foote, but did not succeed in their likenesses according to his wishes, and humorously excused himself for his failure, by observing that they had every body's faces but their own—a remark which may be applied to every dramatic performer.—Mrs. Siddons once sat for her portrait

to a Mr. Scott, of North Britain, who observed, her nose gave him much trouble. "Ah!" said she, "Gainsborough was a great deal troubled in the same way." He had altered and varied the shape a long time, when at last he threw down the pencil, saying "*D—n the nose! there's no end to it!*"—Gainsborough observed he felt no regret in dying, except that of leaving his profession, which he thought he was just beginning to *feel.*

RAFFAELLE AND FRANCIS I.

FRANCIS I. having received a picture of St. Michael from the hand of Raffaelle d' Urbino, which he much coveted, he remunerated Raffaelle far beyond what his modesty conceived he ought to receive; the generous artist, however, made him a present of a Holy Family, painted by himself, which the courteous monarch received, saying, "That persons famous in the arts partake of the immortality of princes, and are upon a footing with them."

VANDYKE AND SIR KENELM DIGBY.

VANDYKE was much addicted to his pleasures and expenses; he was fond of music and generous to musicians, his luxurious and sedentary life brought on the gout, and hurt his fortune. He sought to repair it, not like his master Rubens by the laboratory of his painting-room, but by

real folly, the pursuit of the philosopher's stone, in which perhaps he was encouraged by the example or advice of his friend Sir Kenelm Digby. Towards the end of his life the King bestowed on him for a wife, Mary the daughter of the unfortunate Lord Goury, which if meant as a signal honour might be calculated too to depress the disgraced family by connecting them with the blood of a painter. It is certain that the alliance does not seem to have attached Vandyke more strongly to the King; whether he had any disgust infused into him by his new wife, or whether ambitious of vying with the glory of his master in the Luxembourg, Sir Anthony soon after his marriage set out for Paris, in hopes of being employed there in some public work. He was disappointed—their own Poussin was then deservedly the favourite at that court. Vandyke returned to England, and in the same humour of executing some public work, and that in competition with his master. He proposed to the King, by Sir Kenelm Digby, to paint the walls of the banquetting house, of which the ceiling was already adorned by Rubens, with the history and procession of the order of the garter. The proposal struck the King's taste; and by a small sketch in chiaro scuro for the procession, on which, though very faint, some portraits are distinguishable, it looks as if it had been accepted; though some say it was rejected, on the extravagant price demanded by Vandyke.

MICHAEL ANGELO AND BANDINELLI.

MICHAEL ANGELO being one day asked whether the copy of the Lacoön by Baccio Bandinelli, was equal to the original, he coolly replied, "he who submits to follow is not made to go before." He said too on a similar occasion, "the man who cannot do well for himself, can never make a good use of what others have done before him." He used to say, "that oil painting was an art fit for women only, or for the rich and idle," yet he acknowledged that Titian was the only painter.

Michael Angelo being once told of an artist who painted with his fingers, "why does not the blockhead make use of his pencil?" was his reply.

AN ENGRAVED DIAMOND.

TAVERNIER, mentions having a diamond, on which were engraved the arms of Charles I. The Sophy of Persia and his court were extremely surprised at the art of engraving on so hard a jewel; but, says Tavernier, "I did not dare to own to whom it belonged, remembering what had formerly happened to the chevalier de Reville on the subject of that king." The story as he had related it was, that Reville having told the Sophy that he had commanded a company of guards in the service of Charles, and being asked why he came into Persia, replied, that it was to dissipate the chagrin he felt

at his master being put to death, and that since that time he could not endure to live in Christendom; the Sophy fell into a rage, and asked Reville, how it was possible, if he was captain of the king's guards, that he and all his men should not have shed the last drop of their blood in defence of their prince? Reville was thrown into prison, and remained there twenty-two days, and escaped at last by the intercession of the Sophy's eunuchs.—Had all Charles's soldiers been as loyal as the Persian monarch thought it their duty to be, we might now have the glory of being as faithful slaves as the Asiatics.

WILLIAM DOBSON THE ENGLISH TINTORETTO.

WILLIAM DOBSON, whom Charles I. called the English Tintoretto, was born in 1610, in St. Andrew's parish, Holborn. His family had been gentlemen of good rank at St. Albans; but having fallen into decay, he was put apprentice to Sir Robert Peake a painter and dealer in pictures. Under him, though no excellent performer, but by the advantage of copying some pictures of Titian and Vandyke, Dobson profited so much, that a picture he had drawn being exposed in the window of a shop on Snow-hill, Vandyke passing by was struck with it; and, enquiring for the author, found him at work in a poor garret, from whence

he took him and recommended him to the king. On the death of Vandyke, Dobson was appointed serjeant-painter and groom of the privy chamber, and attended the king to Oxford, and lodged in the high street almost over against St. Mary's Church, in a house where some of his works remained till of late years. At Oxford his Majesty, Prince Rupert, and several of the nobility sat to him; but the declension of the king's affairs proved fatal to Dobson; he loved his pleasures; and not having had time to enrich himself, was involved in debts and thrown into prison, from whence he was delivered by Mr. Vaughan of the Exchequer, whose picture he drew, and thought it the best of his portraits. He enjoyed this release but a short time: dying at the age of thirty-six, he was buried at St. Martin's, October 20, 1646. A short life in which he had promised much excellence. His pictures are thought the best imitations of Vandyke; they are undoubtedly very faithful transcripts of nature. He painted history as well as portrait; and even the latter generally containing more than a single figure, rise almost above that denomination.

VANDEVELDE'S TREACHERY.

WILLIAM VANDEVELDE, distinguished from his more famous son of the same name, by the appellation of *the old*, was born at Leyden in 1610, and learned to paint ships by a previous turn to naviga-

tion. It was not much to his honour that he conducted the English Fleet, as is said, to burn Schelling. Charles II. had received him and his son with great marks of favour; it was pushing his gratitude too far to serve the king against his own country. Dr. Rawlinson the antiquary gave Vertue a copy of the following privy seal, purchased among the papers of secretary Pepys:

"Charles the Second, by the grace of God, &c. to our dear cousin Prince Rupert, and the rest of our commissioners for executing the place of Lord High Admiral of England, greeting. Whereas we have thought fit to allow the salary of one hundred pounds per annum unto William Vandevelde the elder, for taking and making draughts of sea-fights; and the like salary of one hundred pounds per annum unto William Vandevelde the younger, for putting the said draughts into colours for our particular use; our will and pleasure is, and we do hereby authorize and require you to issue your orders for the present and future establishment of the said salaries to the aforesaid William Vandevelde the elder, and William Vandevelde the younger, to be paid unto them and during our pleasure, and for so doing these our letters shall be your sufficient discharge. Given under our privy-seal at our palace of Westminster, the 20th day of February in the 26th year of our reign."

The father, who was a very able master, painted

chiefly in black and white, and latterly always put the date on his works. He was buried in St. James's church: on the grave-stone is this inscription:

'Mr. William Vandevelde, senior, late painter of sea fights to their Majesties King Charles II. and King James, dyed 1693."

HOLBEIN AND ANNE OF CLEVES.

HOLBEIN was dispatched by Cromwell to paint a portrait of the Lady Anne of Cleves, and, by practising the common flattery of his profession, was the immediate cause of the destruction of that great subject, and of the disgrace that fell on the princess herself. He made so favourable a portrait, that Henry wished to marry her; but when he found her so inferior to the miniature, the storm which really should have been directed against the painter, burst on the minister; and Cromwell lost his head, because Anne was *a Flander's mare*, not a Venus, as Holbein had represented her.

Soon after the accession of King George I. Queen Caroline found, in a bureau at Kensington, a noble collection of Holbein's original drawings for the portraits of some of the chief personages of the court of Henry VIII: how they came there is quite unknown. They belonged to Charles I. who changed them with William Earl of Pembroke for a St. George by Raffaelle, now at Paris. Lord Pembroke gave them to the Earl of Arundel, and

at the dispersion of that collection they might have been bought by or for the King. There are eighty-nine, a few of which are duplicates: great part are exceedingly fine, and in one respect preferable to his finished pictures, as they are drawn in a bold and free manner: and though they have little more than the outline, being drawn with chalk upon paper stained of a fresh colour, and scarce shaded at all, there is a strength and vivacity in them equal to the most perfect portraits. The heads of Sir Thomas More, Bishop Fisher, Sir Thomas Wyat, and Broke Lord Cobham, are master pieces.

THE STATUES OF THE KINGS OF ENGLAND IN THE ROYAL EXCHANGE, AND THE TROJAN HORSE.

BUSHNELL the Sculptor, who carved the figures of Charles I. and II. at the Royal Exchange, had agreed to complete the set of Kings at the Royal Exchange; but hearing that another person had made interest to carve some of them, Bushnell would not proceed, though he had begun six or seven. Some of his profession asserting that, though he was skilful on drapery he could not execute a naked figure, he engaged in an Alexander the Great, which served to prove that his rivals were in the right at least in what he could *not* do. His next whim was to demonstrate the

possibility of the Trojan horse, which he had heard treated as a fable that could not have been put in execution. He undertook such a wooden receptacle, and had the dimensions made in timber, intending to cover it with Stucco. The head was capable of containing twelve men sitting round a table; the eyes served for windows. Before it was half completed a storm of wind overset and demolished it; and though two vintners, who had contracted with him to use his horse as a drinking booth, offered to be at the expense of erecting it again, he was too much disappointed to recommence. This project cost him £500.

SEBASTIAN RICCI AND LA FOSSE.

SEBASTIAN RICCI excelled particularly in imitations of Paul Veronese, many of which he sold for originals; and once even deceived La Fosse. When the latter was convinced of the imposition, he gave this severe but just reprimand to Sabastian: "For the future," said he, "take my advice: paint nothing but Paul Veroneses, and no more Riccis."

THE GARLAND TWINER.

PAUSIAS, the celebrated painter of Sicyon, in his youth became enamoured of a beautiful female of the name of Glycera, who had a singularly elegant taste in the arrangement of flowers into

chaplets. Pausias, painting after nature and his mistress, became highly distinguished for his skill as a painter of flowers. The effort of his pencil was a picture of Glycera herself, seated and in the act of arranging a chaplet. Their production, in the creation of which, love, genius, and gratitude equally assisted, necessarily became a master piece; it was called the "Garland Twiner," and a copy of it sold for no less a sum than two talents.

FRENCH TASTE IN SCULPTURE.

A singular instance of the French taste in sculpture is afforded us in a statue, in marble, of Voltaire, which is placed at the upper end of the library. The figure is perfectly naked, and the artist has with laborious accuracy represented the shrivelled, withered state of his emaciated body. He is seated in his chair, and the approach to common life which this attitude gives, adds to the horrible effect. The impropriety of such a figure is obvious; but the degree of disgust which it excites cannot be conceived by those who have not beheld it.

PERICLES AND PHIDIAS; LEO X. AND RAFFAELLE.

WHEN Athens was designed to be rendered as immortal by the lustre of her public works, as by the renown of her patriot valour, the sole director, appointed by Pericles to conduct the splendid undertaking, was the accomplished Sculptor Phi-

dias. His aspiring mind executed emulation in those who valued praise from his lips beyond wealth; and the admiration of ages was secured.—When, in a later age of fame, Leo X. and the apartments of the Vatican become the rivals of Greece, Raffaelle Sanzio, then eminent for his merits, already disclosed under Julius II. was appointed Prefect of the wor ks of the palace, and other great public designs. If these methods were successful; if Athens was thus rendered eminent above all other seats of the Arts, and her Temple, her Porticos, her Painting, and her Statues, put in possession of a deathless fame; if the Pontifical Palace of Rome rose to vie with Athenian lustre; is it not reasonable for us to ask, whether similar measures have been adopted by our country, in those instances in which the votes of the Parliament contribute to our national fame in sculpture?

THE THREE SPECIES OF EGYPTIAN STATUES.

THERE are three sorts of Egyptian statues. *First*, those that are good without any mixture of their peculiar bad taste, which manner is very ancient, being of the period before they were conquered by the Greeks. *Secondly*, after they were conquered, and their spirits debased, they made the figures of their deities frightful, on purpose to keep the people in awe; and this was the cause of their

bad taste; some parts are out of nature and others tolerably correct. *Thirdly*, as every thing is apt to degenerate and grow worse and worse, when once fallen, they at last, in many of their figures, deserted nature entirely; and made every part monstrous and out of all proportion.

THE FOUR FINEST PICTURES IN ROME.

WHAT are pointed out in Rome as the four most celebrated pictures are, RAFFAELLE'S *Transfiguration;* VOLTERRA'S *Descent from the Cross;* DOMINICHINO'S *Saint Jerome;* and ANDREA SACCHI'S *Saint Romualdo.*

ANDREA DA MANTEGNA.

THERE are two historical pictures in the Camera delli Cabinetti, in the great duke's gallery at Florence, by Andrea Mantegna. Some of the faces are very well, but the manner in general is stiff and dry. The ground of both is all gold, and there is a good deal of gold in several other parts of the pictures. Mantegna was much the best painter in Europe, until Leonardo da Vinci so greatly advanced the art. It seems that the tawdry taste, brought into Italy by the Greeks,* continued quite down to the improvements of the latter; and

* About the year 1013—Mantegna died in 1517, Leonardo da Vinci in 1518.

the banishing of it ought, most probably, to be reckoned among the many very high merits of that extraordinary man.

WEST'S PICTURE OF THE DEATH OF NELSON.

When West announced the completion of his picture of the Death of Nelson, and made known, that it might be seen at his house, immense crowds of spectators instantly flocked thither, who thronged his painting room, passages, door-way, even the very street in which his house is situated, in order to gain a view of so interesting a public work. The crowd continued so for many weeks; it seemed impossible to satiate just and general curiosity; and the picture was at length removed to the engraver's. Many in that numerous assemblage conceived, no doubt, that they showed encouragement to the art and to the artist, by their presence; and as far as the attention of curiosity denotes encouragement, they certainly were so: but does it not almost exceed belief, says Prince Hoare, that of all this crowd no one individual should be found wealthy enough, or sufficiently sensible of the merits by which he was attracted to the house, to express a wish, nay even to make an inquiry tending to the purchase of a picture, capable of affording such extensive delight.

DAHL AND CHRISTINA QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

As Dahl worked on the picture of Christina,

Queen of Sweden, she asked what he intended she should hold in her hand? He replied, a fan. Her majesty, whose ejaculations were rarely delicate, vented a very gross one, and added, "A fan! give me a lion; that is fitter for a queen of Sweden."

MR. POPE AND SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

WHEN young Reynolds first came to London, he was sent by his master to make a purchase for him at a sale of pictures, and it being a collection of some consequence, the auction-room was uncommonly crowded. Reynolds was at the upper end of the room, near the auctioneer, when he perceived a considerable bustle at the farther part of the room, near the door, which he could not account for, and at first thought somebody had fainted, as the crowd and heat were so great. However, he soon heard the name of 'Mr. Pope, Mr. Pope,' whispered from every mouth; for it was Mr. Pope himself who then entered the room. Immediately every person drew back to make a free passage for the distinguished poet, and all those on each side held out their hands for him to touch as he passed; Reynolds, although not in the front row, put out his hand also, under the arm of the person who stood before him, and Pope took hold of his hand, as he likewise did to all as he passed. This was the only time that Reynolds ever saw that great poet.

PHIDIAS AND THE PEOPLE OF ATHENS.

PHIDIAS was honoured by Pericles with every possible mark of esteem, and his descendants enjoyed from the states of Greece a salary annexed to the employ of keeping clean the statue of Jupiter Olympius, one of the most renowned works of that great sculptor. Before they set about the performance of this task, which took place at stated periods, sacrifices were offered in the Temple.

JOHN ASTLEY THE LANDSCAPE PAINTER.

WHILST pursuing his studies at Rome, several other English artists were also there, particularly Mr. John Astley, who had been his fellow pupil in the school of Hudson, and of whom Reynolds used to say that Astley would rather run three miles to deliver his message by word of mouth than venture to write a note.

MARTIAL'S VILLA.

ONE of Martial's friends had a delightful villa near Rome; which he celebrates and points out very distinctly (Lib. i. Epig. 64.) It was on that delicious little hill where the Villa Madama now stands; the garden theatre is still shown, in which they acted Guarini's Pastor Fido, and where Barclay wrote his Argenis.

ASTLEY AND HIS BROTHER ARTISTS AT ROME.

It was a usual custom with the English painters

at Rome to meet in the evenings for conversation, and frequently to make little excursions together in the country. On one of those occasions, on a summer afternoon, when the season was particularly hot, the whole company threw off their coats, as being an encumbrance to them, except poor Astley, who alone showed great reluctance to take off his. This seemed very unaccountable to his companions, when some jokes made on his singularity at last obliged him to take his coat off also. The mystery was then immediately explained; for it appeared that the hinder part of his waistcoat was made, by way of thriftiness, out of one of his own pictures, and thus displayed a tremendous waterfall on his back, to the great diversion of all the spectators.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS A CARICATURIST.

It is a curious circumstance, and scarcely to be credited in the life of an artist so refined, who seems, even from the earliest dawning of his genius, to have devoted himself to the service of the graces, that he should ever have been, at any period, a caricaturist. Yet this was actually the case during his residence at Rome, where he painted several pictures of that kind; particularly one which is a sort of parody of Raffaelle's School of Athens, comprising about thirty figures, and representing most of the English gentlemen then in that city; this picture, I have been informed, is now in the pos-

session of a Mr. Joseph Henry, of Straffan, in Ireland, whose portrait also it contains.

KING CHARLES I. AND SIR BALTHAZAR GERBIER.

It is said Sir Balthazar Gerbier entertained the king and queen at supper at his house, which could not stand him in less than £1,000. The Duchess of Northumberland has a large oval miniature of the Duke of Buckingham on horseback; the head is well painted, the figure, dressed in scarlet and gold, is finished with great labour and richness. The head of the horse, which is a dark grey with a long white mane, is lively; under the horse, a landscape and figures; over the duke's head his motto, Fide coticula crux; and on the foreground, B. Gerbier, 1618.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS AND HIS MASTER, HUDSON.

The earliest specimen he gave of his improvement in the art, was the head of a boy in a Turkish turban, richly painted, something in the style of Rembrandt, which being much talked of, induced his old master, Hudson, to pay him a visit, when it so much attracted his attention that he called every day to see it in its progress, and perceiving at last no trace of his own manner left, he exclaimed, "By G—d, Reynolds, you don't paint so well as when you left England!"

ANCIENT ROMAN MILE-STONES.

THE Italian noblemen have been so fond of getting the old Roman mile-stone to set before the entrance to their houses, and the collectors of antiquities are so wrong-headed, that between them they have not left any two standing together in their old places, all over Italy, to determine exactly how much the Roman mile was. The taking the first mile-stone from its proper spot to place it in the capitol, has something of the same Gothicism or ignorance in it too.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS AND DR. JOHNSON.

"At the time when Sir Joshua resided in Newport-street, he one afternoon, accompanied by his sister Frances, paid a visit to the Misses Cotterell, who lived much in the fashionable world. Johnson was also of the party on this tea visit, and at that time being very poor, he was, as might be expected, rather shabbily and slovenly apparelled. The maid servant, by accident, attended at the door to let them in, but did not know Johnson, although he had been a frequent visitor at the house, he having always been attended by the man servant. Johnson was the last of the three that came in, when the servant maid, seeing this uncouth and dirty figure of a man, and not conceiving he could be one of the company who came to visit her mistresses, laid hold of his coat just as he was going up stairs, and pulled him back again, saying,

'You fellow, what is your business here? I suppose you intended to rob the house.' This most unlucky accident threw poor Johnson into such a fit of shame and anger, that he roared out like a bull, for he could not immediately articulate, and was with difficulty at last able to utter, 'What have I done? What have I done?' Nor could he recover himself for the remainder of the evening from this mortifying circumstance."

LORD BOLINGBROKE'S INSCRIPTION ON THE COLUMN AT BLENHEIM.

LORD BOLINGBROKE wrote the long inscription on the column, set up in honour of the Duke of Marlborough, at Blenheim. "I own," said Spence to Pope, "I should have thought that too stiff for so fine and easy a writer as Lord Bolingbroke?"—"What may seem too stiff to you in it," replied the poet, "is from that lord's imitating the best old inscription style on that occasion."

THE DUKE OF SOMERSET AND SEYMOUR THE HORSE PAINTER.

CHARLES, the old haughty duke of Somerset, sent for Seymour to Petworth to paint a room with portraits of his running horses, and one day at dinner drank to him with a sneer, "Cousin Seymour, your health." The painter replied, "My Lord, I really do believe that I have the honour of being of your grace's family." The duke, offended, rose

from table, and sent his steward to pay Seymour, and dismiss him. Another painter of horses was sent for, who finding himself unworthy to finish Seymour's work, honestly told the duke so, and humbly recommended to him to recall Seymour. The haughty peer did condescend to summon *his cousin* once more; Seymour answered the mandate in these words, "My Lord, I will now prove I am of your grace's family, for I wont come."

THE MAUSOLEA OF AUGUSTUS AND HADRIAN.

THE diameter of that part of Augustus's mausoleum which is still entire, (and which was the largest round of all) is fifty paces. In it were deposited the ashes of Julius Cæsar, Augustus himself, Marcellus, and Germanicus. The tomb of Hadrian (now the castle of St. Angelo), was built on the opposite side of the Tiber, to rival this, and is the largest of our ancient mausoleums. It was richly adorned too with fine statues, all round each particular rising, which in the gothic times were thrown down by the Romans, that had fortified it, to defend themselves and crush their enemies.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS AND ROUBILLIAC.

ROUBILLIAC, the famous sculptor, desired of Sir Joshua that he would introduce him to Dr. Johnson at the time when the doctor lived in Gough-square, Fleet-street. His object was to prevail on Johnson to write an epitaph for a monument, on which

Roubiliac was then engaged, for Westminster Abbey. Sir Joshua accordingly introduced the sculptor to the doctor, they being strangers to each other, and Johnson received him with much civility, and took them up into a garret, which he considered as his library, in which, besides his books, all covered with dust, there was an old crazy deal table, and a still worse and older elbow chair, having only three legs. In this chair Johnson seated himself, after having, with considerable dexterity and evident practice, first drawn it up against the wall, which served to support it on that side on which the leg was deficient. He then took up his pen, and demanded what they wanted him to write. On this Roubiliac, who was a true Frenchman, (as may be seen by his works) began a most bombastic and ridiculous harangue, on what he thought should be the kind of epitaph most proper for the purpose, all which the doctor was to write down for him in correct language; when Johnson, who could not suffer any one to dictate to him, quickly interrupted him in an angry tone of voice, saying "come, come, sir, let us have no more of this bombastic ridiculous rhodomontade, but let me know, in simple language, the name, character, and quality of the person whose epitaph you intend to have me write."

ROUBILIAC'S OPINION OF BERNINI.

SUCH was the first interview of two men, both eminent for genius; and of Roubiliac, Northcote records another anecdote, which took place on the return of that sculptor from Rome, when he paid a visit to Reynolds, and expressed himself in raptures on what he had seen on the continent—on the exquisite beauty of the works of antiquity—and the captivating and luxuriant splendour of Bernini. "It is natural to suppose," said he, "that I was infinitely impatient till I had taken a survey of my own performances in Westminster Abbey, after having seen such a variety of excellence, and by G—, my own work looked to me meagre and starved as if made of nothing but tobacco pipes."

JERVAS THE PORTRAIT PAINTER.

BETWEEN the badness of the age's taste, the dearth of good masters, and a fashionable reputation, Jervas was at the top of his profession; and his own vanity thought no encomium disproportionate to his merit. Yet was he defective in drawing, colouring, composition, and even in that most necessary and perhaps most easy talent of a portrait-painter, likeness. In general, his pictures are a light flimsy kind of fan-painting as large as the life. Yet a few of his works are highly coloured; and it is certain that his copies of Carlo Maratti,

whom most he studied and imitated, were extremely just, and scarcely inferior to the originals. It is a well-known story of him, that having succeeded happily in copying (he thought in surpassing) a picture of Titian, he looked first at one, then at the other, and then with parental complacency cried, "Poor little Tit! how he would stare!"

GARRICK AND REYNOLDS.

DAVID GARRICK sat many times to Sir Joshua Reynolds for different portraits. At one of these sittings he gave a very lively account of his having sat once for his portrait to an indifferent painter, whom he wantonly teased; for when the artist had worked on the face till he had drawn it very correctly, as he saw it at the time, Garrick caught an opportunity, whilst the painter was not looking at him, totally to change his countenance and expression, when the poor painter patiently worked on to alter the picture, and make it like what he then saw; and when Garrick perceived that it was thus altered, he seized another opportunity, and changed his countenance to a third character, which, when the poor tantalized artist perceived, he, in a great rage, threw down his pallet and pencils, saying he believed he was painting from the devil, and would do no more to the picture.

DEMETRIUS THE CONQUEROR AND PROTOGENES THE PAINTER.

DEMETRIUS POLIORCETES, King of Macedon, the conqueror of four united kings at once, hastened, after the siege of Rhodes, from the din of war and the shouts of victory, to visit the philosophic Protogenes in his unmolested study:* and Plutarch relates, that the Rhodians sent heralds to Demetrius, entreating him to spare the work of that Painter; to which he replied, that he would rather break to pieces the images of his forefathers, than destroy the labours of Protogenes.

OTHO VÆNIUS'S EMBLEM.

OTHO VÆNIUS, the master of Rubens, published a book of engravings which he calls the Emblems of Horace. "Misce conciliis stultitiam *brevem*," is represented by Minerva leading a little *short* child, with a fool's cap on, by the hand.—"Paulum sepultæ distat inertiæ celata virtus," is Virtue in a dark corner, Laziness in a sepulchre, and only a thin partition-wall between them.

* Pliny, XXXV. 10. The situation of his study is even said by Pliny, in another part, to have saved Rhodes, as, it being placed on the side where alone the city was assailable, Demetrius forebore the attack, rather than run the chance of injuring the works of the Painter. Accustomed as we are to admire the importance of the Arts in Greece, it is difficult to extend belief to the whole of this anecdote.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S INTENDED PICTURE OF GARRICK.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS had it long in contemplation to paint a picture of an extensive composition, purposely to display the various powers of David Garrick as an actor. The principal figure in the front was to have been a full length of Garrick, in his own proper habit, in the action of speaking a prologue, surrounded by groups of figures representing him in all the different characters, by personifying which he had gained some fame on the stage.

This scheme Sir Joshua described to Garrick at the time he was painting his portrait; and Garrick expressed great pleasure when he heard it, and seemed to enjoy the idea prodigiously, saying, "that will be the very thing I desire: the only way that I can indeed be handed down to posterity."

ABRAHAM HONDIUS.

ABRAHAM HONDIUS was born at Rotterdam in 1638: when he came to England, or who was his master is not known. Except Rubens and Snyders, few masters have painted animals in so free, bold, and great a style, though he drew both figures and landscapes, yet dogs and hunting pieces were his favourite subjects. He was a man of humour, and one of his maxims was, that the goods of other men might be as our own; and that finding

another man's wife of the same mind, he took and kept her till she died.

CHARLES I. AND DAVID BECK.

DAVID BECK, one of Vandyke's scholars, was in favour with Charles I., and taught the Prince and the Dukes of York and Gloucester to draw; his facility in composition was so great that Charles I. said to him, "Faith! Beck, I believe you could paint riding post."

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS AND GIBBON.

ON the morning after Garrick had appeared in the part of King Richard III., Gibbon, the historian, called on Sir Joshua, when he mentioned his having been at the play on the preceding evening, and immediately began to criticise Garrick's manner of acting that character. He said he thought he gave it, in the first scenes, a mean, creeping, vulgar air, totally failing in the impression of a prince; and in the latter part so very different a cast, that it did not seem to be the same person, and therefore not in harmony as a whole.

OLIVER CROMWELL AND SIR PETER LELY.

SIR PETER LELY drew the rising sun, as well as the setting. Sheffield duke of Buckingham asserted that Cromwell certainly sat to him, and while sitting said to him, "Mr. Lely, I desire you would use all your skill to paint my picture truly

like me, and not flatter me at all; but remark, all these roughnesses, pimples, warts, and every thing as you see me, otherwise I never will pay a farthing for it."

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S DISCOURSES.

It has been related as an anecdote, that on one of the evenings when Sir Joshua delivered his discourses at the academy, and when the audience was, as usual, numerous, and composed principally of the learned and great, the Earl of C——, who was present, came up to him, saying, "Sir Joshua, you read your discourse in so low a tone, that I could not distinguish one word you said." To which the president, with a smile, replied, "that was to my advantage."

THE ISIACK TABLE.

It was Cardinal Maurice who bought the *Tabula Isiaca*, after the taking of Mantua, and sent it to Turin, where it is now kept in the Archives of the Royal Academy. It is one of the finest Egyptian antiquities in the world, and had run a great many risks of being destroyed. At the sacking of Rome, five years before, it was sold to a locksmith; Bembo bought it of him and gave it to the Duke of Mantua; at Mantua, it fell into the soldiers hands again, and was saved the second time by the Cardinal of Savoy. It is a sort of table, of a particular metallic composition, four feet two inches long,

and two feet and a half wide; the ledges are two inches and a quarter, and figured; the figures on the table are, or were, all inlaid. They are neater and of a better taste than those on the obelisks, but not so high as some Egyptian statues and relievos at Rome. They are dispersed in three long compartments or ranges, and in the midst of the second range, Isis sits enthroned; whence it is called the *Mensa Isiaca*. The things inlaid are of a different colour to the ground work on the table stuff; there is a great deal of mighty pretty silver work among it, and you see the places where there was more, before the soldiers picked it out to sell it; they found it so thin that it was scarce worth while, or met with a purchaser for the table before they had time to do more damage to it.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S FIRST SIGHT OF THE PANTHEON AT ROME.

WHEN Michael Angelo first saw the Pantheon at Rome, "I will erect such a building," said he, "but I will hang it up in the air." With what truth he spoke this, the cupola of St. Peter's will evince, but which, unhappily for him, was not executed while he was living, and to which his original design was to append a magnificent portico.

SIR BALTHAZAR GERBIER.

SIR BALTHAZAR GERBIER, a native of Antwerp,

was born about 1591, came young into England, and was a retainer of the Duke of Buckingham as early as 1613. In Finette's Master of the Ceremonies it is said, "Alonzo Contarini, ambassador from Venice came to Mr. Gerbier, a gentleman serving the Duke of Buckingham." Sanderson calls him a common penman, who penciled the dialogue (probably the decalogue) in the Dutch church, London, his first rise of preferment. It is certain that he ingratiated himself much with that favourite, and attended him into Spain, where he was even employed in the treaty of marriage, though ostensibly acting only in the character of a painter. Among the Harleian MSS. is a letter from the duchess of Buckingham, to her Lord in Spain: "I pray you if you have any idle time, sit to Gerbier for your picture, that I may have it well done in little." Bishop Tanner had a MS. catalogue of the duke's collection drawn up by Gerbier, who had been employed by the duke in several of the purchases; however, there is some appearance of his having fallen into disgrace with his patron. In one of Vertue's MSS. is a passage which seems to be an extract, though the author is not quoted, in which the duke treats Gerbier with the highest contempt. The transcript is so obscure and imperfect, that it is not worth quoting, but the curious may find it, in the third volume of the works of Horace Walpole.

INGENUITY OF ARTISTS.

A Hint to Jewellers.—It is surprising, that our jewellers, who deal in the precious things of this world, should, at the same time, deal so little in sentiment, never calling up the wonder-working aid of fancy. They sell us rings, bracelets, diadems, cestusses, and so on, composed of rare stones, without once alluding to their allegories, relations, or symbols. Now, no less a personage than Pope Innocent himself may be said to give them a precedent for the future exercise of their genius; for, when Cardinal Langton was made archbishop of Canterbury, by the intrigues of the pope, whose creature he was, in despite of King John—to appease the latter, his holiness presented him with four golden rings, set with precious stones; and enhanced the value of the gift, (mark that, jewellers!) by informing him of the many mysteries implied in it. "He begged of him (John) to consider seriously the *form* of the rings, their *number*, their *matter*, and their *colour*. Their *form*, he said, being round, shadowed out eternity, which had neither beginning nor end; and he ought thence to learn his duty of aspiring from earthly objects to heavenly, from things temporal to things eternal. The *number*, four, being a square, denoted steadiness of mind, not to be subverted either by adversity or prosperity, fixed for ever on the firm basis of the four cardinal virtues. *Gold*, which is the matter, being the most precious

of metals, signified wisdom, which is the most precious of all accomplishments, and justly preferred, by Solomon, to riches, power, and all exterior attainments. The blue *colour* of the sapphire represented Faith; the verdure of the emerald, Hope; the redness of the ruby, Charity; and the splendour of the topaz, good works."—(*Hume.*) Now if, by these conceits, his holiness, Pope Innocent (who was not in the jewellery *line*) endeavoured to repay John for one of the most important prerogatives of his crown, which he had ravished from him,—then how much more does it behove Rundell and Bridge, Hamlet, Jefferies, and others, (with whom, alas! *we* have little dealings,) to leave off calling a ring a *ring*, and to call up all those associations of thought, that display of imagination, in the display of their goods, wherein the purchaser may receive more satisfaction, and the seller an extra fifty per cent.!

EMANUEL THE FIRST AND CARDINAL MAURICE'S COLLECTION OF STATUES, &c.

EMANUEL the First, and his son the Cardinal Maurice, were pretty active in making a collection of statues, busts, medals, and pictures. Emanuel the Second began a gallery for them, which would have been one of the most considerable in Italy.—The late King (Victor), was so perpetually engaged in affairs of much greater consequence to his family

and his country, that the taste for the arts, which began to arise, was quite chilled, and continues so to this day. Most of the antiques that had been got together, were flung as rubbish into a ground room of the palace, and that part of the gallery which was built for them is turned into archives and offices for the Secretaries of State.

ENVY AND EMULATION.

AT one of the celebrated schools for painting in Italy, a young man, named Guidotto, produced a piece so excellent, that it gained the admiration of all the masters in the art. This performance was looked upon with very different eyes by two of his fellow scholars. Brunello, the elder of them, who had himself acquired some reputation in his studies, regarded all the honour Guidotto had acquired as so much taken from himself, and longed for nothing so much, as to see him lose the credit he had gained. Afraid openly to decry the merit of a work which had gained the approbation of the best judges, he threw out secret insinuations that Guidotto had been assisted in it by one or other of his masters; and he affected to represent it as a sort of lucky hit, which the reputed author would probably never equal.

Not so, Lorenzo.—Though a very young proficient in the art, he represented in its full extent the excellence of Guidotto's performance, and be-

came one of the sincerest of his admirers. Fired with the praises he daily heard bestowed on Guidotto, his fellow pupil, he ardently longed to deserve the same; and placed him before his eyes as a model, which it was his highest ambition to equal. He entered with his whole soul into the career of improvement, was the first and last of all the scholars in the designing-room, and devoted to practice at home those hours, which other youths passed in amusement. It was long before he could please himself with any one of his attempts, and he was continually exclaiming, "Alas, how far distant is this from Guidotto's!" At length, however, he had the satisfaction of becoming sensible of his progress; and having received considerable applause for one of his performances, he ventured to say to himself, "and why may not I too become a Guidotto?"

Guidotto had prepared, for the anniversary of the day when prizes were rewarded in the school, a piece which was to excel all he had before executed. He had just finished it on the evening before the exhibition, and nothing remained but to heighten the colours by means of a transparent varnish. The malignant Brunello contrived artfully to convey into the phial containing this varnish some drops of a caustic preparation, the effect of which would be entirely to destroy the beauty and splendour of the piece—Guidotto laid it carefully

on by candle light, and then with great satisfaction hung up his picture by the public room against the morrow. Lorenzo, with vast application, had finished a piece, which he humbly hoped might appear not greatly inferior to some of Guidotto's earlier performances.

The important day arrived—The company assembled in the great room, where the light had just been fully admitted by drawing a curtain. All went up to Guidotto's picture, when behold, instead of the beauty which they had conceived, there was nothing but a dead surface of confused and blotched colours. The unfortunate youth burst into an agony of grief, and exclaimed, that he was betrayed and undone. Lorenzo, little less affected than Guidotto himself, cried out—"Gentlemen, this is not Guidotto's work: I saw it when only half finished, and it was then an exquisite performance." Every one admired Lorenzo, and sympathised in the disgrace of Guidotto; but it was impossible to adjudge the prize to his picture, in the state in which they beheld it. It was therefore awarded to Lorenzo, who immediately presented it to Guidotto, saying, "Take what merit would have acquired you, had not the basest malice and envy defrauded you of it. If hereafter I may aspire to equal you, it shall be by means of fair competition, not by the aid of treachery." Lorenzo's noble conduct excited the warmest encomiums among the judges, who at

length determined, that for this time there should be two equal prizes distributed, for, if Guidotto deserved the prize of painting, Lorenzo was entitled to that of virtue.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S METHOD OF WORKING HIS MARBLE.

MICHAEL ANGELO is said to have been so consummate a master of the art of sculpture, that he could make a whole length statue without setting his points like other statuaries. Vigeneres thus prefaces his account of Michael Angelo's very forcible and active manner of working in marble.

" That sculpture is a more difficult and dangerous art than painting appears, among other reasons, by the busts of Michael Angelo, the most accomplished of all moderns, both in the one and in the other, for though he excelled in both equally, and though he equally divided his time among them, he has for one statue of marble made a hundred figures in painting, and well coloured them, as may be seen in the Last Judgment, of the chapel of Sextus at Rome, where St. Peter and the prophets, that are in the cieling, larger than the life, are more esteemed by the good masters in art, than the judgment itself, which is without relief. The marble gives more trouble than clay or wood, and such sort of tender matters, and more easy to work, because of its mass, that weighs several pounds, and the point of the tool that must be sharpened

incessantly at the forge; also the artifice and dexterity there is in knowing the grain of the marble, and in what direction it should be taken. In this respect, I have seen this divine old man, at the age of sixty, chip off more scales from a hard piece of marble in less than a quarter of an hour, than three young stone cutters could do in three or four hours; a thing impossible to be conceived, unless by one who had seen it. He worked with so much fury and impetuosity, that I really thought he would have broken the block of marble into pieces; knocking off, at one stroke, great pieces of marble three or four fingers thick, so near the points he had fixed, that if he had passed ever so little over them, he would have been in danger of ruining his work, because that cannot be replaced in stone as it may in stucco and in clay.

THE OLDEST OIL PAINTING EXTANT.

THE oldest oil painting now in existence, is believed to be a Madonna and Child in her arms, with an eastern style of countenance. It has marked on it the date, which is thus expressed: ↀCCCLXXXVJ. If we express these with Arabic characters, it would make 886; and the period of this piece would fall about the time of Basilius or Charlemagne. This singular and valuable painting formed part of the treasures of art in the old Palace in the Florentine Republic; and was pur-

chased by the Director Bencivenni from a broker in the street for a few livres.

PAINTING FROM NATURE.

EUPOMPUS, the painter, who taught Pamphilus, the master of Apelles, was asked by Lysippus, the sculptor, whom, among his predecessors he should make the objects of his imitation? "Behold," said the painter, showing his friend a multitude of characters passing by, "behold my models. From nature, not from art, by whomsoever wrought, must the artist labour, who hopes to attain honour, and extend the boundaries of his art."

THE VENUS ANADYOMENE OF CCÖS, AND THE VENUS OF PRAXITELES.

STRABO relates, that the inhabitants of the Isle of Coös obtained a remission of considerable part of a tribute imposed on them, on condition of their parting with a picture, which they possessed, of a *Venus Anadyomene*; and Pliny, that Nicomedes King of Bithynia, being desirous of obtaining possession of a statue of Venus, the work of Praxiteles, which then belonging to the people of Gnidos, promised to discharge the whole debt owing by the city, if they would yield him up the Statue. Book XXXVI. chap. 5. Pliny's expression in relating this anecdote is striking. "Omnia perpeti maluere; *nec immerite*! Illo enim signo Praxiteles *nobilitavit* Gnidon."

POPE'S OPINION UPON ARCHAEOLOGY.

"THERE is no one study," said Pope to Spence, "that is not capable of delighting us after a little application to it.—How true of even so dry a study as Antiquities!"—"Yes, I have experienced that myself. I once got deep into Grœvius, and was taken greatly with it: so far as to write a treatise in Latin, collected from the writers in Grœvius, on the Old Buildings in Rome. It is now in Lord Oxford's hands, and has been so these fifteen years.

SIR GODFREY KNELLER, AND DR. RATCLIFFE.

SIR GODFREY KNELLER, lived in Great Queen-street, next door to Dr. Ratcliffe; Kneller was fond of flowers, and had a fine collection. As there was great intimacy between him and the physician, he permitted the latter to have a door into his garden; but Ratcliffe's servants gathering and destroying the flowers, Kneller sent him word he must shut up the door.—Ratcliffe replied peevishly, "Tell him he may do any thing with it but paint it."—"And I," answered Sir Godfrey, "can take any thing from him but physic."

SIR GODFREY KNELLER AS A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

SIR GODFREY at Witton, acted as justice of peace, and was so much more swayed by equity than law, that his judgments accompanied with

humour, are said to have occasioned these lines by Pope:

> I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit,
> Who sent the thief (that stole the cash) away
> And punish'd him that put it in his way.

This alluded to his dismissing a soldier who had stolen a joint of meat, and accusing the butcher of having tempted him by it. Whenever Sir Godfrey was applied to, he always enquired which parish was the richest, and settled the poor man there; nor would he even sign a warrant to distrain the goods of a poor man who could not pay a tax. These instances showed the goodness of his heart; others even in his capacity of justice, his peculiar term. A handsome young woman came before him to swear a rape: struck with her beauty, he continued examining her as he sat painting, till he had taken her likeness. If he disliked interruption, he would not be interrupted: seeing a constable coming to him at the head of a mob, he called to him, without enquiring into the affair, "Mr. Constable, you see that turning: go that way, and you will find an ale-house, the sign of the King's Head—go, and make it up."

HANS HOLBEIN AND THE DUCHESS DOWAGER OF MILAN.

After the death of Jane Seymour, Holbein was

sent to Flanders to draw the picture of the Duchess dowager of Milan, widow to Francis Sforza whom Charles the V. had recommended to Henry VIII. for a fourth wife, but, afterwards changing his mind, prevented him from marrying. Among the Harleian MSS. there is a letter from Sir Thomas Wyat to the King congratulating his majesty on his escape, as the duchess's chastity was a little equivocal. If it was, considering Henry's temper, it is possible that the duchess had the greater escape. It was about the same time that it is said she herself sent the King word, "That she had but one head; if she had two, one of them should be at his majesty's service."

MICHAEL ANGELO IN YOUTH AND IN OLD AGE.

MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI from his infancy showed a strong inclination for painting, and made so rapid a progress in it, that he is said to have been able at the age of fourteen to correct the drawings of his master Domenico Ghirlandaio. When he was an old man, one of these drawings being shown to him, he modestly said, "In my youth I was a better artist than I am now."

APOLLODORUS THE ARCHITECT AND THE EMPEROR HADRIAN.

APOLLODORUS the architect fell a sacrifice to his derision of Hadrian, who, being a smatterer in

architecture, had designed and executed a Temple dedicated to Rome and Venus. Upon his showing it to Apollodorus, the latter observed, that if the sitting statues of the Gods and Goddesses therein should ever be desirous of changing their posture and standing upright, they would run the risk of breaking their heads against the ceiling.—Hadrian felt the reproof, and made away with Apollodorus.

APELLES AND PROTOGENES.

THE pencil of Apelles, the first of Grecian painters, was famous for drawing fine lines, and from this circumstance arose the proverb, "no day without a line." Being highly delighted with a picture of Jalysus, painted by Protogenes of Rhodes, he sailed thither to pay him a visit. Protogenes was gone from home, but an old woman was left watching a large piece of canvass which was fitted in a frame for painting. She told Apelles that Protogenes was gone out, and asked him his name, that she might inform her master who had enquired for him. "Tell him," says Apelles, "he was enquired for by this person," at the same time taking up a pencil, and drawing on the canvass a line of great delicacy. When Protogenes returned, the old woman acquainted him with what had happened. The artist upon contemplating the fine stroke of the line, immediately proclaimed that

Apelles must have been there, for so finished a work could be produced by no other person. Protogenes, however, drew himself a finer line of another colour; and as he was going away ordered the old woman to show that line to Apelles if he came again, and to say, "This is the person for whom you were enquiring." When Apelles returned and saw the line, he resolved not to be overcome, and in a colour different from either of the former, he drew some lines so exquisitely delicate, that it was impossible for finer strokes to be made. Having done so he departed. Protogenes now confessed the superiority of Apelles; flew to the harbour in search of him; and resolved to leave the canvass as it was, with the lines on it, for the astonishment of future artists. It was in after years taken to Rome, and was there seen by Pliny, who speaks of it as having the appearance of a large black surface, the extreme delicacy of the lines rendering them invisible except on close inspection. They were drawn with different colours, the one upon or rather within, the other.

At the time this occurrence took place, Protogenes lived in a state of neglect and poverty; but the generous notice of Apelles soon caused him to be valued as he deserved by the Rhodians. Apelles acknowledged that Protogenes was even in some respects his superior; the chief fault he found with him was, that "he did not know when to take his

hand from his work;" a phrase which has since become proverbial among artists.

It was customary with Apelles to expose to public view the works which he had finished, and to hide himself behind the canvass, in order to hear the remarks made by spectators. He once overheard himself blamed by a shoemaker for a fault in the slippers of some figure; having too much good sense to be offended with any objection, however trifling, which came from a competent judge, he corrected the fault which the man had noticed. On the following day, however, the shoemaker began to animadvert upon the leg; on which Apelles, with some anger, looked out from the canvass, and reproved him in these words, which are also become a proverb, "*ne sutor ultra crepidam.*"

In finishing a drawing of a horse, in the portraiture of which he much excelled, a very remarkable circumstance is related of him. He had painted a war horse returning from battle, and had succeeded to his wishes in describing nearly every mark that could indicate a high-mettled steed impatient of restraint; there was wanting nothing but a foam of bloody hue issuing from the mouth. He again and again endeavoured to express this, but his attempts were unsuccessful. At last in vexation, he threw against the reins of the horse a sponge filled with different colours, a mixture of

which being forced out and tinged the reins, produced the very effect desired by the painter.

Apelles was held in great esteem by Alexander the Great, and was admitted into the most intimate familiarity with him. He executed a portrait of this prince in the character of a thundering Jove; a piece which was finished with such skill and dexterity, that it used to be said there were two Alexanders, the one invincible, the son of Philip, and the other inimitable, the production of Apelles. Alexander appears to have been a patron of the fine arts more from vanity than taste; and it is related, as an instance of those freedoms which Apelles was permitted to use with him, that when on one occasion he was talking in this artist's painting room very ignorantly of the art of painting, Apelles requested him to be silent lest the boys who ground his colours should laugh at him.

In Protogenes, the able rival of Apelles, the arts received one of the highest tokens of regard they were ever favoured with; for when Demetrius Poliorcetes was besieging the city of Rhodes, and might have taken it by assaulting it on the part where Protogenes resided, he forbore, lest he should do an injury to his works; and when the Rhodians delivered the place to him, and requested him to spare the pictures of this admired artist, he replied, "that he would sooner destroy the

images of his forefathers, than the productions of Protogenes."

PRICES OF CELEBRATED PICTURES.

THE noble collection of pictures in the Palais Royal at Paris, cost the Regent above a million of Louis d'ors. In particular the St. Joseph, little Jesus, and Virgin, cost fifteen thousand livres.—(or six hundred and twenty-five guineas), the little St. John, Jesus, and Virgin, thirty thousand livres; and the St. John in the Wilderness, fifty thousand livres.—The picture of a Muleteer, in that collection, was painted by Coreggio, and served for a long while as a sign to a little public house by the road side. It has still the marks in the upper corners of its having been doubled in for that purpose. The man who kept the house had been a Muleteer, and had on some occasion obliged Coreggio a good deal, on the road. He set him up, and painted his sign for him. The persons who were sent into Italy to collect pictures for the Regent, met with this sign, and bought it. It cost five hundred guineas.—The gallery was painted by Coypel, but it is hardly worthy of him, that is, because it has bad neighbours. It might do very well in any other palace in Paris, but looks poor, and unaffecting after having passed through the other rooms. —His performances on the ceiling are much better

than those on the walls—which arises from Coypel having painted the roof first, and between the painting of the ceiling and the sides, he took to dram-drinking, which soon spoiled his hand: and so much the sooner, because he had previously been a water-drinker.

REMOVAL OF THE FLEMISH PICTURES FROM THE LOUVRE; *on the* 18*th*, 19*th*, *and* 20*th*, *of September*, 1815. (*From Milton's Letters from Paris.*)

THE glories of the Louvre are drawing to a close.—During the last two days a great number of the pictures have been removed; and that part of the gallery, which was filled with the productions of the Flemish masters, is become little else than a wilderness of empty frames. We expect that the richer treasures of Italy will shortly disappear; as it is understood that Canova, who has been some time in Paris, will begin his operations, as soon as the agents of the King of the Netherlands have completed theirs. Till now the Museum might have been considered as remaining undisturbed; the statues and pictures that belonged to Prussia, being the only things which had been moved. These Prince Blucher took away without ceremony, the first leisure day after his arrival at Paris. They were few in number, and comparatively of little

interest; nor did their removal injure even the uniformity of the collection. But the gallery has now lost its splendour, its regularity, and its tranquil appearance. Instead of the servants of the household, numerous files of Prussian and Austrian soldiers are posted from one extremity to the other. The day before yesterday we found the Louvre closed; and a written order from the King was affixed to the door, stating that the public were not to be admitted,—yesterday the Museum was open. The King's domestics, and the usual sentries of the National guard, had disappeared: and in their places were stationed Prussian soldiers. We have since learnt, that on the early part of the morning, the directions of the court were enforced; but that subsequently a Prussian officer with a few men came to the door, and on being refused admittance by the National guards, who pointed to the King's written injunction, he very deliberately took the Frenchmen by the shoulders, and sent them about their business; he then tore down the placard, saying that he cared no more for the orders of Louis, than he did for his guard.—The fragments of the paper which remained hanging to the door, attested the truth of this story.

Such conduct on the part of Allies and sworn friends is not exactly courteous,—There is no doubt that it was merely intended to close the

gallery during the removal of the Flemish pictures: the court being naturally anxious that the public should not witness so humiliating a transaction.

The French, always vain and *déraisonnés*, confidently asserted that the King had shut up the gallery, to prevent the Allies from stealing its contents: and on the day when crowds of English were in vain besieging the entrance of the Museum, the French rabble formed a circle round them, grinning and delighted at the evident misery of the foreign connoisseurs, *flentes in limine primo.*

But the scene was soon changed.—This morning, the same rabble has been assembled to witness with astonishment and rage, the removal of the immense number of pictures which have been taken down during the last two days.—It has long been certain that the collection would be broken up, but the Parisians, particularly the lower classes, could never bring themselves to believe that such an event was possible.*

* The loss of the stolen treasures of the Louvre, was a circumstance which the French had never been taught to consider as within the verge of possibility. In the catalogues of the Museum, which were published by authority, the description of the Transfiguration terminates by informing us;—"*C'est à la Victoire que la France doit ce chef d'œuvre* qui lui était destiné," and after mentioning that the Belvidere Apollo had remained in the Vatican for three

By the permission of the Dutch officer who had the *command* of the gallery, we remained in it yesterday until a late hour; anxious to see the removal of Reuben's fine pictures.

The persons employed were French workmen of the lowest class. We conjectured that they were well paid, as they all seemed in high spirits; and many of them,—a thing extremely rare in France,—were evidently intoxicated. They were left very much to their own guidance; the only persons to superintend them being two or three Dutch commissioners, who did little else than direct the order in which the pictures should be taken.

One of these Dutchmen, a strange-looking animal, was affected with so lively a gaiety as almost to dance round the pictures as they lay on the floor. He assured us, that it was the happiest day of his existence: that he lived at Antwerp, and that now he could go to church in comfort; but that he did not care how soon he died when the pictures were once safe at home; as their return was the only wish of his heart.—The Frenchmen, on the other side, were vehement in their declarations, that more persons were requisite to the safe

centuries, the admiration of the world, the writer adds,—"*Lorsqu'un heros, guidé par la Victoire, est venu l'en tirer pour la conduire et* la fixer á jamais sur les rives de la Seine."—The Seine!

removal of the paintings.—We thought, that amongst the strange chances which these pictures have experienced, not the least singular, was the danger they were then exposed to from French drunkenness and Dutch vivacity.—I believe, however, that none of them sustained any injury.

Amidst this scene we took our leave of the Flemish division of the gallery. Its chief riches were the pictures by Rubens.

OLIVER CROMWELL AND SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN

(from Elmes's Life of Wren.)

SOME time before the decease of Oliver Cromwell, Mr. Christopher Wren, (afterwards Sir Christopher,) became acquainted with Mr. Claypole, who married Oliver's favourite daughter. Claypole being a lover of the mathematics, had conceived a great esteem for young Wren, and took all occasions to cultivate his friendship, and to court his conversation, particularly by frequent invitations to his house and table. It happened at one of these invitations that Cromwell came into the room as they sat at dinner, and without any ceremony, as was his usual way in his own family, he took his place. After a little time, fixing his eyes on Mr. Wren, he said, "Your uncle has been long confined in the tower." "He has so, Sir," replied Wren; "but he bears his afflictions with great patience and resignation."

CROMWELL,——"He may come out if he will."

WREN,——"Will your Highness permit me to tell him this from your own mouth?"

CROMWELL,——"Yes, you may."

As soon as Wren could retire with propriety, he hastened with no little joy to the tower, and informed his uncle of all the particulars of this interview with Cromwell. After which the bishop replied, with warm indignation, that it was not the first time he had received the like intimation from that miscreant: but he disdained the terms proposed for his enlargement, which were a mean acknowledgment of his favor, and an abject submission of his tyranny; that he was determined to tarry the Lord's leisure, and owe his deliverance, which was not far off, to him only.

PRAXITELES, AND THE KING OF BITHYNIA.

PRAXITELES, who flourished 364 years before Christ, was the sculptor of some of the most famous statues of antiquity. Among these were two Venuses, one clothed and the other naked. The first was purchased by the Coans, who preferred it as the most decent. The Cnidians took the rejected one, which was so exquisitely beautiful, that many persons took a voyage to their island for the sole purpose of seeing it. Nicomedes, king of Bithynia, was so desirous of possessing it, that he offered to pay all the public debts of Cnidos, which

were large, as the price; but the citizens refused to part with it on any terms, regarding it as the principal glory of their state.

Praxiteles having promised the choice of his works to Phryne, a lady to whom he was attached, she, in order to discover which he most valued, ran to him one day with the false intelligence, that his house was on fire. "I am undone," he cried, "unless I save my Satyr and my Cupid." The lady having thus obtained an indisputable criterion, chose the Cupid as the most valuable of all his performances.

TOREGGIANOS'S RETURN FROM ENGLAND.

WHEN Benvenuto Cellini was about seventeen he says there arrived at Florence a sculptor called Pietro Toreggiano, who came from England, where he had resided many years: this artist much frequenting Cellini's master, told the former, that having a great work of bronze to execute for the King of England, he was come to engage as many youths as he could to assist him; and that Cellini being rather a sculptor than an engraver, Toreggiano offered to make his fortune if he would accompany him to London. He was, adds Cellini, of a noble presence, bold, and with the air of a great soldier rather than of a statuary, his admirable gestures, sonorous voice, and the action of his brow striking with amazement, ed ogni giorno ragionava delle

sue bravure con quelle bestie di quelli Inglesi, every day relating his brave treatment of those beasts the English. But as much struck as Cellini was with this lofty behaviour to us savages, he took an aversion to his new master, on the latter boasting of a blow in the face that had been given to the divine Michael Angelo with his fist, the marks of which he would carry to the grave.

Others say that this event happened in the palace of the Cardinal De Medici. Toreggiano being jealous of the superior honour paid to Michael Angelo, whose nose was flattened by the blow, the aggressor fled, and entered into the army, where he obtained a captain's commission; but being soon disgusted with that life, he retired to Florence, and from thence came to England.

POPE'S KNOWLEDGE OF ANCIENT ARCHITECTURE.

POPE was asked in the presence of Spence, the author of Polymetis, if he remembered any thing of two Capitoliums at Rome? He answered, yes! there certainly were two; much more readily and directly, says Spence, who records it, than Mr. Holdsworth himself, who was so particularly well acquainted with Rome and its antiquities. The former of these Capitols was built by Tarquinius Priscus, near the place where the Barberini Palace now stands, and was called *Capitolium vetus*: the

other, by the second Tarquin, on the hill, which was thence called the Capitoline hill.

HANS HOLBEIN AND CARAVAGGIO.

HOLBEIN'S fame was so thoroughly established, even in his life, that the Italian masters vouchsafed to borrow from him. In particular Michael Angelo Caravaggio was much indebted to him in two different pictures. Rubens was so great an admirer of his works that he advised young Sandraart to study his Dance of Death, from which Rubens himself had made drawings.

WILLIAM OF WICKHAM'S CROSIER.

BISHOP WICKHAM'S crosier at Oxford is an instance how well the pomp of prelacy was served by ingenious artists. It is certain that in the reigns of the two first Edwards there were Greek enamellers in England, who both practised and taught the art. In Dugdale's Warwickshire, p. 397, 403, are mentioned enamelled cups very near that period; and some ancient pieces are still extant. The beautiful cup of gold, enamelled with figures in the habits of the time, given by King John to the corporation of Lynn in Norfolk, and still preserved there, gives a very favourable idea of the taste and artisans of an age a little antecedent to that alluded to. King Alfred's jewel, found at Athelney in Somersetshire, and of which there is a print in Camden's Britannia, is of much more

ancient date, but of far ruder workmanship. Walpole calls it a jewel, because it seems to have been used as jewels were afterwards, appendant to ribbands. By the cut, he takes it for engraven gold. Camden, which is extraordinary, does not describe the materials, but calls it a picture; by which his reader would think it was enamelled.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT AND APELLES.

APELLES, the prince of painters, was so esteemed by Alexander the Great, that he would not permit any other person to paint his portraits; and gave him Campaspe, one of his mistresses, with whom Apelles fell in love, while taking her likeness, for a wife.—The following reply of the painter to Alexander, or according to some authors, to a Persian nobleman, who often visited his study, contains a sentiment so apposite as to deserve transcribing. The great man endeavoured to display his taste on the subject of Apelles' art, and talking very absurdly on the subject; the indignant painter replied, "whilst you were silent the boys (in my study) were lost in admiration of your magnificence; but the moment you began to talk of what you did not understand, they laughed." "This may happen," says the ingenious editor of *The Artist*, "when boys shall be so wickedly disposed, in other countries besides Greece."

THE COLLOSSEUM.

THE amphitheatre of Vespasian is raised four stories high, and is adorned all round on the outside with four different degrees of columns, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite. It is an oblong of eight hundred and twenty Roman palms, by seven hundred; and the height of it is two hundred and twenty-two. There were places in it for eighty-seven thousand persons. They formerly ascended by three steps to it; but they are now hidden by the rising ground. There was no cement used in the whole building, but the stones are cramped together with lead and pieces of iron.

POPE'S OPINION OF GARDENING.

ALL gardening is landscape painting,—said Pope to Spence as they were looking over the circuit of the physic garden at Oxford; and the view through it, that looks so much like a picture.

ROMAN PATRONS OF ART.

JULIUS CÆSAR, Augustus, Tiberius, Hortensius the Orator, and M. Agrippa, are likewise mentioned by Pliny among the admirers and liberal purchasers of various pictures and statues. A singular anecdote also is mentioned by the same writer, respecting a statue by Lysippus, which seems to indicate a very great and general esteem for

works of art, prevailing among the Romans in the time of Tiberius.

Nero was himself both a painter, and a patron of painting.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S CONSTRUCTION OF ST. PETER'S AT ROME, AND BERNINI.

EACH of the four piers that support the Cupola of St. Peter's at Rome, takes up as much ground as a little chapel and convent,* in which one of the architects employed in that work lived; and yet they do not appear large to the eye, because every thing is in just proportion about them.—They were designed by Michael Angelo, and he insisted earnestly that nothing should be added or altered in his design. Bernini afterwards undertook to make a staircase within each of these columns; just as they had hollowed and prepared the inside of one of them,† the whole building gave a crash; (and the Italian tradition says it was as loud as thunder.) They had put up the stairs in that column, but would not attempt any more.

THE IPHIGENIA OF TIMANTHES.

THE picture by Timanthes of the Sacrifice of

* St. Silvesti's by the *Quatre Fontane.*

† There was originally a well for a stair-case, and Bernini only put up the stairs in it.—*Mr. L. from one of the workmen at St. Peter's in* 1751.

Iphigenia, has been the subject of much diversity of critical opinion. The fair and innocent victim was represented standing by the altar, ready to be offered up as a sacrifice, to propitiate the favour of the gods on the Grecian arms; beside her stood Calchas, the priest, with looks full of sadness; at a little distance was Ulysses still more sad; and next him her uncle Menelaus plunged in the most profound grief.

The painter intended to add to the groupe, Agamemnon, the father of the hapless Iphigenia; but conceiving a father's grief on such a trying occasion to be beyond all power of description, he represented him with his head wrapped in his mantle, leaving it to the imagination of the spectators, to conceive the inexpressible grief by which he must have been convulsed at the idea of his innocent daughter being made a sacrifice for the sins of others.

The question which the critics have started is, whether this concealment of the countenance of Agamemnon is a triumph or a failure of art? But before attempting to solve this question, it would have been well if they had first settled beyond all doubt, the premises on which it rests. We have given the story as it is usually related; but where, it may be asked, is the proof, that it was because the grief of Agamemnon was beyond all power of description, that the painter threw the mantle over

him? Is it not rather probable that he did so, because the position was one which Agamemnon was in point of fact most likely to assume at so afflicting a spectacle? Chalchas, Ulysses, and even Menelaus, might be supposed to have in different degrees, resolution sufficient to look on while the knife of superstition steeped itself in the blood of Innocence: but for the father of the victim, who loved her tenderly; for the father and king, one word from whose mouth could stay the murderous steel, but who, from a high but mistaken sense of public duty, was withheld from pronouncing her deliverance; for him to witness with open eyes so cruel and so revolting a scene, would have been, to suppose that "Pity's self were dead." No! the painter felt all the father ought to have felt on such an occasion; the spectacle was too much for a father to bear, and with closed eyes and his head shrouded in his mantle, he awaited a deed from which his whole nature revolted, but which a false principle of public duty induced him to suffer and approve.

THE EARL OF ARUNDEL AND INIGO JONES.

THE EARL OF ARUNDEL was one of the first who discovered the genius of Inigo Jones, and was himself, says Lely, the first "who brought over the new way of building with brick in the City,

greatly to the safety of the city and preservation of the wood of this nation." Norgate partook of his favours. On his embassy to Vienna he found Hollar at Prague, and brought him over; where the latter engraved a great number of plates from pictures, drawings and curiosities in the Arundelian collections. There is a set of small prints by Hollar, views of Albany, the earl's seat in Surry. "Lord Arundel thought," says Evelyn, "that one who could not design a little, would never make an honest man."

DON JOHN OF BRAGANZA AND RUBENS.

THE fame of Rubens reached Don John of Braganza, afterwards King of Portugal, who invited him to the Villa Viciosa. Rubens set out with such a train, that the duke apprehended the expense of entertaining so pompous a visitor would be too much, and wrote to stop his journey, accompanying the excuse with a present of fifty pistoles. The painter refused the present, said he had not proposed to paint, but to pass a week at Villa Viciosa, and had brought a thousand pistoles that he intended to spend there.

POPE'S IDEAS UPON GARDENING.

THE lights and shades in gardening, said Pope, are managed by disposing the thick grove work, the thin, and the openings in a proper manner. of

which the eye is generally the properest judge. Those clumps of trees are like the groups in pictures, (speaking of some in his own garden). You may distance things by darkening them, and by narrowing the plantation more and more towards the end, in the same manner as they do in painting.

THE PAINTER OF FLORENCE.—(*By Robert Southey, Esq. P. L. from the Annals of the Fine Arts.*)

There once was a Painter in Catholic days,
  Like Job who eschewed all evil.
Still on his Madonnas the curious may gaze
With applause and amazement; but chiefly his praise
  And delight was in painting the devil.

They were angels compared to the devils he drew,
  Who besieged poor St. Anthony's cell,
Such burning hot eyes, such a *d—mnable* hue,
You could even smell brimstone, their breath was so blue,
  He painted his devils so well.

And now had the artist a picture begun,
  'Twas over the Virgin's church door;
She stood on the dragon embracing her son.
Many devils already the artist had done,
  But this must out-do all before.

The old dragon's imps, as they fled through the air,
  At seeing it, paus'd on the wing,
For he had a lightness so just to a hair,
That they came, as Apollyon himself had been there
  To pay their respects to their king.

Every child on beholding it, shiver'd with dread,
And scream'd, as he turned away quick;
Not an old woman saw it, but raising her head,
Dropp'd a bead, made a cross on her wrinkles, and said,
"God help me from ugly old Nick!"

What the Painter so earnestly thought on by day,
He sometimes would dream of by night;
But once he was startled, as sleeping he lay,
'Twas no fancy, no dream—he could plainly survey
That the devil himself was in sight.

"You rascally dauber," old Beelzebub cries,
"Take heed how you wrong me again!
"Though your caricatures for myself I despise,
"Make me handsomer now in the multitude's eyes,
"Or see if I threaten in vain!"

Now the Painter was bold and religious beside,
And on faith he had certain reliance,
So earnestly he, all his countenance eyed,
And thank'd him for sitting with Catholic pride,
And sturdily bade him defiance.

Betimes in the morning, the Painter arose,
He is ready as soon as 'tis light;
Every look, every line, every features he knows,
'Twas fresh to his eye, to his labour he goes,
And he has the old wicked one quite.

Happy man, he is sure the resemblance can't fail,
The tip of the nose is red hot,
There's his grin and his fangs, his skin cover'd with scales,
And that—the identical curl of his tail,
Not a mark, not a claw is forgot.

He looks, and retouches again with delight;
'Tis a portrait complete to his mind!
He touches again, and again feeds his sighs,
He looks around for applause, and he sees with affright,
The original standing behind.

"Fool! ideot!" old Beelzebub grinn'd as he spoke,
And stamp'd on the scaffold in ire;
The Painter grew pale, for he knew it no joke,
'Twas a terrible height, and the scaffolding broke;
And the devil could wish it no higher.

"Help! help me, O Mary," he cried in alarm,
As the scaffold sunk under his feet.
From the canvass the Virgin extended her arm,
She caught the good Painter, she saved him from harm,
There were thousands who saw in the street.

The old dragon fled when the wonder he spied,
And curs'd his own fruitless endeavour;
While the Painter call'd after, his rage to deride,
Shook his pallet and brushed in triumph, and cried
"Now I'll paint thee more ugly than ever!"

THE STATUE OF JONAS, IN THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DEL POPOLO, AT ROME.

THE fine statue of Jonas, in the church of Santa Maria del Popolo, was made by Lorenzetto, after a design of Raeffaelle; and it is remarkable that Jonas, who seems to have been by much the most hot-headed of all the prophets, is represented as much the youngest of them too. His likeness to

Antinous, both in his form and youth, is visible to every body.

POPE'S IDEA OF FORMING MOUNT ATHOS INTO A STATUE OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

"I CANNOT conceive," said Spence, the author of Polymetis, to Pope, "how Dinocrates could ever have carried his proposal of forming Mount Athos into a statue of Alexander the Great, into execution."—"For my part," says Pope, "I have long since had an idea how that might be done; and if any body would make me a present of a Welch mountain, and pay the workmen, I would undertake to see it executed. I have quite formed it sometimes in my imagination: the figure must be in a reclining posture, because of the hollowing that would be necessary, and for the city's being in one hand. It should be a rude unequal hill, and might be helped with groves of trees for the eyebrows, and a wood for the hair. The natural green turf should be left wherever it would be necessary to represent the ground he reclines on. It should be contrived so, that the true point of view should be at a considerable distance. When you were near it, it should still have the appearance of a rough mountain, but at the proper distance such a rising should be the leg, and such another an arm. It would be best if there were a river, or rather a

lake, at the bottom of it, for the rivulet that came through his other hand, to tumble down the hill, and discharge itself into it."*

VANDERDORT AND THE EMPEROR RODOLPHUS.

ABRAHAM VANDERDORT, a Dutchman, had worked for the Emperor Rodolphus, whose service he left. He brought away with him a bust of a woman, modelled in wax, as large as the life, which he had begun for that monarch; but Prince Henry was so struck with it, that though the Emperor wrote several times for it, the young prince would neither part with the work nor the workman, telling him he would give him as good entertainment as any emperor would; and indeed Vanderdort seems to have made no bad bargain. He parted with the bust to the prince, upon condition, that as soon as the cabinet, then building from a design of Inigo Jones, should be finished, he should be made keeper of his Royal Highness's medals with a salary of £50 a year; a contract voided by

* It is somewhat singular that Mr. Pope should have thought this mad project practicable; but it appears there are still persons who dream of such extravagant and fruitless undertakings. "Some modern Dinocrates had suggested to Buonaparte to have cut from the mountain of the Simplon, an immense colossal figure, as a sort of Genius of the Alps. This was to have been of such enormous size, that all the passengers should have passed between its legs and arms in a zig-zag direction."—*Mrs. Baillie's Tour on the Continent*, 1819.

the death of the Prince. However, upon the accession of King Charles, Vanderdort was immediately retained in his service with a salary of £40 a year, and appointed keeper of the cabinet.

VERRIO AND THE HOUSEKEEPER AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

VERRIO quarrelling with Mrs. Marriot the housekeeper at Windsor, drew her picture for one of the furies. This was to gratify his own passion: to flatter that of the court, he has represented Lord Shaftsbury among the demons of faction, in St. George's hall.

POPE AND SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

(As related by Pope himself.)

As Pope was sitting by Sir Godfrey Kneller one day, whilst he was drawing a picture, he stopped and said, "I can't do so well as I should do, unless you flatter me a little, pray flatter me, Mr. Pope; you know I love to be flattered."—I was once willing to try how far vanity would carry him: and after considering a picture he had just finished, for a good while, very attentively, I said to him in French, for he had been talking for some time before in that language,) "On lit dans les Ecritures saintes, que le bon Dieu faisoit l'homme après son image: mais, je crois, que s'il voudroit faire un autre à prèsent, qu'il le feroit apris l'image que voilà."—

Sir Godfrey turned round, and said very gravely, —"Vous avez raison, Mons. Pope; par Dieu je le crois aussi."*

DRYDEN AND KNELLER.

POPE was not the only bard that soothed Sir Godfrey Kneller's vain glory. Dryden repaid him for a present of Shakspeare's picture with a copy of verses full of luxuriant but immortal touches: the most beautiful of Addison's poetic works was addressed to him: the singular happiness of the allusions, and applications of fabulous theology to the princes drawn by Kneller, is very remarkable:

> Great Pan, who, wont to chase the fair,
> And love the spreading oak, was there,

For Charles II.—And for James,

> Old Saturn too with upcast eyes
> Beheld his abdicated skies.

And the rest on William and Mary, Anne, and George I. are all stamped with the most just resemblance.

* The foregoing anecdotes of Sir Godfrey Kneller, some of which were derived also from Pope, are related by the younger Richardson, and were given to the world in a posthumous publication, but little known, entitled, "Richardsoniana; or, occasional Reflections on the moral Nature of Man, 8vo. 1776."

SWIFT AND JERVIS.

SWIFT speaks of sitting to Jervis, four hours, for his portrait,* which may be instanced as a curious fact of persons sitting longer for their picture than at present, though certainly Jervis did not paint better portraits than are painted at present, in spite of Pope's saying that "Jervis was the last best painter Italy had sent us." If sitters now would give the painters longer sittings, they would certainly have better portraits; they make sitting for their portraits too much a matter of lounge, rather than a business of serious occupation as it ought to be, and yet expect the painter to paint like Titian, and handle like Vandyke.

COMPARISON OF ANCIENT ARCHITECTURE IN ROME.

THE front pillars of the Temple of Concord, those of Antonine and Faustina, and those of the Rotunda, are the most perfect of any in Rome; and in each of them, the opening between the two middle pillars is larger than the openings between the side ones. The difference is not enough to be

* ALEXANDER. Sitting is but a melancholy business without some discourse.

LADY B. It does conclude
A lady's morning work. We rise, make fine,
Sit for our portrait, and 'tis time to dine.

Lady of Pleasure, 1635.

observed by a common eye; and in some of them not to be sure of it till you measure them. By this means the entrance had a more free and a nobler air, without breaking the regularity and harmony of the building.

A WHOLE LENGTH BY FRANK HALS.

PETER ROESTRATER having promised to shew a whole length by Frank Hals to a friend, and the latter growing impatient, he called his wife, who was his master's (Frank Hals) daughter, and said, "there is a whole length by Hals."

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, AND SIR WILLIAM ELFORD.

AFTER Sir Joshua was made Mayor of Plympton, he painted a very fine head of himself, and presented it to the Mayor and Corporation, and it now hangs in the Town-hall. He wrote, when he sent it to his friend, Sir W. Elford, to put it in a good light. Sir W. did as he desired, and, in addition to a good light, placed it by the side of what he considered a bad picture, to set it off. In his answer to Sir Joshua Reynolds, he said that he had complied with his request, and had placed it near a very bad portrait, in order that Sir Joshua's excellence might have still more effect. Sir Joshua, greatly obliged to his worthy friend, wrote him an answer stating that the portrait he so much despised was painted by himself (Reynolds) in early life.

PRIOR, STEELE, TICKELL, &c. AND KNELLER.

PRIOR complimented Kneller on the duke of Ormond's picture; Steele wrote a poem to him at Witton; Tickell another; and there is one in the third part of the Miscellaneous Poems, 8vo. London 1693, on the portrait of the Lady Hyde. Can it be wondered that a man was vain, who had been flattered by Dryden, Addison, Prior, Pope, and Steele? Joseph Harris dedicated to him his tragi-comedy of the Mistakes, or False Report, in 1690, in which Dryden, Tate and Mountford had assisted; and John Smith (the celebrated mezzotinter) addressed his translations of Le Brun's Conference on the Passions, to Sir Godfrey. On his death was written another poem printed in a miscellany published by D. Lewis, 8vo. in 1726: and the following lines were addressed to him on his portrait of Lord Chancellor Macclesfield:

To such a face and such an air
Who could suspect there wants a voice?
O Kneller, ablest hand, declare,
If this was thy mistake, or choice.
'Twas choice—thy modesty concealed
The tongue, which would thy glory raise;
For that, which justice ne'er withheld,
Would never cease to speak thy praise.

THE MOUNTEBANK PAINTER.

CORNELIUS KETEL, a native of Gouda, who visited England in 1573, and finally settled at

Amsterdam, not content with the glory he acquired by his really fine performances, executed in the usual way, instead of aiming at greater perfection, formed a scheme for making himself known by a method of painting entirely new. He laid aside his brushes, and painted only with his fingers, beginning with his own portrait. The whim succeeded; he repeated the practice, and, it is said, executed those fantastic works with great purity and beauty of colouring. In this manner he painted two heads for the Sieur Van Os of Amsterdam: the first, a Democritus, was his own portrait; the other, of M. Morosini, in the character of Heraclitus. The Duc de Nemours, who was a performer, was charmed with the latter, and purchased it; another was the picture of Vincent Jacobson, a noted wine-merchant of Amsterdam, with a glass of Rhenish in his hand. His folly, however, increased with his success: his fingers appeared too simple, he undertook to paint with his toes, and his first essay he pretended to make in public was a picture of the God of Silence. The public, who began to think, like Ketel, that the more a painter was a mountebank the greater was his merit, were so weak as to applaud even this caprice.

THE DISINTERESTEDNESS OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

MICHAEL ANGELO was extremely disinterested. For his immortal design of the Church of St. Peter,

at Rome, he received only twenty-five Roman crowns, and it was finished in a fortnight. San Gallo had been many years about his wretched models, and had received four thousand crowns for them. This being told Michael Angelo, "I work," said he, "for God, and desire no other recompense." His disinterestedness, however, did not make him neglect the honour of his art, which he would not sacrifice even to his friends. Signor Doni, one of his most intimate friends, wished to have a picture painted by him. Michael Angelo painted a picture for him, and sent to him, with a receipt for seventy crowns. Doni returned him word, that he thought forty crowns were sufficient for the picture. The painter gave him to understand, that he now asked one hundred crowns. Doni informed him that he would now give him the seventy crowns. Michael Angelo sent him for answer, that he must either return him the picture, or send him one hundred and forty crowns. Doni kept the picture, and paid the money.

INDEPENDENCE OF A PAINTER.

GIACOMO AMICONI, a painter of George the Second's time, was employed to paint a stair-case at Lord Tankerville's in St. James's square (destroyed now.) It represented stories of Achilles, Telemachus and Tiresias. When he was to be paid, he produced his bills of workmen for scaffold-

ing, &c. amounting to ninety pounds, and asked no more; content, he said, with the opportunity of showing what he could do. The peer gave him £200 more. Amiconi then was employed on the stair-case at Powis house in Great Ormond street, which he decorated with the story of Holofernes, but with the fault of bestowing Roman dresses on the personages.

THE TEMPLE OF ROMULUS AND CATHOLIC CHURCHES.

THE Roman matrons of old used to carry their children when ill to the temple of Romulus, which was said to be built on the very spot where he was supposed to be found in his infancy. That temple is now Christianized, and the women of Rome still carry their children thither on similar occasions: but the priests now, are perhaps more cunning than they were of old; for whenever they offer a child thus, to the present saint of the place, they pray "that he would be so good as either to cure him, or to take him to himself," so that the parents must always be obliged to them; and their prayers can never be unsuccessful.

PICTORIAL ABSURDITIES.

CHILLA DELLE PUERA has painted an altar-piece for a church at Capua, representing the Annunciation, in which he has introduced a curious collection of absurdities. The Virgin is seated in a rich

arm-chair of crimson velvet, with gold flowers; a cat and parrot placed near her, seem extremely attentive to the whole scene; and on a table are a silver coffee-pot and cup.

POUSSIN, IN EARLY LIFE.

WHILE Poussin was studying at Rome, he was, by the death of his friend Marino the poet, left in a state of extreme distress, and obliged to dispose of his paintings at very low prices. Felibien says, that he sold two battle pieces, which were in possession of the Duke de Noailles, for the trifling sum of seven crowns each; and a picture of a Prophet for eight livres. Content, however, with the means of satisfying the claims of nature, he eagerly devoted himself to study, and at length became the admired and original head of a class of artists distinct from all others, and which has been rarely entered by subsequent professors.

REMBRANDT AND HIS MONKEY.

A SERVANT acquainted him one day, while employed in taking the portraits of a family to be introduced in a large picture, of the death of his favourite ape. The artist unmindful of his own interest, ordered the dead animal to be brought in, and immediately began sketching its resemblance on the canvass among the figures already painted. The representations which the family made were all fruitless; Rembrandt persisted, and chose rather

to lose the price of the picture, already half painted, than to submit to deprive himself of so singular a whim.

ANNIBALE CARRACCI'S OPINION OF PAINTING.

IT is said of this distinguished artist, that when the conversation in which he was engaged referred to any thing that could be made subservient to his pencil, he generally used it, saying, that "as poets paint by words, so painters should speak by pencils."

CRUSADERS PAINTING INDECENT ALTAR PIECES.

HORATIO PAULIN, a painter who flourished in the reign of Charles I., resided chiefly in Holland. He came to England, went to Hamburg, and from thence to the Holy Land. Rotiere the medallist agreed to go with him, but was discouraged. Descamps expressed his surprize "that pious painters should have exhibited to the public very licentious pieces and scandalous nudities." But by the account which he has given of Horatio Paulin, he seemed to present himself with a very easy solution of this paradox. Paulin set on foot a kind of promiscuous crusade to the Holy Land; they were stored with crosses, relics, &c. and on the road many proselytes of both sexes. A baker's wife in particular was so devout, that she thought it a meritorious action to plunder her husband of his

plate, that she might equip herself for the pilgrimage. When the caravan was furnished by theft, it may easily be conceived why its apostle should paint indecent altar pieces.

BRIEF HISTORY OF A MAN OF GENIUS.

If a table of fame like that in the Tatler were to be formed of men of real and indisputable genius in every country, says Walpole, Inigo Jones would save England from the disgrace of not having her representative among the arts. She *adopted* Holbein and Vandyke, she *borrowed* Rubens, but she *produced* Inigo Jones. Vitruvius drew up his grammar, Palladio shewed him the practice, Rome displayed a theatre worthy of his emulation, and King Charles was ready to encourage, employ, and reward his talents. Such is the history of Inigo Jones as a genius.

BEAUTY, POETRY, AND PAINTING.

Mrs. Anne Killigrew, daughter of Doctor Henry Killigrew, master of the Savoy, and one of the prebendaries of Westminster, was born in St. Martin's lane, London, a little before the restoration. Her family was remarkable for its loyalty, accomplishments, and wit, and this young lady promised to be one of its fairest ornaments. Antony Wood says, she was a grace for beauty, and a muse for

wit: Dryden has celebrated her genius for painting and poetry in a very long ode, consisting of an harmonious hyperbole composed of the fall of Adam, Arethusa, Vestal virgins, Diana, Cupid, Noah's ark, the Pleiades, the valley of Jehosaphat, and the last assizes: yet Antony Wood assures us there is nothing spoken of her which she was not equal, if not superior to: and his proof is as wise an assertion; for, says he, "if there had not been more true history in her praises than compliments, her father would never have suffered them to pass the press." She was maid of honour to the Duchess of York, and died of the small pox in 1685, in the 25th year of her age.

SALE OF KING CHARLES I.'S PICTURES, THE CARTOONS OF RAFFAELLE, &c.

THE sale of the pictures of Charles I. commenced on the 4th June, 1653, and continued to August 9th. The prices were fixed: but if more was offered, the highest bidder purchased: this happened in some instances, but not in many; part of the goods were sold by inch of candle; and the buyers, called contractors, signed a writing for the several sums. If they disliked the bargain, they were at liberty to be discharged from the agreement on paying one fourth of the sum stipulated. Among the purchasers of statues and pictures are several

painters, as Decritz, Wright, Baptist, Van Leemput, Sir Balthazar Gerbier, &c. The prices of the most remarkable lots were as follows:

The Cartoons of Raffaelle, bought by his highness (Cromwell.) - - £300

The Royal Family, (now in the gallery at Kensington.) - - - £150

The king on horseback, (in the same place.) - - - - £200

The triumphs of Julius Cæsar by Andrea Mantegna (now at Hampton-court.) - £1000

Twelve Cæsars by Titian. - - £1200

The Muses by Tintoret, (at Kensington,) valued at 80*l.* sold for - - £100

Alexander VI. and Cæsar Borgia by Titian. - - - - £100

Triumph of Vespasian and Titus by Giulio Romano, (at Paris.) - - £150

The great piece of the Nativity, by Giulio Romano. - - - £500

It seems the act for destroying what they called superstitious pieces was not well observed.

Two pieces of tapestry of the five senses, by Sir Francis Crane. - - £270

Mention is made of two sets more ancient, of the landing of Henry VII. and the marriage of prince Arthur.

From Windsor a picture of Edward III. and a green curtain before it. - £4

Mary, Christ and many angels dancing; by Vandyck, valued only at 40*l.* This is the picture at Houghton, for which Horace Walpole says his father gave 800*l.* It was twice sold before, for above 1000*l.* whence he concluded there was some knavery in the valuation of it.

The sleeping Venus by Coreggio. £1000

Mary, Child, and St. Jerome, by Parmegiana, - - - - £150

The Venus del Pardo by Titian, valued at 500*l.* sold for - - - £600

Marquis del Guasto haranguing his soldiers, by Titian. - - - £250

Venus dressing by the Graces, Guido, (at Kensington.) - - - £200

Hérodias with the head of St. John, by Titian, (with his highness.) - - £150

The little Madonna, and Christ, by Raffaelle. - - - - £800

St. George by Raffaelle. - - £150

Marquis of Mantua by Raffaelle. - £200

Frobenius and Erasmus, by Holbein. £200

Our Lady, Christ, and others, by Old Palma. - - - - £200

A man in black by Holbein. - £100

St. John by Leonardo da Vinci. - £140

Duke of Bucks, and his brother by Vandyck (now at Kensington,) valued at 30*l.* sold for - - - - £50

This is one of the finest pictures of that master.

A satyr slain, by Coreggio. - £1000

Mercury teaching Cupid to read, Venus standing by, by Coreggio. - £800

The King's head by Bernini. - £800

A statue of Tiberius, larger than life. £500

The gladiator in brass (formerly at Houghton.) - - - - £300

Christ washing the feet of his disciples. £300

Among the contractors appears Mr. John Leigh, who on August 1, 1649, bought goods for the use of Lieutenant-general Cromwell to the value of 109*l.* 5*s.* and on the 15th, they sold to the right honourable the Lady Cromwell, goods to the amount of 200*l.* more. But no sooner was Cromwell in possession of the sole power, than he not only prevented any further sale, but even detained from the purchasers much of what they had contracted for. This appears by a petition, addressed, after the protector's death, to the council of state, by Major Edward Bass, Emanuel de Critz, William Lathane, and Henry Willet, in behalf of themselves and divers others, in which they represent, "that in the year 1651, the petitioners did buy of the contractors for the sale of the late king's

goods, the several parcels there undernamed, and did accordingly make satisfaction unto the treasurer for the same; but for as much as the said goods are in Whitehall, and some part thereof in Mr. Kinnersley's custody in keeping, the petitioners do humbly desire your honours' order whereby they may receive the said goods, they having been great sufferers by the late General Cromwell's detaining thereof; and the petitioners, &c."

The goods specified are hangings, and statues in the garden at Whitehall. It is very remarkable that in this piece they style the protector, the late *General* Cromwell.

Whence Charles had his statues we learn from Peachem: "The King also," says he, "ever since his coming to the crown, hath amply testified a royal liking of ancient statues, by causing a whole army of old foreign emperors, captains, and senators, all at once to land on his coasts, to come and do him homage, and attend him in his palaces of St. James's and Somerset house. A great part of these belonged to the late Duke of Mantua; and some of the old Greek marble bases, columns, and altars, were brought from the ruins of Apollo's temple at Delos, by that noble and absolutely complete gentleman, Sir Kenelm Digby Knight."

Some of the most capital pictures were purchased by the King of Spain; which arriving there while the ambassadors of Charles II. were at that

court, they were desired by an odd kind of delicacy, to withdraw—they supposing that this dismission was owing to an account received at the same time of Cromwell's victory over the Marquis of Argyle. "But," says Lord Clarendon, "they knew afterwards that the true cause of this impatience to get rid of them, was that their minister in England, having purchased many of the King's pictures and rich furniture, had sent them to the Groyne; from whence they were expected to arrive about that time at Madrid; which they thought could not decently be brought to the palace while the ambassadors remained at the court."

After the restoration endeavours were used to reassemble the spoils. A commission was issued out to examine Hugh Peters concerning the disposal of the pictures, jewels, &c. that had belonged to the royal family—but without effect, by the obstinacy or ignorance of Peters, who would not or could not give the desired satisfaction. Some of the pictures had been purchased by Gerard Reyntz, a Dutch collector, after whose death they were bought of his widow by the states, and presented to Charles II.: one picture only (the King on horseback by Vandyke) was recovered by a process at law from Remee or Remigius van Leemput, a painter then in England, who had bought it at the sale.

Notwithstanding the havoc that had been made,

it is plain from the catalogue of the collection of James II. that the crown still possessed a great number of valuable pictures; but the fire of Whitehall destroyed almost all that the rage of civil war had spared. Some valuable pieces indeed were carried to Lisbon from Somerset-house by the Queen dowager, when she returned to Portugal. The then Lord Chamberlain, it is said, put a stop to their embarkation, till mollified by the present of one of them that he admired.

SCULPTURES ON THE TRAJAN COLUMN.

THE genius of the Danube, on the first circle of figures on the Trajan column, holds the beginning of the bridge of boats in his right hand.—In the fourth circle is a battle, and a deity, like Jupiter, fighting for the Romans.—In the fifth, are several boats, and two *Biremi* in particular, the larger of the two has but ten oars on a side, which may serve to show the minuteness of the Roman galleys; for one of ten oars on a side, all in one line, would be but a very pitiful galley.—In the sixth circle, there is one soldier supporting another that is wounded; and a third person holding his hand, or feeling his pulse: all their faces are very fine and pathetic, and have a much stronger expression of the several passions, than appears in the prints by Bartoli.—In the seventh circle, is a person embracing the emperor's knee, which Spence

says his eye could not well reach. The very first article I have mentioned, though a very significant one, is omitted in the prints.

MICHAEL ANGELO AND THE BOLOGNESE.

WHEN Michael Angelo had finished the statue of Pope Julius II. who on seeing it, thought it too severe, and said, "Angelo, my statue rather appears to curse than to bless the good people of Bologna." "Holy Father," replied the artist, "as they have not always been the most obedient of your subjects, it will teach them to be afraid of you, and to behave better in future."

GAINSBOROUGH AND THE COUNTRY THIEF.

WHEN Gainsborough resided at Sudbury, both himself and his neighbours were ignorant of his genius; till seeing a country fellow looking wistfully over his garden wall at some pears, he caught up a bit of board, and painted him so inimitably well, that the board being placed upon the wall, several of the neighbouring gentry and farmers, &c. immediately recognized the figure who had paid so many unwelcome visits to their gardens; and being by the means of this likeness charged by one of them with the robbery of his orchard, he acknowledged it, and agreed to go into the army to avoid a worse fate.

CANO AND THE COUNSELLOR.

ALONZO CANO, a Spanish artist, had been em-

ployed by a counsellor of Grenada to execute for him a statue of St. Antonio de Padua, who reckoned how many pistoles per day he had earned whilst making it. "You have," said he, "been five-and-twenty days carving this image, and your exorbitant demand makes that at the rate of four pistoles *per* day; while I, who am your superior, do not make half your profits by my talents."

"Wretch!" exclaimed the enraged artist, "do you talk to me of your talents? I have been five-and-twenty years learning to make this statue in five-and-twenty days." So saying he dashed it on the pavement.

THE DUMB PAINTER'S REVENGE.

JUAN FERNANDEZ XIMENES was from his infancy both deaf and dumb, and commonly called El Mudo, or the Dumb. One of the paintings which he painted for a chapel erected by King Philip in the wood Segovia, represents the beheading of Santiago, in which El Mudo inserted the portrait of Santoyo as the executioner, in revenge for some ill offices which that minister had done him. Santoyo complained to the king, begging that the figure might be expunged, and that this person might not be handed down to posterity in the disgraceful occupation of hangman. The king, who probably knew the cause of the offence, did not disapprove of the nature of the revenge, and excusing

himself to Santoyo on account of the excellence of the performance, would not allow the picture to be defaced.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S MODESTY.

LIKE many other distinguished persons, Sir Joshua Reynolds was never satisfied with his own efforts, however much they might delight others. When the ingenious M. Moonier, a French painter, was one day praising to him the excellence of one of his pictures, he replied, "Ah! Monsieur, je ne fais que des ebauches, des ebauches." Alas! Sir, I can only make sketches, sketches.

THORWALDSEN'S DISINTERESTEDNESS.

WHEN Thorwaldsen was at Rome, the King of Prussia sent an order for him to execute some statues. Thorwaldsen, in return, begged to inform his majesty, that one of his own subjects, a sculptor, resident at Rome, was as well, if not better, qualified to execute the work. In consequence of this the Prussian sculptor Rudolf Schadou received the order.

THE GRAND DUKE OF TUSCANY AND OLD MIERIS.

OLD MIERIS used to value his time at a ducat an hour; and for one picture of a lady fainting, he was paid at that ratio, the large sum of fifteer hundred florins. The grand Duke of Tuscany is said

to have offered three thousand for it, but was refused. One of the most beautiful of the works of this artist is in this country, where they are not very common. It is in the possession of Mr. H. P. Hope, and is known by the name of "The shrimp man."

MICHAEL ANGELO, HIS PROPHETS, AND JULIUS II.

SOME of Michael Angelo's rivals, wishing to put him upon an undertaking for which they thought him ill qualified, recommended Julius the Second to engage him to paint the Sistina Chapel. This he effected with such success, that it was not less the envy of his contemporaries than it is the admiration of the present times; and the great style in which it is painted struck Raffaelle so forcibly, that he changed his manner of painting, and formed himself upon that sublime model of art. When it was finished, the Pope, unconscious perhaps of the native dignity of simplicity, told him, that the chapel appeared cold and mean, and that there wanted some brilliancy of colouring, and some gilding to be added to it. "Holy Father," replied the artist, "formerly, men did not dress as they do now, in gold and silver; those personages whom I represented in my pictures in the chapel, were not persons of wealth, but saints, who despised pomp and riches."

CICERO'S ADMIRATION OF THE FINE ARTS.

THE veneration in which works of the most

admired skill continued long afterwards to be held, in all the cities throughout Greece, may be learned from one of Cicero's charges against Verres, in which he accuses him of having plundered, while he was Prætor in Sicily, every thing that bore the name of art.

EDUCATION OF REMBRANDT.

THE education of Rembrandt was so much neglected, that he scarcely knew how to read; but nature supplied all the deficiencies of art, and gave him a genius with which he soared to fame, affluence, and immortality. He gave early tokens of a strong genius for painting; and after studying for some time under two masters, he was prevailed on to carry one of his first performances to the Hague; where he offered it to an able connoisseur, who treated him with great kindness and respect, and presented him with an hundred florins for his picture.

Rembrandt soon afterwards settled at Amsterdam, where incessant business crowded on him immediately, so as scarcely to allow him time to gratify the general demand for his paintings. He had such a number of pupils, that wealth flowed upon him plentifully; for as most of his disciples were the sons of people of fortune, he received from each of them an hundred florins a year for their instruction; and he had prudence enough to raise a

considerable sum by the sale of those copies which they made after his pictures and designs, for he always re-touched them in several parts with his own free pencil to increase their value. By this mode, and by the sale of his etchings, he gained at least two thousand five hundred florins annually.

ENGLISH COSTUME.

LUCAS, who flourished as a painter of some eminence in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was commissioned to paint a gallery for the Earl of Lincoln, Lord High Admiral; in which he was to represent the habits of different nations. When he came to the English, he painted a naked man with cloth of various sorts lying by him, and a pair of shears, as a satire on their fickleness of dress. The idea was borrowed from Andrew Borde, who in his "Introduction to Knowledge," prefixed a naked Englishman, with these lines:

> "I am an Englishman, and naked; I stand here
> Musing in my mind what raiment I shall wear."

POUSSIN AND THE AMATEUR.

A person of rank having one day shown Poussin one of his early performances, obtained for a reply, "you only want a little poverty, Sir, to make you a good painter."

REMBRANDT'S EQUIVOQUE.

THIS distinguished artist, who was remarkably

singular in his conduct, much addicted to low company, and considering his great talents, very slovenly in his appearance; being told one day that his back grounds were too dark, replied, "I am a painter, not a dyer."

LABEL PAINTING.

SIMON MEMMI who flourished at Sienna in the beginning of the fourteenth century, was the painter, who by way of explanation, put written scrolls in the mouths of his figures, a practice which afterwards became common. One of his performances is now in existence, wherein the devil, almost expiring from the severe pursuit of a saint, exclaims, "*Ohime!* non posso piu." Oh! oh! it is all over with me.

MICHAEL ANGELO AND JULIUS II.

WHEN Michael Angelo asked Pope Julius II. whether he should put a sword or a book in his hand, in his famous statue at Bologna, "Put a sword," said the Pope: "you know I am no scholar."

INGENUITY OF A TIPPLING ARTIST.

SWARTZ, the famous German painter, having been engaged to paint the ceiling of a public Town Hall by the day, grew exceedingly negligent, so that the magistrates and overseers of the work were frequently obliged to hunt him out of the tavern.

As he could not drink in quiet, he, the next morning stuffed a pair of stockings and shoes corresponding with those that he wore, hung them down between his staging where he sat to work, removed them a little once or twice a day, and took them away at noon and night; by means of this deception he drank without the least disturbance a whole fortnight together, the innkeeper being privy to the plot. The officers came in twice a day to look at him, and seeing a pair of legs hanging down, suspected nothing, but greatly extolled their own convert Swartz as the most laborious and conscientious painter in the world.

POUSSIN'S SACRAMENTS.

THE master-pieces of this distinguished painter, are his series of the seven sacraments, now belonging to the Marquess of Stafford, which are admirably well composed, and most delightfully executed. The one of Marriage is said to be represented in a more feeble manner than the rest. This gave rise to the French epigram, *Qu'un bon mariage est difficile à faire même en peinture.*

REGNIER, THE ROYAL PAINTER.

REGNIER, King of Naples, was painting a partridge, when he was told that his kingdom was lost. He heard the fatal intelligence in silence, and finished his work before he permitted himself to lament his calamity.

BUONAPARTE'S METAMORPHOSIS.

In the chapel of one of the principal colleges in Paris, there was a picture representing the general in chief of the army of Egypt, attended by some of his aides-de-camp, paying a visit to the plague hospitals. Since the restoration of the Bourbon family to the throne of France, Buonaparte has been converted into Christ, and his aides-de-camp into apostles. The artist who has made these alterations, has not, however, thought it necessary entirely to change the costumes, and our Saviour appears in the boots of Napoleon.

HOLBEIN'S EDUCATION.

Holbein's taste for drawing appeared very early, and could not fail of being encouraged in a family so attached to the arts. He was instructed by his father; and he learned besides, graving, casting, modelling, and architecture: in the two latter branches he excelled, yet with both talents and taste, he for some time remained in indigence, dissipating with women what he acquired by the former, and drowning in wine the delicacy of the latter. At that time Erasmus, whose lack of fame was derived from all the circumstances which he himself reckoned unfortunate, had retired to Basil. He lived when learning was just emerging out of barbarism, and shone by lamenting elegantly the defects of his contemporaries. As he was one of

the first to attack superstitions which he had not courage to relinquish, he acquired merit in the eyes of protestants, while his time-serving was mistaken for moderation; and his poverty, that threw him into servile adulation, expressed itself in terms that were beautiful enough to be transmitted to posterity. His cupboard of plate, presented to him by the greatest men of the age, was at once a monument of his flattery and genius. With a mind so polished, no wonder he distinguished the talents of young Holbein; he was warmly recommended to employment by Erasmus, and Amerbach a printer of that city. He painted the picture of the latter in 1519, who showing him the Moriæ Encomium of the former, Holbein drew on the margin many of the characters described in the book; Erasmus was so pleased with these sketches that he kept the book ten days—the subsequent incidents were trifling indeed, and not much to the honour or politeness of either. Holbein, rudely enough, wrote under the figure of an old student, the name of Erasmus; the author with very little spirit of repartee, wrote under a fellow drinking, the name of Holbein. These are incidents certainly not worth repeating for their importance, but very descriptive of the esteem in which two men were held, of whom such minutiæ could be thought worthy of record.

VARELST'S VANITY.

SIMON VARELST, a real ornament of Charles's reign, and one of the few who arrived at great excellence in that branch of the art, was a Dutch flower-painter. It is not certain at what time he arrived in England; his works were much admired, and his prices the greatest that had then been known in England. The Duke of Buckingham patronized him; but having too much wit to be only beneficent, and perceiving the poor man to be immoderately vain, he piqued him to attempt portraits. Varelst, thinking nothing impossible to his pencil, fell into the snare, and drew the duke himself; but crowded it so much with fruits and sun-flowers, that the King to whom it was shown mistook it for a flower piece. However, as is sometimes the case with wiser buffoons than Varelst, he was laughed at till he was admired, and Sir Peter Lely himself became the real sacrifice to the jest, for he lost much of his business, and retired to Kew, whilst Varelst engrossed the fashion, and for half lengths was paid £110 each. His portraits were exceedingly laboured, and finished with the same delicacy as his flowers, which he continued to introduce into them. Lord Chancellor Shaftsbury about to sit, was received by him with his hat on, "Don't you know me?" said the peer. "Yes," replied the painter, "you are my lord Chancellor; and do you know me? I am Varelst. The king can make

any man chancellor, but he can make nobody a Varelst." Shaftsbury was disgusted, and sat to Greenhill. In 1685 Varelst, was a witness in the divorce between the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk: one who had married Varelst's half sister was brought to set aside his evidence, and deposed his having been mad and confined. He was so, says Walpole, but not more than others of his profession have been; his lunacy was self-admiration; he called himself the god of flowers;* and went to Whitehall, saying, "he wanted to converse with the King for two or three hours;" being repulsed, he said, "He is the King of England, I am King of Painting; why should not we converse familiarly together?" which is only a parallel of Vestris calling himself the god of dancing. He showed an historical piece on which he had laboured twenty years, and boasted that it contained the several manners and excellencies of Raffaelle, Titian, Rubens, and Vandyck. When Varelst, Kneller, and Jervais have been so mad with vanity,

* When fam'd Varelst this little wonder drew,
Flora vouchsaf'd the growing work to view;
Finding the painter's science at a stand,
The goddess snatch'd the pencil from his hand;
And finishing the piece, she smiling said,
Behold one work of mine that ne'er shall fade.

PRIOR.

to what degree of phrensy had not Raffaelle pretensions!—but he was modest. Varelst was shut up towards the end of his life, but recovered his senses at last, but not his genius, and lived to a great age, certainly as late as 1710, and died in Suffolk-street. In King James's collection were six of his hand: the king, queen, and Duchess of Portsmouth, half lengths; a landscape, flowers and fruit: and in Lord Pomfret's there were nine flower pieces.

ATTITUDES.

PORTRAITS in the early part of Sir Joshua Reynolds's life, were generally painted in one attitude, one hand in the waistcoat, and the hat under the arm. A gentleman having desired his portrait to be painted with his hat on his head, discovered on its being sent home, that although he had one on his head, there was another under his arm.

LE BRUN'S MALIGNITY.

LE BRUN was very jealous of the superior talents of Le Soeur, an eminent painter, who died at the age of thirty; when Le Brun was informed of it, he malignantly said, "I feel now as if I had a thorn just taken out of my foot."

ALBANO'S INVITATION TO ENGLAND.

KING CHARLES I. who spared neither favours nor money to enrich his collection, invited Albano

into England by a letter written with his own hand. It succeeded no more than a like attempt of the Duke of Buckingham to draw Carlo Maratti hither. Carlo drew for the duke, the portrait of a prince and princess of Brunswick; but excused himself from obeying the summons, by pleading that he had not studied long enough in Rome, and was not yet worthy of painting for a king. Simon Vouet, an admired French painter, who, when very young, was sent over in 1604 to paint the portrait of a lady of rank, retired hither from Paris, and was afterwards invited by King Charles with promise of great rewards to return to England, but declined the offer. His majesty was desirous too of having something of the hand of Bernini. Vandyck drew in one piece the full face, three quarter face, and the profile of the King: from which Bernini made a bust, which was consumed or stolen in the fire at Whitehall. It was on seeing this picture that Bernini pronounced, as is well known, that there was something unfortunate in the countenance of Charles. The same artists made a bust too of Mr. Baker, who carried the picture to Rome. The Duke of Kent's father bought the latter bust at Sir Peter Lely's sale; it was in the possession of Lord Royston, and was reckoned preferable to that of the King. The hair is in prodigious quantity, and incomparably loose and free; and the point-band is very fine. Mr. Baker paid Bernini one hundred broad pieces for his

bust, but for the King's Bernini received a thousand Roman crowns. The King was so pleased with his own that he wished also to have one of the Queen; but that was prevented by the war.

FICORONI'S ACCOUNT OF MUSAIC PAINTING AT ROME.

THE arts are greatly fallen among us (the Italians) of late, and there is nothing we excel in so much, as the works in Musaic; they are in greater perfection than they ever were, even among the ancients. In their works of this kind (as to what have been hitherto discovered,) the design is often good, but the colouring indifferent, or rather bad; they used nothing but stones for their natural colours, and we use a paste or composition which does not only represent all the principal colours in a strong and lively manner, but all the different shades and degrees of each, as far as they are wanted; the composition for Musaic work, consists of glass, stannum, and lead; it is formed in little oblong squares, and ranged according to their different colours and shades, not unlike our manner of disposing types for printing; these Musaic types are coloured throughout, and are stuck in their proper places, in a sort of soft stucco, spread over a stone (which is cut rough on that side,) of the size of the picture. When the types are all set, they can smoothen it to the thinness of a shilling, and this

smoothing makes it look all of one piece in a proper light and distance, as much as a picture. They do not want for encouragement in this art, for the price bears proportion to the excellence of the work; they ask a thousand crowns for that little oval piece of Fame, and are to have fifteen thousand crowns for the copy of Dominichino's St. Jerome, when finished; indeed the work takes up a vast deal of time, for they have been four years about that piece already.

PAULO MAZZOCHI'S FOUR ELEMENTS.

PAULO MAZZOCHI painted a piece representing the four elements, in which fishes marked the sea, moles the earth, and a salamander the fire. He wished to have represented the air by a camelion, but not knowing how to draw that scarce animal, he contented himself, from a similarity of sounds, by introducing a camel, who extending his long neck, snuffs up the breezes around him.

CALLOT'S PATRIOTISM.

JACQUES CALLOT, the celebrated artist, and one of the Duke of Lorraine's subjects, was requested by Cardinal Richelieu to make a set of prints descriptive of the siege of Nancy, which he had taken from the Duke, Callot refused; and on the cardinal's insisting very peremptorily that he should do it, he replied, "My Lord, if you continue to urge me, I will cut off the thumb of my right hand before your face, for I will never con-

sent to perpetuate the calamity and disgrace of my sovereign and protector."

INIGO JONES'S PORTICO OF OLD ST. PAUL'S.

THE portico which Inigo Jones added to the old fabric of St. Paul's so impressed Lord Burlington with its beauty, that on seeing the completion of the present Cathedral by Sir Christopher Wren, he cried out, "When the Jews saw the second temple, they reflected on the beauty of the first, and could not refrain from tears."

PAINTERS' PORTRAITS OF THEMSELVES.

IN the Gallery of Painters' Heads, at Florence, depicted by themselves, out of two hundred and forty, there are but five from England, and neither of these properly an Englishman. Kneller's is set up above all the rest, and is full of his usual vanity: he has inserted his gold chain, diamond ring, and his house at Twickenham in the back ground. It is not much liked, and was expected in Spence's time to be removed. We have no head of Correggio, out of his modesty; nor of Carlo Maratti, for a very obvious reason.

Pan in the same gallery, who has a face fit to frighten people, has the eyes painted with red; but it has probably been added since the picture was placed there. Bianchia tried it, and the red colour came off on his fingers.

ROBERT HOOK THE PHILOSOPHER.

THE celebrated astronomer and miser Robert Hook, was first placed with Sir Peter Lely, but soon quitted him, from not being able to bear the smell of the oil colours. But though he gave up painting, his mechanical genius turned, among other studies, to architecture. He gave a plan for rebuilding London, after the fire; but though it was not accepted, he got a large sum of money as one of the commissioners, from the persons who claimed the several distributions of the ground, and this money he locked up in an iron chest for thirty years. He designed Aske's Hospital near Hoxton. He was, says Walpole, very able, very sordid, cynical, wrong headed and whimsical. There was proof enough of the last, in his maintaining that Ovid's Metamorphoses were an allegorical account of earthquakes.

RESPECT OF THE ROMANS FOR THE ARTS.

THE respect of the Romans for works of art appears, indeed, to have very greatly exceeded their knowledge concerning them. L. Mummius, the first celebrated importer of Grecian paintings, finding that a picture by Aristides, which was exposed to sale among other booty, had been bought by Attalus at the unexpected price of six thousand sestertii, conceived it to have some secret value which he could not perceive, and refused to re-

linquish it, in spite of the remonstrances of the royal purchaser.

ARRIA AND PŒTUS.

THE groupe of Arria and Pœtus at Rome, is evidently by a Greek artist. Though the place he has chosen to stab himself in * be very uncommon, it was not ill chosen; for the blow could not but be mortal, most of the blood running down among his vitals.

ZUCCHERO'S RETURN TO ROME.

ON the return of Frederic Zucchero to Italy, after having offended the Pope, he finished the Cupola at Florence begun by Vasari. The Pope's anger too being vanished, he was re-admitted to his old employment at Rome, where he built a house for himself on the Monte di Trinita, adorned with four portals, and painted on the outside in fresco by his own hand. On the accession of Sixtus V. Zucchero was invited to Spain by Philip II. to paint the Escurial; but his frescos not pleasing, he returned to Rome, and founded the academy of painting, for which Gregory XIII. had given him a brief, and of which he was elected the first prince. These expenses, however, drained him so much, that he

* It is a very bold stroke, and takes away the false idea one might have got of him, from the well known epigram in Martial.—SPENCE.

CORREGIO.

again quitted Rome, and went to Venice to print some treatises that he had written on painting; and some poems too, for Zucchero was a poet, like others of his profession. From Venice he passed into Savoy, where he was favourably received by the Duke, for whom he began to paint a gallery. On his return, he visited Loretto, and died at Ancona in 1616, aged 66, leaving the remains of his fortune to his academy.

BERETTONI AND HIS MASTER.

THE most promising of Carlo Marratti's scholars was one Berettoni. He died when he was but two-and-thirty, and not without suspicion of foul play from his master, who could not bear to have one of his scholars excel himself. That he evidently did so, may be seen by comparing both their works in the Palazzo Altieri.*

DEATH OF CARAVAGGIO.

CARAVAGGIO, in a warm dispute with one of his own young friends in a tennis-court, struck him dead with a racket, having been himself severely wounded. Notwithstanding the triumphs with which he was loaded in Naples, where he executed

* There are two altar-pieces in one of the churches called the Gemelli (just as you enter Rome), one by Carlo Maratti, and the other by this Berettoni; the latter of which is of a darker, graver, and better manner, than that of his master. SPENCE.

some of his finest pictures, he soon got weary of his residence there, and went to Malta. His superb picture of the Grand Master obtained for him the cross of Malta, a superb golden chain placed on his neck by the Grand Master's own hands, and two slaves to attend him. All these honours did not prevent the new knight from falling back into old habits. "*Il suo torbido ingegno,*" says Bellori, plunged him into new difficulties; he fought and wounded a noble cavalier, was thrown into prison by the Grand Master, escaped most miraculously, fled to Syracuse, and obtained the suffrages of the Syracusans by painting a splendid picture of the Santa Morte, for the church of Santa Lucia. In apprehension of being taken by the Maltese knights, he fled to Messina, from thence to Palermo, and returned to Naples, where hopes were given him of the Pope's pardon. Here picking a quarrel with some military men at an inn-door, he was wounded, took refuge on board a felucca, and set sail for Rome. Arrested by a Spanish guard at a little port (where the felucca cast anchor) by mistake for another person, when released he found the felucca gone, and in it all his property. Traversing the burning shore under a vertical sun, he was seized with a brain fever, and continued to wander through the deserts of the Pontine marshes, till he arrived at Porto Ercoli, when he expired, in his fortieth year.

WILSON AND GAINSBOROUGH.

ONE evening, at the Artist's Club, held at the Turk's head in Gerard-street, Sir Joshua Reynolds came into the room, having just before seen a very fine landscape, painted by Gainsborough, with which he had been exceedingly struck, from its extraordinary merit. He was describing its beauties to the members of the club then present, and finished his elogium, by saying, "Gainsborough is certainly the first landscape painter, now in Europe;" when the famous Richard Wilson, the landscape painter, who was one of the auditors of this high commendation, and who, from an excusable jealousy, felt himself offended, after begging leave to add also to this high character given of Gainsborough, said, "Well, Sir Joshua, and it is my opinion that he is also the greatest portrait painter at this time in Europe." Sir Joshua felt the rebuke, and immediately apologized for his inattention in making the observation in Wilson's company.

BENJAMIN WEST'S EARLY TALENT.

THE first display of talent in the infant mind of Mr. West was curious, and still more so from its occurring where there was nothing to excite it. America, his native spot, had scarcely a specimen of the arts, and being the son of a quaker, he had never

seen a picture or a print; his pencil was of his own invention; his colours were given to him by an Indian savage; his whole progress was a series of invention, and painting to him was not the result of a lesson, but an instinctive passion.

When only seven years of age, he was one day left in the charge of an infant niece in the cradle, and had a fan to flap away the flies from the child; after some time it happened to smile, and its beauty attracted his attention.

He looked at it with such pleasure as he had never before experienced; and observing some paper on a table, together with pens and red and black ink, he seized them with agitation, and endeavoured to delineate the portrait; although at this period he had never seen an engraving or a picture. Hearing the approach of his mother and sister, he endeavoured to conceal what he had been doing; but the old lady observing his confusion, enquired what he was about, and asked him to show her the paper. He obeyed, entreating her not to be angry. Mrs. West, after looking some time at the drawing with evident pleasure, said to her daughter, "I declare he has made a likeness of little Sally;" and kissed him with much fondness and satisfaction. This encouraged him to say, that if it would give her any pleasure he would make pictures of the flowers which she held in her

hand; for his genius was awakened, and he felt that he could imitate the forms of any of those things which pleased his sight.

Young West continued to make drawings with pen and ink, until camel-hair pencils were described to him, when he found a substitute in the tapering fur of a cat's tail. In the following year, a cousin sent him a box of colours and pencils, with several pieces of canvas prepared for the easel, and six engravings.

The box was received with delight, and in the colours, the oils, and the pencils, young West found all his wants supplied. He rose at the dawn of the following day, and carried the box to a room in the garret, where he spread his canvas, prepared a palette, and began to imitate the figures in the engraving. Enchanted with his art, he forgot the school hours, and joined the family at dinner without mentioning the employment in which he had been engaged. In the afternoon he again retired to his study in the garret; and for several days successively he thus withdrew, and devoted himself to painting. Mrs. West suspecting that the box occasioned his neglect of school, went into the garret, and found him employed on a picture. Her anger was soon appeased by the sight of the performance. She saw not a mere copy, but a composition from two of the engravings. She kissed him with transports of affection, and assured

him that she would intercede with his father, to pardon him for absenting himself from school. Sixty-seven years afterwards, this piece, finished when the artist was in his eighth year, was exhibited in the same room with the sublime painting of "Christ Rejected;" and Mr. West declared, that there were inventive touches in his first and juvenile essay, which all his subsequent experience had not enabled him to surpass.

Mr. West on his return to England from his studies in Italy, soon displayed his powers in historical painting, in a most excellent picture, the subject was that of Pylades and Orestes; one of his very best works. As any attempt at history was at that period an almost unexampled effort, this picture became a matter of much surprise; his house was soon filled with visitors from all quarters to see it, and those amongst the highest rank who were unable to come to his house to satisfy their curiosity, desired his permission to have it sent them: nor did they fail every time it was returned him, to accompany it with compliments of the highest commendation on its merits. But the most wonderful part of the story is, notwithstanding all this bustle and commendation bestowed upon this justly admired picture, by which Mr. West's servant gained upwards of thirty pounds for showing it, no mortal ever asked the price of the work, or so much as offered to give him a commission to

paint any other subject. Indeed, there was one gentleman who was so highly delighted with the picture, and spoke of it with such great praise to his father, that the latter immediately asked him the reason he did not purchase, as he so much admired it; when he answered, "what could I do if I had it? you would not surely have me hang up a modern English picture in my house, unless it was a portrait?"

RUBENS' LOVE FOR LITERATURE.

At the age of twenty-three Rubens set out for Italy, and entered into the service of Vincent Gonzago, Duke of Mantua. One day while he was at Court, and was painting the story of Turnus and Æneas, intending to warm his imagination by the rapture of poetry, he repeated with energy those lines of Virgil,

Ille etiam patriis agmen ciet, &c.

The duke who overheard him, and entered the chamber, was surprised to find the mind of his painter so highly cultivated. Rubens was named envoy to Spain, and carried magnificent presents to the then favourite the Duke of Lerma; exerting at that court his politics and talents with dignity and propriety which raised the latter without debasing the former; he conversed little with the painters of

that country except Velasquez, with whom he continued a regular correspondence.

HENRY IV. OF FRANCE AND HIS FAITH.

When Henry IV. of France was reconciled to the Church of Rome, it was expected that he would give some remarkable testimonial of his sincerity in returning to the true faith. He accordingly ordered a cross to be erected at Rome, near the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, with this inscription: *In hoc signo vinces*, on the principal part of it; this passed at first, for very Catholic, until it was observed that the part on which the inscription was placed, was shaped in the form of a cannon; and that he had really attributed to his artillery, what they had taken to be addressed to heaven.

FICORONI'S ESTIMATE OF GREEK AND ROMAN SCULPTURE.

You may know that Hercules to be Roman, by its being so much over wrought: the muscles look like lumps of flesh upon it; the Greek artists were more expressive, without taking so much pains to express.

JERVAS AND DR. ARBUTHNOT.

Jervas, who affected to be a free thinker, was one day talking very irreverently of the Bible; Dr. Arbuthnot maintained to him that he was not only a speculative but a practical believer. Jervas

denied it: Arbuthnot said he would prove it: "You strictly observe the second commandment," said the doctor; "for in your pictures you make not the likeness of any thing that is in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth."

BERNINI'S PRECOCITY.

BERNINI, the sculptor, was distinguished for his extraordinary precocity. A head still preserved in the church of St. Prasside, at Rome, was executed by him at the early age of ten years. His generosity to his brother artists, was not less remarkable than his genius. When Louis XIV. invited him to France, he was received with public honours during his progress, and on his entrance into Paris, the Papal Nuncio went out to conduct him to a royal palace. During his stay of eight months, he received eight louis d'ors per day; and at his departure, a further present of fifty thousand crowns; yet though expressly sent for to assist in building the Louvre, when Louis shewed him Perault's designs, he had the liberality to remark, that France needed no foreign aid when she possessed so much genius in herself. The well known picture by Vandyke containing three portraits of Charles I. was painted in order that Bernini might make a bust from it in marble, for which the sculptor received six thousand crowns.

LEONARDO DA VINCI'S CENACOLO.

In the school of Milan no great progress was made previous to the time of Leonardo da Vinci, who opened an academy there under the patronage of the government in the year 1494. Da Vinci was at once a poet, painter, engineer, and architect, and in each of these lines attained a considerable degree of proficiency. His treatise on painting presents a highly interesting series of remarks on the art. Twelve manuscript volumes of his observations preserved in the Ambrosian library at Milan, were seized by the French, but only three of them reached Paris; and when the works of art were restored to Italy at the peace, only one of these volumes, and that the least interesting, found its way back to Milan.

One of the qualities of da Vinci that should be noticed, is the rare property of being able to ascertain the just medium between hasty and laboured work; and though very minute in his attentions to the finishing of his picture, he yet painted in a free and unrestrained style. The same master, who is said to have consumed four years in the portrait of the beautiful Mona Lisa, or *la Gioconda*, was able to give one of the earliest and best lessons to the age in the great style, by his memorable painting of the Last Supper. This power of attending at the same moment to the minutiæ of detail, and to the grand

and leading principles of the art or science in which a person may be employed, shows a species of universality of power, that may be reckoned among the highest perfection of the human mind; and places Da Vinci not merely in the rank of the first of painters, but of the greatest of men.

The *Gioconda* was purchased by Francis I. at the enormous price of four thousand crowns, being the sum equivalent to forty-five thousand francs in money of this day; and it is still to be seen in the gallery of the Louvre.

The Last Supper, as it is commonly called, was the chief work of this master; it was painted in the refectory of S. M. delle Grazia, at Milan; and its possession was considered as one of the proudest boasts of that city.

While forming the plan of this composition, Da Vinci meditated profoundly on the subject: and having prepared himself by long study, and above all, by a close examination of nature, he began the execution by repeated sketches, both of whole design, and of all its individual parts. He used to frequent the accustomed haunts of persons resembling, by their character and habits, those whom he was about to introduce in his picture; and as often as he met with any attitudes, groups, or features, which suited his purpose, he sketched them in his tablets which he always carried about with him. Having nearly finished the other apostles in this way, in

his picture of the *Last Supper*, he had left the head of Judas untouched, as for a long time he could find no physiognomy which satisfied him, or came up to the ideas he had formed of such villainy and treachery.

The prior of the Dominican convent, in the refectory or dining-room of which the painting was placed, grew impatient at being so long incommoded in that essential branch of monastic discipline which was carried on in this apartment, and complained to the grand duke; who called on the artist to explain the delay. He said he worked at it two whole hours every day; the pious head of the house renewed his representations with very honest zeal, and alleged that Leonardo had only one head to finish; and that so far from working two hours a day, he had not been near the place for almost twelve months. Again summoned before the prince, the painter thus defended himself, "It is true I have not entered the convent for a long time; but it is not less true, that I have been employed every day at least two hours upon the picture. The head of Judas remains to be done; and in order to give it a physiognomy suitable to the excessive wickedness of the character, I have for more than a year past been daily frequenting the Borghetto, morning and evening, where the lowest refuse of the capital live: but I have not yet found the features I am in quest of; these once found, the

picture shall be finished in a day. If, however," he added, "I still am unsuccessful in my search, I shall rest satisfied with the face of the Prior himself, which would suit my purpose extremely well; only that I have for a long time been hesitating about taking such a liberty with him in his own convent." It is hardly necessary to add, that the duke was perfectly satisfied; and that the artist soon after met with his Judas, and finished his grand work.

The picture of the *Last Supper* was thus completed, but the object of unbounded and universal admiration, has unhappily been of all great pictures by far the shortest lived. Every thing unfortunate in the materials and position, has been combined with a number of untoward accidents, and some still more fatal acts of premeditated mischief, to destroy long ago all the traces of the master hand. The first misfortune was, that it should have been painted in oil instead of fresco, a kind of work ill suited to the slow retouching hand, and most fastidious taste of Leonardo, who was glad, on this account to take advantage of the then recent invention of body colours. A miserable fresco at the other end of the refectory, painted in the same age, still tantalizes the observer by the freshness of its tints, while the master-piece of Leonardo, perhaps of the art, has been gone for ages; it is further said, that he used oil too much refined, and of too thin

a consistency; it is certain, too, that the plaster on which he worked had some defect, which made it scale off in a few years. Again, the convent is situated in a damp place, and the refectory is in the lowest part of the building; so that when there is an inundation in the Milanese territory, the room is filled with water; from all these causes this picture retained its original beauties only for a few years. It was finished in 1498; in 1540 it was half effaced; and ten years later, the outlines only remained, the colours having entirely fled. A century after this the venerable fathers whose lot it was to occupy the same room with it observing that the straight line which joined their table and the kitchen passed through the centre of the picture, and by no means through the door, and aware, from instinctive science, that the straight line between these two points was the shortest, thought proper to cut through the wall, and thus to destroy a part of the principal figure, and the next two figures; with tenderness for their sovereign, almost equal to their zeal for their own clerical duties, they next nailed a great escutcheon of the emperor upon the middle of the wall, so as to reach the heads of the group. But the tender mercies of those reverend personages have been still more fatal to this master-piece, and finished the destruction which their negligence begun. In

1726, they employed an artist who pretended to have a secret for reviving lost colours; and allowed him to work upon the supper under an awning which concealed his operations. This dauber, whose name was Bellotti, painted the whole picture over again, with the exception of a portion of the sky, as seen through the window, the original colour of which remained nearly entire; finally, its destruction was completed in 1770, by one Mazzo, who actually scraped off most of the few outlines which remained of the original, and had inserted heads of his own in all the figures but three, when he was stopped by a change in the convent, and a new prior succeeding.

In 1796, Bonaparte, out of respect for the place, rather than that it signified much what now became of the picture, signed an order there, before he remounted his horse, prohibiting any military use being made of the apartment: but soon afterward, one of his generals broke down the doors, and made a stable of it. The dragoons, as might be expected, amused themselves with throwing stones at the heads, upon being told they were to represent the apostles; the refectory was then used for some years as a magazine of forage; and when at length permission was given to wall up the door, in order to prevent further dilapidations, so little was it attended to, that, in 1800, a flood having covered the

floor a foot deep with water, it was suffered to remain until it dried by evaporation.

Such is the history, and to complete the destruction of this celebrated picture: and thus, entirely from tradition, and through the medium of copies and engravings, do we derive all the knowledge of its merits which we can now obtain. Happily these copies are numerous, and some of them by contemporary artists of note, who studied the original in its highest state of preservation.

THE ARCH OF CONSTANTINE.

THE chief ornaments of Constantine's triumphal arch, are spoils from one of Trajan; as it was despoiled itself afterwards, (of the heads of the statues,) by Lorenzo de Medici. There are at least seven feet of it hidden, by the rising of the ground.—They began refitting it afterwards, while Spence was there, and the relievos on the lowest parts he says were very mean.

PRACTICE OF THE NEAPOLITAN SCHOOL OF PAINTING.

THE prevailing custom of the Neapolitan school had been to give but a short time to the study of design, and to proceed, almost immediately after the acquirement of its first elements, to that stage of the art, which they called the "*pittorare*," or "*washing-in*." There was in this hurried mode of

proceeding, which Salvator Rosa acquired in his brother-in-law's study, something analogous to his own bold, prompt, and rapid perceptions; and he had made such progress before his *giro* in Calabria, that he had already executed some landscapes on canvas; such, however, was his poverty, at the moment which required all the advantages which the mechanism of the art could lend his genius, that he was unable to purchase the canvas to paint on, and was reduced to the necessity of executing his pictures upon that *printed* paper on which his boyish talents had first displayed themselves. Thus pressed, the young and obscure landscape painter of Renella had no chance of appearing in the area where the Spagnuoletto, the Lanfranco, the Domenichino, and their protected pupils were disputing the prize of pre-eminence. In want and privation, and destitute of that tranquillity of mind so necessary to the concentration of genius on its subject, the only market open to him was the miserable bulk of one of those few *revenditori*, who then, as now, held their stand for second-hand, damaged and worthless goods in the *Strada della Carita*. Thither, after having worked in his desolate garret all day, in view of penury and its concomitant discontent, the young artist was wont to repair at night, and timidly hovering near the old *bottega* of his virtuoso Shylock, to seize some propitious moments for entering and drawing from

beneath his threadbare cloak one of those exquisite designs which have since contributed to his immortality. It is no stretch of the imagination to suppose him grouped with his shrewd chapman beneath the flame of a pendant lamp, such as still lights the similar shops in Naples, holding up one of his pictures for the old man's observation; his own fine face with its "African colouring" and passionate expression of impatient indignation, contrasting with the wizard look which escapes from under the Jew's large flapped, yellow hat, while he affectedly underrates a work of which he well knew all the merit; at last the purchase is made and the miserable pittance is given;—that "*scarcissimo prezzo*" which hardly sufficed to satisfy with a vile morsel the famine of those who depended solely on Salvator's exertions even for this scanty allowance.

FABIUS MAXIMUS.

It was not until the second Punic war that the Romans acquired a taste for the arts and elegances of life; for though in the first war with Carthage, they had conquered Sicily, (which in the old Roman geography made a part of Greece,) and were masters of several cities in the eastern part of Italy, which were inhabited by Grecian colonies, and adorned with the pictures and statues in which that nation excelled al the world, they had hitherto looked on them with so careless an eye, that they

were not touched with their beauty. This insensibility long remained, either from the grossness of their minds, or from superstition, or (what is more likely) from a political dread that their martial spirit and natural roughness might be destroyed by Grecian art and elegance. When Fabius Maximus, in the second Punic war, captured Tarentum, he found it full of riches, and adorned with pictures and statues, particularly with some fine colossal figures of the gods fighting against the rebel giants; Fabius ordered that the money and plate should be sent to Rome, but that the statues and pictures should be left behind; the secretary, struck with the size and noble air of the statues, asked whether they too were to be left with the rest? "Yes," replied he, "leave their angry gods to the Tarentines; we will have nothing to do with them."

PICTURE DEALERS.

THE trade of picture dealers, is like what Lemery in his book *of Chemistry* says of the Rosicrucians, "Ars sine arte; cujus principium mentiri, medium laborare, et finis mendicare." An art without art; whose beginning is lying, whose middle is labour, and whose end is beggary.

SALVATOR ROSA'S BANDITTI.

THERE is an engraving of Salvator Rosa which, though evidently done *a colpo de penello*, seems so plainly to tell the story of the wandering artist's

captivity, that it may, as an historic fact, if not as a *chef d' œuvre* of the art, merit a particular description. In the midst of rocky scenery appears a group of banditti, armed at all points, and with all sorts of arms; they are lying in careless attitudes, but with fierce watchfulness, round a youthful prisoner, who forms the foreground figure, and is seated on a rock, with his languid limbs hanging over the precipice, which may be supposed to yawn beneath. It is impossible to describe the despair depicted in this figure: it is marked in his position, in the drooping of his head, which his nerveless arms seem with difficulty to support, and the little that may be seen of his face, over which, from his recumbent attitude, his hair falls in luxuriant profusion, and the singular head and tresses of Salvator are never to be mistaken. All is alike destitute of energy and of hope, which the fierce beings grouped around the captive seem, in some sentence recently pronounced, to have banished for ever; yet there is one who watches over the fate of the young victim: a woman stands immediately behind him, with her hand stretched out, while its forefinger resting on his head, marks him as the subject of a discourse which she addresses to the listening bandits. Her figure, which is erect, is composed of those bold straight lines, which in art and nature constitute the *grand*. Even the fantastic cap or turban, from which her long dishevelled hair has escaped, has no curve of

grace; and her drapery partakes of the same rigid forms. Her countenance is full of stern melancholy —the natural character of one whose feelings and habits are at variance; whose strong passions may have flung her out of the pale of society, but whose feminine sympathies still remain unchanged. She is artfully pleading for the life of the youth, by contemptuously noting his insignificance; but she commands while she soothes. She is evidently the mistress, or the wife of the Chief, in whose absence an act of vulgar violence may be meditated. The youth's life is saved: for that cause rarely fails, to which a woman brings the omnipotence of her feelings.

CHARLES THE FIRST'S PURCHASE OF THE CARTOONS.

THE most capital purchase made by King Charles I. was that of the Cartoons of Raffaelle, now at Hampton-court. They remained in Flanders from the time that Leo X. sent them thither to be copied in tapestry, the money for the tapestry having never been paid. Rubens apprized Charles of their detention, and by his means the purchase was made.

THE COUNT OF TOULOUSE.

AT the Count of Toulouse's charming gallery of pictures, the officer said to Spence, "My Lord is the best of masters; but alas! he grows very old,

and, I fear, can't last long: I would, with all my heart, give ten years out of my own life, to prolong his, if it could be done." Upon seeing us affected by what he had said, he added, "that this was no great merit in him; that most of his fellow-servants, he believed, would do the same; that the goodness of their master to them, and the greatness of their affection for him, was so remarkable and so well known, that a friend of the Count's once said to him, 'I don't know what it is you do to charm the people thus about you; but though you have two hundred servants, I believe there is scarcely any one of them that would not die to save your life.' —'That may be, (replied the Count), but I would not have any one of them die to save it.'"

HAYMAN AND THE WATCHMAN.

A LADY complaining to the watchman that he did not attend to his duty when people were asleep, the fellow referred her to Mr. Hayman, who, from his coming home at all hours in the morning, could inform her that he was never from his post.

ROSALBA'S KNOWLEDGE OF TEMPERS.

ROSALBA said, "I have been so long accustomed to study features, and the expression of the mind by them, that I know people's tempers by their faces. She added as a proof of this, the characters of two of my friends, (says Spence) whom she

had seen but twice or thrice, and my own; as justly (and the last perhaps more so), as I could have done myself.

COMPARATIVE MERITS OF THE VENUS DE MEDICI AND THE VENUS VICTRIX.

THE Venus de Medici is placed in the tribuna, or chief room in the great duke's gallery, between two other Venuses, the celestial and the victorious: "If you observe them well," says Spence, "you will find as much difference between her air, and that of the celestial Venus, as there is between Titian's wife as a Venus, and as a Madonna, in the same room."

BARRY'S FIRST HISTORICAL PICTURE.

BARRY'S earliest efforts were in landscape, which art he readily acquired without instruction, and as speedily abandoned, for the more difficult, elevated, and intellectual department of the art, the expression of the affairs, the actions, and the passions of men. He soon, perhaps too soon, commenced with the noblest materials of his art, canvas and oils, painting an extraordinary picture, that procured him the first premium of the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts, and the acquaintance and subsequent friendship of Burke and several others, between the ages of seventeen and twenty-two. The subject that

gained him these acquisitions was founded on the tradition of the first arrival of St. Patrick on the shore of Cashel, who in baptising the monarch of that district, has unconsciously planted the sharp end of his crosier through the foot of the royal convert, who does not suffer the pain to interrupt the sacred office. One of the guards is uplifting his battle-axe to revenge the injury done to his sovereign, but is restrained by another, who is pointing to the unchanged aspect and pious demeanour of his royal master as an evident proof that he will not suffer his pious feelings to be interrupted by the pain.

Burke, on seeing this picture, immediately perceived the merits and the defects of his aspiring countryman, who was personally introduced to him by Barrett the landscape painter, then practising with great success in London. Burke immediately gave his advice and his assistance to remove the defects: he was well aware that England, *then*, afforded no proper school for the education of an historical painter; he therefore enabled Barry to visit Italy, giving him his opinions, as to his conduct and mode of study, which were no less valuable than his pecuniary supplies, and were continued with equal generosity and discrimination, on the part of the patron, and received with modesty and sufficient gratitude by the painter, as is evident from his

public acknowledgment, in his account of the Adelphi pictures, published in 1773.

POPE'S OPINION OF CARLO MARATTI.

In looking on the portrait of the Pope, by Carlo Maratti, at Lord Burlington's, Pope called it, "the best portrait in the world.—I really do think him as good a painter as any of them," said he to Spence.

HAYMAN'S PICTURES AT BERMONDSEY SPA.

Hayman painted all the front of the boxes at Bermondsey Spa, to which place the body of artists used many years to attend a commemorative dinner.

LOVE OF ART AMONG THE ROMANS.

We may judge to what extent the love of the arts prevailed in Rome, by a speech of old Cato the censor, in the senate, not above seventeen years after the taking of Syracuse. In vain did Cato exclaim against it; the Roman generals in their several conquests, seemed to have strove who should bring away the most statues and pictures to adorn their triumphs and the city of Rome. The elder Scipio from Spain and Africa, Flaminius from Greece, and more particularly, Æmilius from Macedonia, brought in a very great number of vases and statues. Not many years after, Scipio the younger destroyed Carthage and transferred to

Rome the chief ornaments of that city. The same year Mummius sacked Corinth, one of the principal reservoirs, of the finest works of art. He had no taste; but, however, he took the surest method not to be mistaken, for he carried off all that came in his way, and in such quantities, that he alone is said to have filled Rome with pictures and statues. Sylla, besides many others, made vast additions to them afterwards by his taking of Athens, and by his conquests in Asia.

ANCIENT ROMAN BATHS.

CARACALLA'S baths are the most perfect remains of the kind at Rome, and the most capable of giving us an idea of the ancient *Thermæ*. The roof, where left, consists half of pumice-stone, for the sake of lightness, in such large arches. The niches are very perfect in some squares of it; but in the most perfect parts, there is nothing to be seen of the windows. The Jesuits begged the baths for their boys to play in; and have since sold a quantity of the stone, and often dig for statues in it.—"They had been digging," says Spence "the very week before we saw it, and had brought up several broken pieces of statues, &c."

ANTIQUE FIDDLERS.

THE little figure in the Tribuna, with a musical instrument like a violin, is left rough and unfinished by the artist, particularly the violin and the

stick to play on it; it is held as we hold our violins. There are no buskins on the legs, but a fawn's skin over his back and breast, and he is crowned with ivy: the face is handsome, and there is a Bacchanalian air in the head. Bianchini used to say, that Orpheus brought the Bacchanalian ceremonies into Bœotia.—Spence says that he met but with two figures besides this with the modern violin. One of them is in a relievo, on the death of Orpheus, in the university at Turin; and the other is a statue, either of Orpheus or Apollo in the Mattala gardens at Rome. It is unlucky that all three have great defects. That at Florence is an unfinished piece, and perhaps not quite indisputable; that at Turin, of a very bad taste or of a low age; and in that at Rome, the fiddle at least, is evidently modern.

FICORINI'S DIMENSIONS OF THE ARCH OF AUGUSTUS'S BRIDGE AT RIMINI.

THE arch of the bridge built by Augustus at Rimini, is a semi-circle, as all the old Roman arches are, and it measures one hundred and ten feet on the surface of the water.

COSWAY AND HAYMAN.

IT is well known that the late Mr. Cosway was always, in dress and manners, the very reverse of Hayman. One night, at the club held at the Turk's head, Gerrard-street, Soho, the former

called in, after a visit at court, in red-heeled shoes, and otherwise dressed *a la macaroni*, when the room was so full that he could not find a vacant seat. "What, canst thou find no room?" said Hayman to him in a sneering manner; "Come here, my little Jack-a-dang, and sit upon my knees, my little monkey." "If I did," retorted Cosway, "it would not be the first time the monkey rode the bear."

BIANCHINI'S OPINION OF THE BEAUTIFUL APOLLO, AND BACCHUS, OF THE VATICAN.

THE Bacchus that holds a mask in his right hand, and leans on a boy that is going to steal some of his grapes, with something of a drunken and libidinous look, has its head joined on, and is therefore doubtful enough. The lyre in the hands of that Apollo so much adorned with tortoise-shell, and resting on a column of fine marble of different colours, is modern: and so is the plectrum which he holds in his other hand.

ANTIQUE ALTARS IN THE CAPITOLINE GALLERY.

THE three altars, in one of the rooms in the Capitoline Gallery were found in the part of Nettuno. One with a Neptune in relievo on it, is inscribed, ARA NEPTUNI; another with a winged deity flying, ARA VENTORUM; and the third with a ship sailing gently along, ARA TRANQUILLITATIS. They all

resemble each other; small, round, and with a rostrum projecting from the front; they are portable, and are supposed to have been carried to sea in voyages, for the ship's crew to offer sacrifices upon.

BLUNDERS OF ARTISTS.

TINTORET, in a picture which represents the Israelites gathering manna in the desert, has armed the Hebrews with guns; and a modern Neapolitan artist has represented the Holy Family, during their journey to Egypt, as passing the Nile in a barge as richly ornamented as that of Cleopatra.

SIR JAMES THORNHILL AND THE COLOUR GRINDER.

SIR JAMES THORNHILL was once busily employed in decorating the dome of Saint Paul's cathedral; while wholly absorbed in his occupation, he moved back to observe the effect of his pencil, and had reached the edge of the scaffolding, a fall from which would have dashed him to pieces on the pavement below. His colour grinder, with a presence of mind rarely exerted in such cases, by instantly throwing a pot of paint over the production of his master, happily saved his life: Sir James immediately rushed forward to resent the apparent injury; but after an explanation, he acknowledged with gratitude that it was a blessing in disguise.

MYRON'S BRAZEN HEIFER.

MYRON of Eleutheræ, who appears from Pliny to have executed many works of excellence, seems to have been most commended for what he probably regarded as a trifling performance. A brazen heifer which he made, is celebrated with no less than thirty-six epigrams in the Greek Anthologia. The following is among the best:—

On the Heifer of brass of Myron.

"Either this heifer has a brazen skin,
Or else the brass contains a soul within."

The Foot Racer of this artist was not less celebrated, as appears from the following epigram:—

On Myron's Foot Racer.

"Such as when flying with the whirlwind's haste,
In your foot's point your eager soul you plac'd,
Such Ladas here, by Myron's skill you breathe,
Ardent in all your fame for Pisa's wreath.
The fervid spirit from the heaving chest
Shines in the lips. Where is not hope express'd?
The brass springs forward in the nimble strife,
O, art more vivid than the breath of life!"

MEASUREMENT OF THE TARPEIAN ROCK.

FICORINI, the celebrated antiquary, told Spence that he measured the Tarpeian Rock, when the Duke of Beaufort was in Rome, and found it to be eighty palms high, which just answers to sixty feet English. It goes down perpendicularly as you see,

and so was easily measured. I took only the height of the rock itself, exclusive of the building that has been added upon it.

FRANK HAYMAN'S CUPID.

THERE was, in Hayman's time, a song by Christopher Smart, which used to be sung by the common people, beginning with these lines:—

> "Cupid shoots like Hymen's archer,
> "Wheresoe'er the urchin turns."

The real words were *Hayman's archer*, alluding to a picture of Cupid, painted by this artist.

HAYMAN AND HOGARTH.

HAYMAN, it is said, painted the original Barley-mow in Piccadilly, in reference to which, Hogarth has introduced him in one of his pictures as a sign painter, with the elbows of his coat torn, and the shirt visible.

THE INFANCY OF BERNINI.

LORENZO BERNINO, or Bernini, the son of a Florentine artist, a Neapolitan by birth, a sculptor, architect, and painter by profession, was one of those extraordinary instances of precocity which never fail to astonish the shallow, which frequently impose on the profound, and which seldom realize in their maturity the promise of the premature excellence of their youth. A head sculptured by the clever boy at twelve years old, and placed by the

vanity of his father for exhibition in the church of Santa Prassede at Rome, excited much attention; and Pope Paul V. (a Borghese) was talked into a curiosity to see the ingenious child. Presented at the Vatican, the little artist was ordered by the Pope, by way of a joke, (*"come per ischerzo"*) says Bellori, to draw him a head with a pen. "What head would you have?" asked the unabashed boy. "Nay," said the Pope, "if I am only to ask and have, give me a St. Paul." *A beau ideal* of the head of St. Paul was sketched with rapidity; and whatever was its merits, it was finished "*con summo diletto e maraviglia del Papa,*" *to the great content and wonder of his Holiness.* The fortune of a boy who could delight and astonish a Pope, was thus laid upon the broad and sure foundation of all fortunes in Rome. The Pope, as the price of a miracle by which he was so largely benefited, filled the hands of the tiny artist with golden medals; and giving him up to the care of Cardinal Maffeo Barberini, said in the child's hearing, "*Speriamo del questo giovinetto debbe divantare il Michael Angelo del secolo.*" "Let us hope that this boy will became the Michael Angelo of the age." The prophecy was sufficient to defeat itself; and Bernini, beginning where he should have ended, became the greatest coxcomb, if not the greatest genius of his time. Dandled by cardinals, bequeathed as a legacy from pope to

pope, adulated by the dependents of the Conclave, and eulogized by all the poets of the day, the young Bernini received a little fortune for every bust he executed, at the same age at which Guido was grateful to his patron (a tailor) for six *scudi* given him for one of his divine heads: yet, in the eyes of posterity, what a distance between Guido and Bernini!

KNAPTON'S OPINION OF THE PAINTINGS OF THE ANCIENTS.

THE paintings of the ancients are excellent for design, in the basso relievo way, but deficient in colouring. Their want of knowledge of *chiaro-scuro*, and of variety in their colours, made them inferior in those respects: their design is juster, but often too stiff. Raffaelle made his drapery too stiff by imitating the ancient sculpture, and Bernini, latterly, made the drapery of his statues too large, heavy, and unbecoming, by endeavouring to imitate the modern painters, particularly Rubens, in stone.

GIOTTO AND DANTE.

GIOTTO, the friend and portrait painter of Dante, was courted and employed by all the pontiffs and pious princes of his day; particularly by Clement the Fifth, and King Robert of Naples. Dante's well known lines:—

"Credette Cimabue nella pittura
Tener la campo, edora ha Giotto il gridо," &c.

brought him still more into fashion. In another age Giotto might have been the protector of Dante, for the Church soon discovered that artists were less likely to paint heresy than such poets and philosophers, as Dante and Petrarch, to preach it.

STATUES IN THE FARNESE PALACE.

MOST of the statues in the great Farnese Palace, were found in Carracalla's Baths, and all the marble of which it is built, was brought from the Coliseum, in Paul the Third's time, and pope of the Farnese family.

FICORINI'S JUDGMENT ON EGYPTIAN SCULPTURE.

"THE two best Egyptian statues in Rome, are the Hercules with a lion's skin over his head, in the Capitol; and the richer Zingara, at the Villa Borghese," said Ficorini to Spence, "you may know to be Egyptian, by that fulness about their mouths.*

HAYMAN AND HIS WIFE.

HAYMAN'S wife was ordered by the physicians, to visit France, for the benefit of her health. She afterwards wrote to him to come and fetch her, which he refused to do. Some time after her death, on looking over the charges of her funeral,

* Per oris luxuriem, was his expression.

he said to Paine, the architect, who was his particular friend, and who knew on what indifferent terms they lived, at the same time shrugging up his shoulders, "Well, I ought not to grumble, for she would have paid such a bill for me with pleasure."

ITALIAN POETS AND PAINTERS.

THE great poets of the sixteenth century were forced to woo their patrons, the painters were to be courted, and were rarely won unsought. The immortal creators of the "Jerusalem," and the "Orlando," waited despondingly in the antichambers of the pitiful D'Este, while Leonardo da Vinci took his place in the saloons of kings, and Titian rejected the invitations of emperors.* The spirit of the times directing, as it always will, the genius of individuals, tied down the most enlightened people of the world to the pursuits of an ornamental art. Under other circumstances, and in another age, Raffaelle might have been no less "divine" as a poet, than as a painter;† and Leonardo might have shone the first of experimental philosophers, as he was the most eminent of artists.

* Leonardo da Vinci was the guest of Francis the First, and died in his arms at Fontainebleau. Titian refused the special invitations of Charles the Fifth, and of Philip the Second, his son.

† The little that has reached posterity of Raffaele's poetry is quite as ethereal, says Lady Morgan, as the heads of his female saints.

ROMAN HEADS.

THE heads of Romans are all represented without beards, from the time of the elder Brutus to Hadrian, except a head of Nero, and of two or three before him, who let theirs grow on some melancholy occasion.

ANCIENT AND MODERN STYLE IN SCULPTURE COMPARED.

"Is not the pleasure in the face of that very pretty Bacchus, holding up a cantharus in his left hand, and regarding it so fondly, too violently expressed for the antient manner?"—said Spence to Bianchini; who answered—"Yes, it is modern, and was sculptured by Sansovino."

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S ERRONEOUS OPINION UPON SALVATOR ROSA.

"SALVATOR Rosa," says Sir J. Reynolds, "saw the necessity of trying some new source of pleasing the public in his works. The world were tired of Claude Lorraine's and G. Poussin's long train of imitators."

"Salvator therefore struck into a wild, savage kind of nature, which was new and striking."

The first of these paragraphs contains a strange anachronism. When Salvator *struck into a new line*, Poussin and Claude, who though his elders were his contemporaries, had as yet no train of imitators. The one was struggling for a livelihood in France, the other was cooking and grinding

colours for his master at Rome. Salvator's early attachment to nature in her least imitable forms, was not the result of speculation, having any reference to the public: it was the operation of original genius, and of those particular tendencies which seemed to be breathed into his soul at the moment it first quickened. From his cradle to his tomb, he was the creature of impulse, and the slave of his own vehement violations.

FLAGELLATION OF SALVATOR ROSA.

It happened one day that Salvator Rosa in his youth brought with him *by mistake* his bundle of burned sticks, with which he used to draw, instead of his mother's brazen clasped missal; and in passing along the magnificent cloisters of the great church of Certosa at Naples, sacred alike to religion and the arts, he applied them between the interstices of its Doric columns to the only unoccupied space on the pictured walls, which gold and ultramarine had not yet covered over.

What was the subject which occupied on this occasion his rude pencil, history has not detailed, but he was bringing to his work all the ardour which in another age went to his "Saul" or "Democritus," when unfortunately the Prior, issuing with his train from the choir, caught the hapless painter in the very act of scrawling on those sacred walls, which it required all the influence of Spagnuoletto,

tc get leave to ornament,—walls, whose very angles Annibale Carracci would have been proud to fill; and for whose decorations the great Lanfranco, and greater Dominichino, were actually contending with deadly rivalry and fatal emulation.

The sacrilegious temerity of the boy artist, called for instant and exemplary punishment. Unluckily too, for the little offender, this happened either in Advent or Lent, the season in which the rules of the rigid Chartreux oblige the prior and *procuratore* to flagellate all the frati, or lay brothers, of the convent.* They were therefore armed for their wonted pious discipline when the miserable Salvatoriello fell in their way; whether he was honoured by the consecrated hand of the prior, or writhed under the scourge of the *procuratore*, does not appear; but that he was chastised with a holy severity, more than proportioned to his crime, is attested by one of the most scrupulous of his biographers, who, though he dwells lightly

* Voltaire alludes to this in his admirable poem, "Sur l'Egalité des Conditions."

"D'un vil froc obscurement convert,
Recevoir à genoux après laude et matine
De son prieur cloitré vingt coups de discipline."

This flagellation, says the French translation of the rules of the order, "se fait après matines. Les frères de la maison basse sont fouettés par le procureur; ceux de la maison haute par le prieur."

on the fact, as he does on other of more importance, confesses that from the monk's flagellation, "*assai percosse ne riporto,*" he "suffered severely."*

HAYMAN'S POLITENESS.

HAYMAN, who well deserved the designation of *bear*, was strongly opposite in behaviour to the polite Agostini Carlini the sculptor, who always insisted on seeing him home from the Turk's Head. On parting, his constant manner of thanking Carlini was by saying, "There, Mr. Carlini, now you may go, and be d—d; good night." "Tankee, Mr. Hayman," was the constant reply of the foreigner.

THE BRONZE WOLF OF THE CAPITOL.

THE brass wolf suckling Romulus and Remus, now in the capitol at Rome, was found in the temple of Romulus, and the marks are visible upon it where it has been struck with lightning. Cicero speaks of the same accident happening to such a figure in his time (in his third Oration against Cataline); and Ficorini, an excellent judge, thinks that this must have been made before his time by the badness of the workmanship.

SALVATOR ROSA'S BANQUETS.

"SALVATOR ROSA," says Passeri, "who was

always of the most generous and lofty spirit, and was desirous of a great name and reputation, resolved to place himself upon an equal footing with the cavaliers of the court, whom he frequently entertained with the most sumptuous banquets, which cost him from thirty to fifty scudi a time; and in truth those lords accepted of his hospitable invitations with right good will." The fact thus simply detailed, may well be believed, when it is known that his sumptuous suppers and rich dinners consisted of the rarest and most exquisite viands. Salvator, whose favourite dish was fresh figs,* was, however, well aware that his brilliant conversation was best relished when accompanied by beccaficos and ortolans, his bon mots more greedily swallowed when washed down with the juice of the Tuscan grape, or the wines of Burgundy.

THE ARCHITECT'S THREE KINGDOMS.

A MODERN living professor of architecture on taking instructions for a new and extensive museum of natural history, for the University of Cambridge, was desired to divide it into *the three kingdoms*, as a primary arrangement. His designs completed, he surveyed them with satisfaction, and inscribed

* Baldinucci says, that if a basket of this fruit arrived from the country, when Salvator was engaged to some luxurious dinner, he was sure to send his excuse and sit down to his fresh figs at home.

the titles of the three great rooms with the names of the three kingdoms of Great Britain, France, and Ireland.

GAINSBOROUGH'S GENEROSITY.

GAINSBOROUGH had dined one day at Abel's, the musician and celebrated lutenist, where the company drank very freely. Although much intoxicated, Gainsborough insisted on going home alone. It being late and dark, he fell on the pavement, and, being unable to rise, he lay until he fell asleep. A woman of the town, seeing a gentleman in this situation, placed him in a coach, and having taken him to her lodgings, put him to bed in a state of insensibility. In the morning Gainsborough awoke, amazed to find himself in so strange a room, with a woman with whom he knew nothing, and ignorant of the manner in which he got there. He now began to reflect on his situation, and getting silently out of bed to examine his pocket, found his pocket-book, with its contents, gone, and also his gold watch. Alarmed for the loss of these, and doubtful how to act, he got again into bed. In a short time after the woman awoke, and finding her guest restless, and apparently uneasy, inquired the cause. He told her of his loss: and that in the book were bills to the amount of 430*l.* which he had received the day before. She told him the book and watch were in her possession; and then

informed him of the manner in which she had discovered him, and the following circumstances:—

"It was her misfortune," she said, "to be connected with a young man of bad habits and disposition, who, had he visited her the preceding night, as she expected, would have robbed him of every thing valuable." After pressing him to breakfast with her, she returned him his property. Gainsborough gave her the odd 30*l.*, and having thanked her, departed. He continued a friend to her until his death.

ARCHITECTURE, FAMINE, AND THE PLAGUE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the murmurs of the Roman people (attacked alternately by famine and the plague) arose almost to insurrection, the Pope (Innocent) continued to waste vast sums of money in raising, or *finishing* churches and palaces. Among these were the Lateran, the Vatican, and the palace of the Campidoglio, besides a number of fountains, and the College de Propagandâ Fide, from whence young missionaries are despatched to all parts of the world to propagate the faith. It was built on the plans of Bernini.

GEORGE MORLAND'S MARRIAGE.

SOON after George Morland left the paternal roof, which was about the 20th year of his age, under which his talents had been so long fostered and judiciously cultivated, he went to reside at a

pleasant hamlet on the Harrow Road, called Kensell Green. Here, in a very pretty house, belonging to Mr. William Ward, the mezzotinto engraver, he produced the first pair of pictures that brought his name and merit fairly before the public. The subjects were, the Idle and the Industrious Mechanic, painted for J. R. Smith, the celebrated mezzotinto engraver, who found his account in the prints he had engraved and published from them. A reward highly flattering to the rising fame of the young painter, and a just return for the liberality of his patron, and brother artist. When these pictures had been about two days at Mr. Smith's, some excellent judges were gratified with a sight of them by his intimate friend Mr. Morgan, the publisher. In the drawing-room, then, there happened to be several fine specimens by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Wheatly, Page, Rawlinson, Bunbury, Pine, and others. The instant they beheld the two little pictures of an artist, then wholly unknown in name or person to him, one of them exclaimed—"Those fine pictures are the labours of giants in the art, but these little gems of simplicity are the production of a true child of dame nature."

Between the production of these pictures, and some few others, painted about the same time, for the same gentleman, Morland conceived an affection for his landlord's sister, Miss Nancy Ward; a young lady whose charms of person and voice at

this period, and long after, were sufficient to refute the idle assertion of those, who asserted that George had no idea of female beauty. Hundreds of pictures into which he was introduced her, will best silence such calumny.

What Morland himself was in person, may be conceived from the well known Mezzotinto, by Smith, if we deduct about twelve years from the age which that portrait exhibits.

Between two persons of the age and natural advantages before described, it is no wonder a mutual attachment should be formed; and the consequence was, that Morland in a short time led his beautiful living model to the altar of Hymen. They were married at Hammersmith church, and the general remark upon the occasion was, that a prettier couple had never graced the interior of that sacred edifice in the memory of the oldest spectator then present. This example of hymeneal union with the painter and the engraver's lovely sister was followed in about a month after when the engraver, Mr. William Ward, led the painter's amiable sister, Miss Maria Morland to church, where they were also bound in the indissoluble bonds of holy wedlock, and received the nuptial benediction accordingly.

ROUBILLIAC AND GOLDSMITH.

GOLDSMITH had the habit of boasting that he could play on the German flute as well as most

men; and at other times as well as any man living: but in truth he understood not the character in which music is written, and played on that instrument as many others do, merely by ear. Roubilliac, the sculptor, a merry fellow, once heard him play, and minding to put a trick upon him, pretended to be charmed with his performance, as also that he himself was skilled in the art, and entreated him to repeat the air that he might write it down. Goldsmith readily consenting, Roubilliac called for paper and scored thereon a few five-line staves, which having done, Goldsmith proceeded to play, and Roubilliac to write; but his writing was only such random notes on the lines and spaces, as any one might set down, who had ever inspected a page of music. When they had both done, Roubilliac showed the paper to Goldsmith, who looked over it with seeming great attention, said it was very correct, and that if he had not seen him do it, he never could have believed his friend capable of writing music after him.

DESCENDANTS OF SALVATOR ROSA.

When Doctor Burney resided in Rome in 1770, he found Salvator's house in the *Monte della Trinita* inhabited by his great grand-daughter, from whom he purchased that volume of manuscripts, music and poetry (the compositions of her illustrious ancestor,) which but for the enterprising spirit of British genius had probably never seen the light.

The immediate descendants of Rosa, bearing his name, still live in Rome: but says Lady Morgan, in her Life of their immortal progenitor, as far as she could discover, they are ignorant of every thing that concern him, or unwilling to communicate the little that may yet be rescued from oblivion, of family tradition.

INVENTION OF MONOCHROMATIC PAINTING.

A very delicate experiment, yet a very natural one, which Buffon appears to have first noticed, led in all probability to the invention of the Monochromatic mode of painting, or painting with a single colour. If at the moment which precedes sun-set at the close of a cloudless day, a body is placed near a wall, or against another polished body, or on a smooth chalky soil, the shadow caused by this body is *blue*, instead of being *black* or *colourless*. This effect is produced by the light of the sun being so weakened, and the blue rays which are reflected from the sky, which is always this colour on a clear day, fall, and are again driven back, or reflected on that part of the wall which the dying light of the sun cannot strike, for even at its last moment, the light which falls straight and direct is sufficiently strong to destroy that of the heavens, which is only reflected wherever they meet.

CORREGGIO'S VISIT TO ROME.

It is related of this artist, justly styled the Apelles of Europe, that instigated by the desire of

beholding the Frescoes of Raffaelle in the Vatican, he visited Rome; and after having long gazed on these celebrated works, conscious of his own transcendent but less regarded talents, he broke forth with the memorable words, "anch' io son pittore!" I also am a painter.

Vasari commiserates the fate of Correggio, whom he represents as of a melancholy turn of mind; timid and diffident of his own powers; burthened with a numerous family, which with all his prodigious talents he could scarcely support; ill recompensed for his works; and to crown the sad story, we are told, that having received at Parma a payment of sixty crowns in copper money, he caught a fever in the exertion of carrying it home on his shoulders, which occasioned his death.

This picture, however, is exaggerated; for although the situation of Correggio was far beneath his merits, yet it was by no means deplorable. His family was highly respectable, and possessed considerable landed property, which is said to have been augmented by his own earnings; and so far from his having died of the fatigue of carrying home copper money, he was usually paid in gold. For the Cupola and Tribuna of the church of St. Giovanni, he received 472 sequins; for that of the Duomo 350,; payments by no means inconsiderable in those times. For his celebrated Notte, he had forty sequins; for the St. Jerome, which cost him

six months labour, forty-seven. It does not appear probable that he acquired great riches; but there is no doubt that he was equally screened from the evils attendant on penury and affluence.

CARAVAGGIO'S APPRENTICESHIP.

CARAVAGGIO arrived young in Rome, *a poor mason*, and carried *the hod*, while the Vatican was repairing and painting; but afterwards observing the works of the painters then employed there, he caught the true enthusiastic spark, which warmed and invigorated that natural genius, which till then had lain dormant. He then, after some successful trials, began to study the art under Raffaelle; and soon arrived at that point of perfection, which had deservedly obtained him a name little inferior to the most celebrated of his cotemporaries throughout the world.

THORVALDSEN'S YOUTHFUL DAYS.

THIS extraordinary man, was born at Copenhagen, of Icelandic parents, who had so little presentiment of his future greatness, that neither the day nor year of his birth were ever particularly specified to him, or to any of their friends, by them. Early smitten with a love of the arts, he studied under the able and unfortunate Wiedewelt, whose simplicity and nature were soon imparted to his pupil, and which he afterwards never lost sight of. After winning every prize in the Academy of Arts,

for which he contended, he was sent to Rome by the Danish government to continue his studies; and there joined the study of German and Italian, to the labors of his chisel. His time thus occupied, and his mind incessantly employed in contemplating the works of departed genius, it is no great wonder that he had done nothing on which to rest a permanent fame, when the period allotted to him by his government, for his residence in Italy, arrived at its termination. Without pecuniary resources in himself, he was compelled to think of returning to Denmark, enriched only by the treasures which by observation he had accumulated in his own mind, and of which the fruits were then just bursting forth, in his model of *a colossal Statue of Jason returning victorious with the Golden Fleece;* a work by many preferred to Canova's celebrated *Perseus.* Fortunately for the artist and the arts, at that precise moment when Thorvaldsen's future prospects seemed to be threatened with all that obscurity which 'poverty's unconquerable bar' must cast over even the brightest efforts of human genius, this extraordinary performance was seen by Mr. Hope, who gave him an order for its execution in marble. This order was the foundation of his worldly fortunes, as the genius displayed in his fulfilment of it was of his worldly fame; from that time commissions flowed in on him with such eagerness, that the industry of a long life will scarcely

enable him to execute them. His residence was fixed at Rome—kings and princes visited his *studio*, to behold his labors—and every civilized country in Europe became ambitious of possessing some specimens of his skill. Among the English he found liberal purchasers in Mr. Hope, the Duke of Bedford, Lord Lucan, and the Marchioness of Lansdowne. Prussia and Austria vied with each other in the honours they conferred on him—the Poles and the Swiss applied to him for their national monuments—Russia entreated him to immortalise her Poniatowsky—and in his own country, every mark of approbation of his works that its limited resources enabled it to give, were freely and enthusiastically bestowed. Some of his finest bassi rilievi, representing *the Baptism of Christ*, and *the Lord's Supper*, were executed for St. Mary's Church, in Copenhagen; and subscriptions were opened in that capital for having them cut in marble. After twenty years of absence, Thorvaldsen returned to his native country for a short time, to renew those recollections of his youthful days, which will ever be found the strongest in persons whose succeeding years have been spent in virtuous habits and laudable pursuits. So had it been with Thorvaldsen; and the first proof he gave of his affectionate feelings and unimpaired simplicity, was the warmth with which, on his arrival in Copenhagen, he threw himself into the arms of the venerable porter at the

gate of the Academy of Arts in that city, with whom all the remembrances of his boyhood were gratefully associated. By all ranks of his countrymen, from this humble domestic to the crowned head that ruled over them, was Thorvaldsen received with an enthusiasm—a sensibility—alike honourable to him and to themselves. A nation thus rejoicing in the success of one of its individuals devoted to the arts, must have the germ of taste and feeling within itself; already the buds are putting forth, and we doubt not that in due season the flowers will bloom as brightly as any in a more southern, and, as some would think, consequently a more congenial, clime.

THE BLACK CENTAURS OF THE MONTE CITORIO.

One of the Centaurs in black marble, at the Monte Citorio has a tiger's skin over his left shoulder, and his hands are tied together with the tail of it. He looks back with pain and dejection in his face. There was probably a Cupid behind him originally, and there is the hole in his back, in which it might have been fixed. Centaurs are thus represented by the ancients, in other monuments, to show that love conquers the roughest monsters. The other Centaur, there, has Bacchanalian attributes about him also; but looks with a much gayer air. The former is represented in years, and this, as young. As they are of black marble,

and were found in Hadrian's villa, it is possible that they were part of the furniture in the first apartment of the *Hades*, which historians tell us was represented there; and they might have their Bacchanalian attributes, because the secrets of that place were laid open to those only who were initiated into the mysteries of Bacchus. If this conjecture be true, a further search about the spot where these figures were found may be worth undertaking; because there are no statues more scarce than those relating to the infernal beings in general.

FRENCH SCRIPTURE PAINTERS.

THE French artists, from the time of Poussin to that of Gerard and Girodet, seem, generally, to have lost sight of correctness of costume. There are many flagrant violations of it in their designs. Among them, it is impossible not to smile at the representation of Agar, being banished with her son Ishmael. She wears a *gypsey hat*, tied under the chin, with her hair turned up—and is turning round with all the smartness of a French Abigail.

DON MARIO GHIGI, SALVATOR ROSA, AND THE PRINCE'S PHYSICIAN.

THE princes of the family of Ghigi had been among the first of the aristocratic virtuosi of Rome to acknowledge the merits of Salvator Rosa, as their ancestors had been to appreciate the genius of

Raffaelle. Between the prince Do Mario Ghigi (whose brother Fabio was raised to the pontifical throne by the name of Alexander VII.) and Salvator, there seems to have existed personal intimacy; and the prince's fondness for the painter's conversation was such, that during a long illness he induced Salvator to bring his easel to his bedside, and to work in his chamber at some small piece he was then painting for the prince.* It happened, that while Rosa was sketching and chatting by the prince's couch, one of the most fashionable physicians in Rome entered the apartment. He appears to have been one of those professional coxcombs, whose pretension, founded on unmerited vogue, throws a ridicule upon the gravest calling.

After some trite remarks upon the art, the doctor, either to flatter Salvator, or in imitation of the physician of the Cardinal Colonna, who asked for one of Raffaelle's finest pictures as a fee for saving the cardinal's life, requested Don Mario to give him a picture of Salvator's as a remuneration for his attendance. The prince willingly agreed to the proposal; and the doctor, debating on the subject he should choose, turned to Salvator and begged "that he would not lay pencil to canvas until *he*, the Signor Dottore, should find leisure to dictate to

* This is one of the very few instances recorded of Salvator's having worked in the presence of a second person.

him *il pensiero e concetto della sua pittura,*" the idea and conceit of his picture! Salvator bowed a modest acquiescence, and went on with his sketch. The doctor, having gone the round of professional questions with his wonted pomposity, rose to write his prescription; when, as he sat before the table with eyes upturned, and pen suspended over paper. Salvator on tiptoe approached him, and drawing the pen gently through his fingers, with one of his old *Coviello* gesticulations in his character of the mountebank, he said "*fermati, Dottor mio!* stop doctor, you must not lay pen to paper till I have leisure to dictate the idea and conceit of the prescription I may think proper for the malady of his Excellency."

"*Diavolo!*" cried the amazed physician, "you dictate a prescription! why, *I* am the prince's physician, and not *you!*"

"And *I, Caro,*" said Salvator, "am a painter, and not *you.* I leave it to the prince whether I could not prove myself a better physician than you a painter; and write a better prescription than you paint a picture."

The prince, much amused, decided in favour of the painter; Salvator coolly resumed his pencil, and the medical *cognoscente* permitted the idea of the picture to die away, "*sul proprio letto.*"

DEATH OF SALVATOR ROSA.

(From Lady Morgan's Life of Salvator Rosa.)

SALVATOR ROSA in his last illness demanded of the priests and others that surrounded him what they required of him. They replied, "in the first instance to receive the sacrament as it is administered in Rome to the dying." "To receive the sacrament," says his confessor, Baldovini, "he shewed no repugnance, but he vehemently and positively refused to allow the host, with all the solemn pomp of its procession, to be brought to his house, which he deemed unworthy of the divine presence. He objected to the holy ostentation of the ceremony, to its *eclat*, to the noise and bustle, and smoke and heat, it would create in the close chamber of the sick. He appears to have objected to more than it was discreet to object to in Rome: and all that his family and his confessor could extort from him on the subject was, that he would permit himself to be carried from his bed to the parish church, and there on the humility of a contrite heart, would consent to receive the sacrament at the foot of the altar."

As immediate death might have been the consequence of this act of indiscretion, his family, who were scarcely less interested for a life so precious than for the soul which was the object of their pious apprehensions, gave up the point altogether; and for the vehemence with which Salvator spoke

on the subject, and the agitation it had occasioned, they carefully avoided renewing a proposition, which had rallied all his force of character and volition to their long abandoned post.

The rejection of a ceremony which was deemed in Rome indispensably necessary to salvation, and by one who was already stamped with the church's reprobation, soon spread; report exaggerated the circumstance into a positive expression of infidelity; and the gossipry of the Roman ante-rooms was supplied for the time with a subject of discussion, in perfect harmony with their slander, bigotry, and idleness.

"As I went forth from Salvator's door," relates the worthy Baldovini, "I met the *Canonico Scornio*, a man who has taken out a licence to speak of all men as he pleases. 'And how goes it with Salvator?' demands of me this Canonico. 'Bad enough, I fear.'—Well, a few nights back, happening to be in the ante-room of a certain great prelate, I found myself in the centre of a circle of disputants, who were busily discussing whether the aforesaid Salvator would die a Schismatic, a Huguenot, a Calvinist, or a Lutheran?—'He will die, Signor Canonico,' I replied, 'when it pleases God, a better Catholic than any of those who now speak so slightingly of him!'—and so pursued my way."

This *Canonico*, whose sneer at the undecided

faith of Salvator roused all the bile of the tolerant and charitable Baldovini, was the near neighbour of Salvator, a frequenter of his hospitable house, and one of whom the credulous Salvator speaks in one of his letters as being "his neighbour and an excellent gentleman."

On the following day, as the Padre sat by the pillow of the suffering Rosa, he had the simplicity, in the garrulity of his heart, to repeat all these malicious insinuations and idle reports to the invalid :—"But," says Baldovini, "as I spoke, Rosa only shrugged his shoulders."

Early on the morning of the 15th of March, that month so delightful in Rome, the affectionate and anxious confessor, who seems to have been always at his post, ascended the *Monte della Trinità*, for the purpose of taking up his usual situation by the bed's head of the fast declining Salvator. The young Agosto flew to meet him at the door, and, with a countenance radiant with joy, informed him of the good news, "that his '*Signor* Padre' had given evident symptoms of recovery, in consequence of the bursting of an inward ulcer."

Baldovini followed the sanguine boy to his father's chamber. But, to all appearance Salvator was suffering great agony. "How goes it with thee, Rosa?" asked Baldovini kindly, as he approached him.

"Bad, bad!" was the emphatic reply. While

writhing with pain, the sufferer after a moment added:—"To judge by what I now endure, the hand of death grasps me sharply."

In the restlessness of pain, he now threw himself on the edge of the bed, and placed his head on the bosom of Lucrezia, who sat supporting and weeping over him. His afflicted son and friend took their station at the other side of his couch, and stood watching the issue of these sudden and frightful spasms in mournful silence. At that moment a celebrated Roman physician, the Doctor Catanni, entered the apartment. He felt the pulse of Salvator, and perceived that he was fast sinking. He communicated his approaching dissolution to those most interested in the melancholy intelligence, and it struck all present with unutterable grief. Baldovini, however, true to his sacred calling, even in the depth of his human affliction, instantly despatched the young Agosto to the neighbouring Convent *della Trinità*, for the holy Viaticum. While life was still fluttering at the heart of Salvator, the officiating priest of the day arrived, bearing with him the holy apparatus of the last mysterious ceremony of the church. The shoulders of Salvator were laid bare, and anointed with the consecrated oil; some prayed fervently, others wept, and all even still hoped; but the taper which the Doctor Catanni held to the lips of Salvator, while the Viaticum was administered, burned brightly and steadily!

Life's last sigh had transpired, as religion performed her last rite.

Between that luminous and soul-breathing form of genius and the cold of the valley, there was now no difference; and the "end and object" of a man's brief existence was now accomplished in him, who, while yet all young and ardent, had viewed the bitter perspective of humanity with a philosophic eye, and pronounced even on the bosom of pleasure,

"Nasci pœna—Vita labor—Necesse mori."

On the evening of the day of the 15th of March, 1673, the all that remained of the author of Regulus, of Catiline, and the Satires—the gay Formica, the witty Coviello!—of the elegant composer, and greatest painter of his time and country—of Salvator Rosa! was conveyed to the tomb, in the church of *Santa Maria degli Angioli alle Terme*, that magnificent temple! unrivalled even at Rome in interest and grandeur, and which now stands as it stood when it formed the *Pinacotheca* of the Thermæ of Dioclesian! There, accompanied by much funeral pomp, the body of Salvator lay in state: the head and face, according to the Italian custom, exposed to view. All Rome poured into the vast circumference of the church to take a last view of the painter of the Roman people! the "*Nostro Signor Salvatore*" of the Pantheon: and

the popular feelings of regret and admiration were expressed with the usual bursts of audible emotion, in which Italian sensibility on such occasions loves to indulge. Some few there were who gathered closely and in silence round the bier of the great master of the Neapolitan school; and who, weeping the loss of the man, forgot for a moment even that genius which had already secured its own meed of immortality. These were Carlo Rossi, Francesco Baldovini, and Paolo Oliva, of whom each returned from the grave of the friend he loved, to record the high endowments and powerful talents of the painter he admired, and the poet he revered. Baldovini retired to his cell to write the "Life of Salvator Rosa," and then to resign his own; Oliva to his monastery, to compose the epitaph which is still read of the tomb of his friend; and Carlo Rossi to select from his gallery such works of his own beloved painter, as might best adorn the walls of that chapel now exclusively consecrated to his memory.

On the following night the remains of Salvator Rosa were deposited, with all the awful forms of the Roman church, in a grave opened expressly in the beautiful vestibule of *Santa Maria degli Angioli alle Terme*. Never did the ashes of departed genius find a more appropriate resting place! the Pinacotheca of the Thermæ of Dioclesian had once been the repository of all that the genius of antiquity had perfected in the arts; and in the vast

interval of time which had since elapsed, it had suffered no change, save that impressed upon it by the mighty mind of Michael Angelo!

The tomb of Salvator Rosa is surmounted by his bust; and on the monument raised to his memory, by the filial piety of his son Agosto, may be read the following inscription :—

D. O. M.
Salvatorem Rosam Neapolitanum
Pictorum sui Temporis
Nulli Secundum,
Poetarum omnium Temporum
Principibus Parem,
Augustus Filius
Hic Moereus composuit.
Sexagenario minor obiit
Anno Salutis MDCLXXIII.
Idibus Martii.

EARL SPENCER'S MANSION AND LIBRARY.

Of Spencer-house, the magnificent mansion in St. James's Place, built by the father of the present Earl Spencer, Mr. Dibdin in his Bibliotheca Spenceriana says: "I have heard it asserted, that the shell of Spencer-house, consisting of a solid stone, cost alone about 50,000 guineas." The exterior design was planned by General Grey, and executed by Vardy: the interior owes the beauty of its ornaments to the classical taste of *Athenian Stuart.*

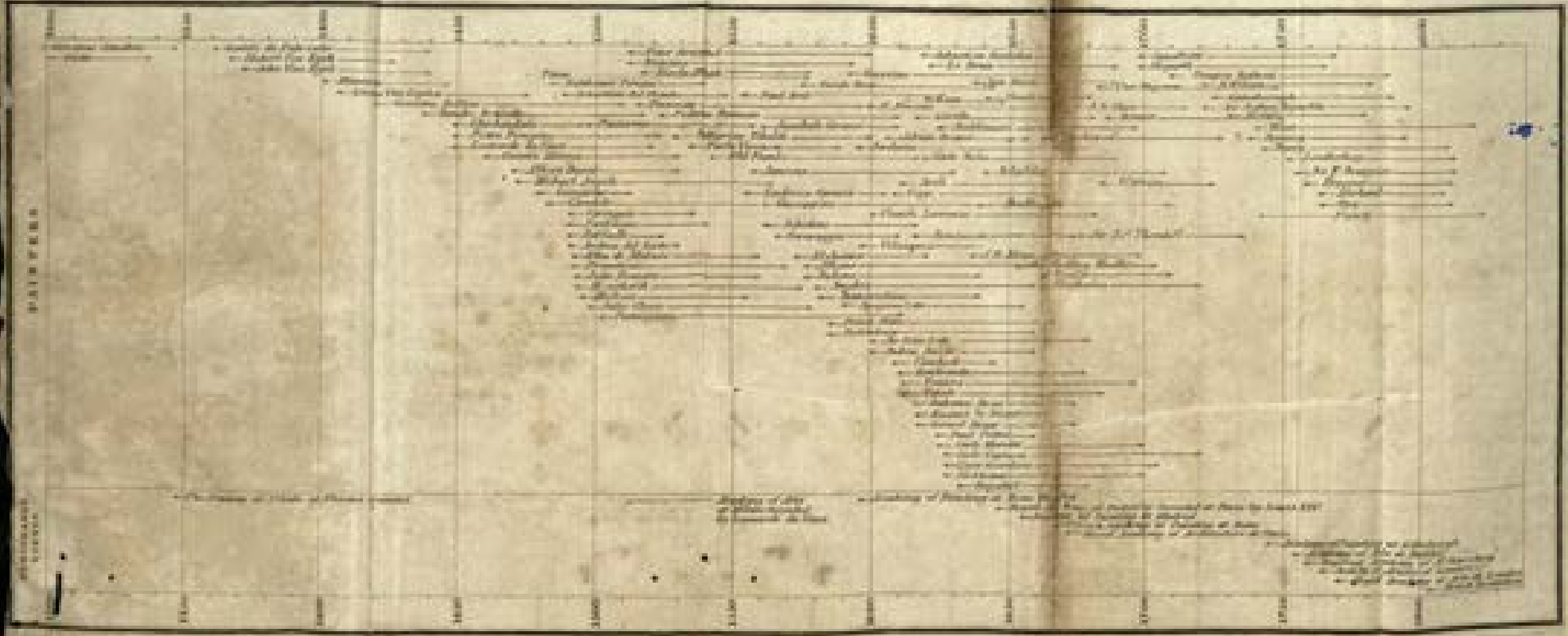
The library at Althorp occupies a suite of apartments, on the ground floor; of which the entire

length—from the extremity of the first apartment, called *The Long Library*, to that of the fifth or last apartment, called *The Gothic Library*—cannot be less than 220 feet. These rooms may be said, with very few exceptions, to be filled with books to the very ceiling.

Mr. D. adds, "it should be mentioned that the *Dado* in the Picture Gallery, which is 100 feet in length, is fitted up with shelves about five feet from the ground, for the purpose of holding those works for which there may be no room in the Library below. It is barely possible even for the most uninterested visitor, to walk through the apartments in which this extraordinary library is deposited, without being struck with the general beauty of the copies and of the bindings."—This assemblage of rare and precious books, is the result of the ardor, judgment, and liberality of the present Earl Spencer.

END OF VOL. I.

LONDON:
SHACKELL AND ARROWSMITH, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.



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